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No. CCCXXXVII.

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As the problem of food supply is the most vital of social questions, so agriculture forms the first concern of a nation. Physiocrats were in the right when they maintained that the soil is the ultimate source of wealth. Land is, in fact, an indispensable ingredient in the raw material of society, the principal cause of the division of labour, and therefore the fundamental condition of civilisation and progress. Much has in late years been written on agricultural topics; but the supreme importance of the questions involved, the magnitude of the interests at stake, the nature of the propositions laid before the public, the apparent tendencies of modern legislation, the collapse of a

part of our social system, the dismal outlook offered to the classes dependent upon land, the precious opportunity for comprehensive reform afforded by the partial union of two great political parties, justify recurrence to a subject which may at first sight seem to be hackneyed. In the land lies the root of the Irish difficulty; land questions loom in the near distance of English politics.

Agriculture bears upon its face every sign of a depressed industry. The soil is weakly farmed; it is falling out of condition, and even out of cultivation; its produce per acre diminishes; foreign supplies pour into the country in increasing volume. Landlords have curtailed their expenditure, reduced their establishments, let or closed their houses, or become absentees on the Continent. Among farmers, arrears, bills of sale, liquidations, bankruptcies, keep in advance of abatements, remissions, and reductions of rent. Labourers are employed half time, or, thrown out of work, crowd into towns to meet an exodus into the country of starving artisans. The landlord's income is precarious, the farmer's fixed rent an improvident speculation, the labourer's wages an uncertain remuneration. With existing conditions all classes, but especially those engaged in agriculture, are necessarily dissatisfied. What steps can be taken to pave the way for improvement, or to prevent the recurrence of the present distress? and what measures can be adopted for the immediate relief of landlords, tenants, and labourers?

At the outset it may be said that, though State interests override the interests of individuals; though the cultivation and occupation of the soil are matters of national interest; though the limitation in the quantity of land attaches a fancy value to its acquisition and renders its possession a monopoly—no true distinction on the score of ownership can be drawn between real and personal property. Money invested in land and money invested in the funds are equally the fruits of industry, equally entitled to protection. Rights, legally acquired under the existing system, cannot be disturbed without destroying that security which is the vital breath of nations. Sudden changes, subversive of the social system, rather aggravate than cure existing evils. Freedom of contract is a sounder principle than State interference, and voluntary action more satisfactory than that compulsion which Mr. Chamberlain regards as a 'blessed word.' Whatever remedies be applied, they must be consistent with established rights and recognised economic laws. On the one side, the accumulation of large estates in few hands is

admittedly an evil; on the other, the mixture of large, middle-sized, and small holdings is economically and socially the most advantageous organisation. But, unless legislation is ill-considered and revolutionary, no general change can be immediately effected in the occupation or even the cultivation of the soil. Wise reform will only affect existing conditions by degrees; it will pave the way for, but not effect, radical change; it will create no artificial class by the stroke of a pen. Relief from agricultural depression must be sought, not in the manufacture of a peasant proprietary by suppression of landlords, but in the restoration of confidence and the consequent attraction of more capital into land, the extinction of all hindrances to the development of high farming, the removal of every obstacle to the wider distribution of landed interests.

Crude panaceas are in vogue at the present day; wild theories are promulgated for the redistribution of English land. In the days of her commercial and agricultural supremacy, England might safely ignore such demands for change. An ever-increasing prosperity postponed the shock of antagonistic interests. But now, when disastrous seasons and foreign competition have paralysed the energies of agriculturists, when commerce has ceased to expand with sufficient rapidity to employ a growing population, land questions are not merely considered with curiosity, but the exclusive privileges of the few are discussed with deepening eagerness. The assailants of property may be noisy out of all proportion to their numbers; their confidence may rather proceed from ignorance than from the calm of reasoned conviction; they may have given no proof, tested by success, that their schemes are feasible; they may forget that the first and worst sufferers by economic blunders are the poor; but it is idle to ignore the danger of an agitation which has already scared away capital from the land, and renders chronic the enfeebled condition of agriculture. It is easy to distinguish the historical and economical aspects of Irish from English land questions; yet the exceptional legislation which has been deemed necessary for the Irish tenantry has already borne fruit in England. The cry is raised, and assiduously encouraged by political leaders, that landlords are a parasitical growth, a remnant of feudalism, a class that reaps what others sow. The misconception is industriously fostered that England is a solitary exception to the universal rule of European landholding. It is maintained with increasing vehemence that God made the land for the

people, that land is an *ager publicus*, which the State has granted to landlords to administer, but which she may at pleasure resume. Men quote with approval Mirabeau's retort to the objection that he could not sell the landed property of the church—'Not sell it! then I will give it.'

The peasant proprietor is the spoilt child of theorists; his artificial creation by the stroke of a pen is the favourite panacea of a large section of land reformers. Towards this end, in one shape or another, all theoretical reforms appear to tend. No one will deny that the spontaneous increase of small owners is socially and politically valuable, or that the aggregation of large properties in a few hands is a source of political and social danger. '*Latifundia perdidere Italiam*;' and it is quite possible that land monopoly may prove the ruin of England. The happiness of a people depends on the distribution, not on the accumulation, of wealth; the larger the proportion of those who enjoy a proprietary interest in the soil, the stronger is the guarantee afforded to the stability of the State. From an economic point of view it may be doubted whether peasant proprietors are profitable; but the enquiry whether a large or small farm produces most per acre yields in importance to the question—Which contributes most to the sum total of national prosperity?

It is useless to appeal in favour of peasant proprietors to the instances quoted by Mill. His authorities belong to an extinct condition of society. At the present day means of communication are easy; agriculture has ceased to be self-sufficing, and has become dependent on manufacture; machinery has been introduced into all farming operations; foreign competition has to be faced. Statistics of foreign agricultural commissions prove that the continental peasantry are not more capable of competing with prairie farmers and rich, if not virgin, soils than are our English tenantry. The Agricultural Congress at Nancy, which concluded its session in the last week of August, 1886, practically decided that '*une seule ressource reste donc aux cultivateurs qui veulent éviter la ruine, c'est d'élever les rendements de leurs récoltes.*' In other words, high farming is the recommendation of the Congress. Acre for acre, the English system produces more than the foreign. What reason is there to suppose that the raw agricultural labourer of England, suddenly planted on a cottier farm, will extract more from the soil than his continental rival, who is favoured by a genial climate, centuries of training, and acquired habits of industry and thrift? The heavy rainfall and low

temperature of this country narrowly limit the number of agricultural products which are suited to the farming of peasant proprietors, and even confine cereals to a limited area. Under such circumstances it is impossible that peasant proprietors can flourish universally in Britain. Nor in districts most adapted to their existence can their capital command those artificial manures which, to the exhausted fertility of an old country, have become a necessity. The excessive subdivision of the soil is often urged against the system in France. But the objection is based rather on the presumed results than the actual effect of the *partage forcé*; customs have sprung up which so far evade the law as to prevent *morcellement* becoming pulverisation. A more formidable danger is the amount of the French peasant's debt. No one is more possessed by the demon of property, or more seduced by the fascinations of *angulus iste*. He increases his debt with blind recklessness, borrowing often at 7 per cent. from the local Rigou. Yet the mortgages on landed property in France do not amount to half the sum with which land in England is encumbered. Balzac's portrait of 'Courte-caisse' is less favourable than Michelet's graphic picture. Perhaps the true condition of the modern peasant lies midway between the two. In actual command of the luxuries of life, the creation of a class of small owners in England would lower the standard of comfort. The French peasant is worse housed and worse fed than the English labourer. His cottage is generally a single room with a mud floor in which he, his family, and his live stock live, eat, sleep, work, and die; in cold weather he defies all sanitary laws, and makes his room a tank of stagnant air. From morning to night his toil is excessive and prolonged; female labour is the rule; children are continuously employed. Progress and education are alike difficult; the rural population often remains ignorant, narrow-minded, jealous, and obstructive.

Holiday writers seem to believe that the French peasant always enjoys summer weather. If Englishmen spend a winter in the country, it is probably in the sunny south. It is not thus that they can understand the melancholy *timbre* in the voice of the Auvergnat, or the wail of his 'il faut travailler pour vivre.' No one who has read the 'Satires Picardes' of Hector Crinon, the 'laboureur, poète et sculpteur' of Péronne, can doubt the hardships of peasant life in France. The peasant working in the fields, as Crinon describes him, eats nothing but bread—hard, green, and

mouldy—with a beard as long as that of a sapper. The food sticks in his throat, but he has nothing to wash it down. Drenched to the skin with the showers that sweep over the treeless plains, cut to the bone with the bitter cold, exhausted by a long day's work, he finds nothing ready for his refreshment when he returns home. No fire has been lighted; the water for his soup is still at the bottom of the well: it must be drawn up, the pot put on, and the fire kindled. His soup, when he gets it, is only water with the chill taken off, in which float a few raw vegetables. Small farmers are the first in the barn in the winter, the first in the fields in the summer, and the last to leave their work. They only rest in the grave. The sleeping fox catches no hens, and the gain is so small that labour is unremitting. As the ass that earns rarely eats the oats, so the peasant fats fowls for his richer neighbours. 'Pour tout régal nous n'avons qu' del flammiche,' a thick dough cake baked on the hearth. For meat he eats once a year, at the 'fête de Pâques,' a small piece of tough, skinny cow beef. At other times his food is cabbage or sorrel soup. His only drink is water. Easier, exclaims the poet, is the lot of the hired labourer. The fate of the peasant in his old age is often cruel. So long as the old man has not signed the deed of partition, he has the best seat by the fire; no morsel is too choice for him. The moment it is signed, he is regarded as a burden; he is sent out to beg with ragged clothes; the sooner he dies the better. In fact, the French peasant is seldom far from the border line of starvation; all the product is consumed on the spot; money is scarce, and famine periodical, if not frequent. He is rarely well off unless he has other means of support. Many peasants in Belgium combine agricultural with other agricultural pursuits; many in France are agricultural labourers for hire, and eke out their subsistence, as in the Alpes Maritimes, by *moneta forestiere*. Yet, on the whole, the French peasant is less hopeless and more independent than the English labourer; he possesses greater weight in the social scale. Arthur Young was no friend to peasant proprietors, but he says of those in the Isle of Axholme: 'Though they work like negroes, they are very happy respecting their mode of existence.' The lot of the French peasant is indisputably hard, his fare meagre, his cottage filthy, his standard of life and education often lamentably low. On the other hand, a peasant proprietary increases the number of those who have something to lose and nothing to gain by revolution, encourages habits

of thrift and industry, gives the owner of land, however small his plot, a stake in the country, and a vested interest which guarantees his discharge of the duties of a citizen. Combined with the *partage forcé*, it checks population, for 'la plupart des Normands n'ont pas lu Malthus, mais ils 'pratiquent instinctivement ses conseils.'

On general grounds the proposition can hardly be disputed that an increase in the number of those who enjoy proprietary interests in the land is socially, politically, and economically advantageous. But the increase must be obtained by evolution, not revolution. For immediate relief of agricultural distress it is folly to look to peasant proprietorship. None of its advantages can be secured unless its growth is spontaneous. Habits of thrift, industry, and sobriety are formed by centuries of custom and training—they will not spring up like mushrooms in a single night. State legislation opposed to natural laws is as effective as the Pope's bull against a comet. The disappearance of the class in England and its prevalence abroad result from gradual, well-ascertained causes. No argument for its artificial creation can be drawn from agrarian legislation on the Continent, while in every European country it only exists side by side with landlordism.

The example of France is often quoted to prove that a happy and contented peasant proprietary may be established by legislation. But long before 1789 the French peasant was a purchaser of land. Boisguillebert in 1697 laments the pressure which drove peasants to sell lands that they had bought in the two preceding centuries. In 1785 Arthur Young noticed the *morcellement des terres*. It was not unsatisfied land-hunger that stirred the peasants to revolution, but restrictions on their industry, merciless taxation, and the vexatious dues and services which survived from feudalism. Subsequently to the Revolution the abolition of seignorial rights, the sale of church lands, the frugality and enterprise of the peasantry, and the law of succession made France the land of small proprietors. According to the statistics of M. de Foville, the most recent writer on the subject, the number of landowners rose from four millions before the Revolution to 6½ millions in 1825. The creation of a peasant proprietary was not the work of the Legislature, but was due to natural causes and economic laws. Even now the character of the soil and climate and the physical conformation of the country determine the mode of cultivation. The south and centre are the land of the *métayer* and the

peasant proprietor, the north of the tenant farmer. In the south and centre the plants which are cultivated require that minute care which supersedes the plough with the spade, and renders manual labour profitable by reason of its intensity. There at least the Flemish proverb holds good that 'the spade is the peasant's gold mine,' and that, as the Italians say, 'the plough has a silver share, but the 'spade a golden edge.' But the north, which possesses a climate more similar to our own, is the district of cereals, stock-breeding, and tenant farmers.

In Belgium, as in France, the relations of landlord and tenant exist side by side with a peasant proprietary. In both countries the peasant owners are the growth of natural laws. In Belgium the largest portion of the land and the most productive and fertile districts are held by tenant farmers. The 'Pays de Waes' is not cultivated by small owners, but by tenants, who have for their landlords the little tradesmen of the towns. The poorest soils, such as the Campine or Luxembourg, are tilled by peasant proprietors. But even in the Campine the farmer ekes out his agricultural earnings by travelling over Europe as a pedlar in human hair.

Both the objects and results of agrarian legislation in Germany have been misinterpreted by English land agitators. Stein and his successors did not expropriate the landlords, or deprive them of their land to create a peasant proprietary. Before 1807 land in Prussia was divided like society into three castes; peasant land could not be exchanged for burgher land, or burgher land for noble. The old Teutonic communities occupied the greater part of the land, but the ownership was vested in the feudal barons. Peasants could not acquire more than the *dominium utile*; the *dominium directum* belonged to the landlord. They were really serfs, fixed to the soil, irremovable from the manor, holding their land by money rents and personal services. They enjoyed common rights among themselves and usufructuary rights over the demesne. Thus, though the soil was divided into a number of individual properties, freehold ownership was practically unknown. The objects and results of Prussian agrarian legislation were to emancipate the peasant from serfdom, release him from the manorial land, and abolish his personal services, to consolidate intersected estates and extinguish common rights. Landlords received as compensation for the release of their serfs a portion of the peasant lands; the peasant retained

as freehold a diminished portion of the soil which he had occupied. The Legislature in fact effected a compromise by an interchange of interests. Prussia remains to this day an example of that union of small, middle-sized, and large properties which is economically and socially the most advantageous organisation.

As with Prussia, so with other states in Germany. Between 1817 and 1848, in Baden, Würtemberg, Bavaria, and Hesse, the serfdom of the peasants was abolished by redemption of feudal services; common rights were extinguished, or so regulated as no longer to retard agricultural progress; absolute individual ownership was substituted for common occupation by members of agrarian communities; landlords emerged from the transaction with an increased private estate, and peasants with a diminished but freehold property.

The same legislation has produced with some varieties the same results both in Austria and in Russia. Nor was the legislation which is in Denmark associated with the name of Hansen and 'the peasant's friends' of a more revolutionary character. Landlords abandoned their fiscal immunities and feudal rights, but retained their land. Each estate is now divided into demesne and peasant lands. Over his demesne the landlord's rights are unfettered; he leases it to tenants by contracts which the State does not seek to control. But he may not increase this portion from the Bøndergaard or peasant lands. The Bøndergaard is occupied by peasants who rent from the landlord the land which they cultivate. When leases expire, the landlord is bound to offer the farm at a fair rent. If no tenant accepts the farm, he may parcel it out among other peasant farmers, or let it in lots to the hired labourers, or absorb it in the demesne on giving an equivalent, or sell it to the peasant tenants. To encourage him in this latter course, he is allowed to annex to the demesne one tenth of the peasant farm thus put up for sale.

Throughout the Continent landlordism exists side by side with a peasant proprietary; in no country has the State expropriated the landlords; in none has the experiment been tried of an artificial creation of small owners. At the most the State has superintended and assisted the passage from primitive communism and mediæval usufruct to individual ownership. All Teutonic nations started from the same agricultural basis; in all feudalism was a universal feature; in all the same conflict was waged between the

manor and the mark; in all there has been the same transition from common to allodial property. In no country has the land been nationalised; in all proprietary rights are acquired by private individuals; the same system is at work in each, but the results are not identical. Both in England and on the Continent, rights of ownership and of usufruct were once vested in different persons. Lords of the manor were lords of the soil, but their profitable enjoyment of every portion except their demesne was limited by the usufructuary rights enjoyed by their tenants. When the primitive germs and natural laws of social development are thus identical, it might be expected that results should prove analogous. England appears to form an exception to rules of development which have elsewhere prevailed; but the exception is rather apparent than real. The change which took place on the Continent within living memory commenced in England four centuries ago, and was practically completed before 1815. On the Continent the land problem was solved by the light of the French Revolution; in England it was determined while the spirit of feudalism still predominated. What England lost in one direction by the disappearance of a peasant proprietary she gained in another by that early start in the race of commercial prosperity which necessitated the extinction of small proprietors. Neither nations nor individuals can eat their cake as well as keep it.

In England the change from common to individual ownership began at the close of the fourteenth century. Before the Tudor period the mass of English land was tilled upon the plan which foreign legislators of the nineteenth century found to be still prevalent on the Continent. In the primitive times which preceded the Norman Conquest, the cultivated soil of the country was farmed in common. Upon this Teutonic organisation of agrarian communities was superimposed the feudal manor. Historically, the rights of the agrarian association extended over both the demesne and tenemental land; they were not acquired against, but underlay the manorial rights of, the feudal baron. Practically, in the fifteenth century the land was divided into the private demesne of the lord of the manor and the tenemental land of the association. Usufructuary rights were exercised not only over the commons, the soil of which was now vested in the feudal lord, but by each party respectively over the land of the other. If the lord of the manor farmed the demesne himself, his land was subject to the usufructuary rights exercised over it by the manorial

tenantry. If he farmed his demesne as a modern landlord, he multiplied retainers by letting it out in small portions to farmers who were often holders at the same time of tene-mental land. If he threw the demesne into the common stock, he made himself a partner in the joint venture of the agrarian association. The last was the plan most extensively adopted. Demesne and commonable land was intermixed and cultivated in minute strips. So confused did the two portions become that on the estates of the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's three acres could not be found by the land registrars. For this reason Fitzherbert, in his 'Treatise 'on Surveying,' impresses on the surveyor the need of accuracy, lest 'any parcell be loste, or imbeselde, or encroached 'by one from the other.' The first step in agricultural revolution was taken when lords of the manor withdrew from the common system of village husbandry. The books of the 'placita' prove that so early as the reign of Edward II. landlords endeavoured to establish against their tenantry that their land was several and free from common rights of depasture. Fitzherbert, writing in the sixteenth century, says: 'The mooste part of the lordes have enclosed their 'demeyn landes and meadows, and kepe them in severalties, 'so that their tenauntes have no common with them therein.' This withdrawal of the landlord from the agrarian partnership led to the enclosure of land, and in many cases to the break-up of the township. Often the example of the landlord was followed by the principal partners in the village farm. 'Licenses' were given to the tenantry 'to enclose 'part of their arable lands, and to take in new intakes or 'closes out of the commons.' Such enclosures were warmly encouraged by practical farmers like Fitzherbert, who advises every man to 'change fields with his neighbour, so that he 'may lay his lands together,' keep more cattle, improve the soil by their 'compostynge,' and rest his cornland when it becomes impoverished. While the village farms were thus broken up or contracted in area, the profits of sheep farming encouraged the transition from tillage to pasturage. Small tenants were evicted from their holdings on the demesne; farm servants who had boarded with them were dismissed; the cottages of the married labourers were pulled down. At the same time wastes and commons were enclosed and thrown into sheep farms. This contraction of the area of rough pasture inflicted a fatal blow on the interests of the small cottagers. The statutes of Merton and Westminster only protected the interests of the freeholders, and so long

as their consent was obtained, no rights were recognised in other classes. Fitzherbert says that in his time many of the lords 'have enclosed a great part of their waste grounds, 'and straightened their tenants of their common therein.' Commercial interests and the dissolution of the monasteries stimulated the process; legislation was powerless to check the reaction against the old system of common tillage. The destruction of farm buildings was forbidden, but it was easy to retain a single room for the shepherd; a solitary furrow driven across newly laid pasture satisfied the law that no fresh land should be converted from tillage; the number of sheep was limited by law, but flocks were held in the name of sons or servants. A petition in the reign of Henry VIII. states that 50,000 ploughs had been put down, each of which, on the average, maintained $13\frac{1}{2}$ persons. Thus, 675,000 persons were thrown out of work when the whole population of the country did not exceed five millions.

The withdrawal of the English landlord from the agrarian partnership exactly corresponds to the process which took place in the present century on the Continent. It was a change from common to individual ownership; land was divided between the lord of the manor and the association; usufructuary rights, mutually enjoyed, were extinguished. The change was due to the break-up of the feudal system, which had regarded land as a source of power, and to the intrusion of the commercial spirit, which was captivated by the high price of wool. In its results, manorial estates were consolidated, partly by withdrawal from the village farm, partly by the enclosure of wastes, and many of the agrarian associations were broken up. When these partnerships were dissolved, common-field farmers enclosed their strips and became peasant proprietors. Where the association lingered on, its farming steadily deteriorated as well from the contraction of the area of the common farm as from the neglect of the 'field constraint' which had been mainly enforced by the landlord's officers. Yeomen were little affected by a change which slightly increased their numbers. The two classes that suffered were the 'common-field farmers,' to use the eighteenth century description, and the cottagers or emancipated serfs, who had no share in the lands of the agrarian community, but lived as hired labourers, supplementing their wages by keeping cattle on the rough pasture.

The seeming contrast between the results of the same

process in England and on the Continent is mainly due to the numbers of this lowest agricultural class. In England the baser forms of serfdom were practically extinct before the close of the fifteenth century; in continental countries personal freedom was more slowly attained. Abroad serfs and villeins hardly changed their condition till the last hundred years; they continued to be bound to the soil, receiving land for their labour services. Thus it was that the land never passed from their grasp. In England the change from common to individual ownership found serfs already emancipated and severed from the soil. It was upon this class of hired labourers that the change told with greatest severity; every step in recent agricultural history tended to increase their numbers and stereotype their condition. Neither in England nor in Germany were the interests of the cottagers, or 'halb Bauern,' recognised; in both countries the bargain was effected between the owners and occupiers of the soil; in both countries the terms of the arrangement were practically identical.

Another cause of the different results which have followed from the same process is the contrast between the high-handed action of a feudal baronage and the legislation of a nineteenth century government. We shall probably not be wrong in charging the English baronage with some of the proceedings against which the French monarchy protected the peasantry. Thus in 1575 an ordinance, which was directed by the Crown against those nobles who made away with evidences of title in order to appropriate the common lands of their vassals, annulled all compromises and agreements to which the latter had submitted. In 1659 Louis XIV. interfered to protect the peasants. His ordinance, after reciting that land was sold for inadequate prices, which often were never paid, and that sellers were cajoled and terrified into the alienation of their rights, annuls all such alienations, and re-establishes the *communes* in possession of their property. Similar ordinances were repeatedly issued. From the silence of English records it cannot be concluded that a parliament of English landlords had no occasion to protect the interests of the cultivators of the soil. Sir Thomas More speaks of 'husbandmen thrust out of their own, or else, by covin and fraud, or by violent oppression, put beside it, or by wrongs and injuries so wearied, that they be compelled to sell all.' The proceedings of Sir Giles Overreach in the 'New Way to pay Old Debts' did not entirely originate in the brain of the dramatist, and the peasant proprietor of a Naboth's

vineyard would fall an easier victim than a lord of the manor.

‘ I’ll buy some cottage near his manor ;
Which done, I’ll make my men break ope his fences,
Ride o’er his standing corn, or in the night
Set fire to his barns, or break his cattle’s legs.
These trespasses will draw on suits, and suits expenses,
Which I can spare, but will soon beggar him.
When I have harried him thus two or three years,
Though he sue *in forma pauperis*, in spite
Of all his thrift and care he’ll grow behindhand.
Then, with the favour of my man at law,
I will pretend some title : want will force him
To put it to arbitrament. Then if he sells
For half the value he shall have ready money,
And I possess the land.’

On the other hand bargains were often struck on equitable terms. Instances like the following extract from Kennet’s ‘ Parochial Antiquities ’ (ii. 324) might be indefinitely multiplied :

‘ The said Edmund Rede, Esq., granted and confirmed to Thomas Billyngdon one close in Ardyngrove, in consideration whereof the said Thomas Billyngdon quitted and resigned his right to the free pasturage of four oxen to feed with the cattle of the said Edmund Rede and all right to any common in the said pasture or inlandys of the said Edmund.

Here in the England of 1437 was the principle of commutation of usufructuary rights applied by private contract. On the Continent in the nineteenth century the same principle was enforced by state legislation. Each party to the contract possessed his block absolutely, instead of enjoying a perplexing variety of cross rights. Attempted acts of oppression were frequently checked by the courts of law. Justice was not always perverted in the interests of landlords, nor were matters always ‘ ended as they were friended.’ An interesting account of the attempted enclosure of the common fields at Welcombe, near Stratford-on-Avon, has been recently published by the late Dr. Ingleby, the well-known Shakespearean scholar. It is contained in a fragment of the private diary of Thomas Green, town clerk of Stratford in the first years of the seventeenth century. William Combe, lord of the manor of Welcombe, desired to enclose a portion of the hamlet which from time immemorial had been common fields. Lord Chancellor Ellesmere was an interested promoter of the scheme. Among the persons

possessing rights over these common fields was William Shakespeare, who appears to have resisted their enclosure. Upon the petition of the commoners at Warwick Assizes, Chief Justice Coke made an order that 'noe inclosure shalbe made within the parish of Stratforde, for that yt is agaynst the Lawes of the Realme.'

The civil wars and the diminution of the profits of sheep-farming in consequence of the extension of the area of pasture checked the rapid progress of enclosures which the sixteenth century had witnessed. In the eighteenth century half the land of the country was cultivated by yeomen, peasant proprietors, and agrarian associations. In 1696 Sir William Davenant, on the authority of Gregory King, the Lancaster herald, calculated the total number of families in England at 1,349,586. Of this total number, 259,000 were made up of officials, lawyers, clergymen, tradesmen, artisans, soldiers, and sailors. The remaining 1,090,586 families are thus composed: 1,586 peers, baronets, and knights, whose incomes range from 3,200*l.* to 650*l.*; 15,000 esquires and gentlemen, with from 450*l.* to 250*l.*; 160,000 freeholders, with from 91*l.* to 55*l.*; 150,000 farmers whose average income is 42*l.* 10*s.*; 364,000 labourers and out-servants whose earnings are calculated at 15*l.*; and 400,000 cottagers and paupers with average incomes of 6*l.* 10*s.* In the classes of farmers, labourers, and out-servants, are included the joint partners in the village farms. These, if not owners, were occupiers of land, while the majority of the cottagers enjoyed rights of common on the wastes, which a century later were still computed in Great Britain and Ireland at 24,000,000 acres. Davenant's statistics therefore prove that, of the 1,090,586 persons engaged in agriculture, more than three-fifths enjoyed proprietary interests in the land. So far, at least, it was rare to see 'one only master grasp the whole domain.'

The second agricultural crisis consisted in the reaction from pasture to tillage in the latter half of the eighteenth century. Every step in the industrial developement of the nation tended to the consolidation of large farms, the extinction of the common-field system, and the disappearance of small owners. A rapidly increasing commerce attracted the rural population to the centres of industry. Even in the reign of Charles II. petitions were presented against the denudation of country districts and the consequent scarcity of agricultural labour. Improved means of communication accelerated the change. From the middle of the eighteenth

century onwards domestic industries, by which cultivators of the soil increased their incomes and dispensed with the need of selling their produce, were supplanted by manufactures. The artisan and the farmer became mutually dependent; a division of labour became an economic necessity. The growth of population suddenly rendered the old system of self-sufficing agriculture an anachronism, and demanded that the utmost amount of produce should be obtained from the soil. The blow fell, in the first instance, upon the agrarian associations which still survived. England returned from pasturage to tillage under new conditions and changed circumstances which rendered it a matter of national necessity to consolidate small holdings and enclose common fields. The agriculture of the old agrarian communities had deteriorated since the sixteenth century; they could make no use of improved methods of cultivation, the rotations of crops, or machinery; enterprising men were hampered by the apathy of less active partners; half the day was wasted in going to and fro between scattered parcels; innumerable footpaths to different closes cut up and contracted the available land. It was no man's interest to improve, drain, or reclaim wastes; the manure of the live stock was wasted on the commons instead of enriching the land of individual owners; every sort of disease infected the half-starved cattle of the villagers, and effectually prevented would-be followers of Bakewell from pursuing the science of stock-breeding. Without large farms, capital, and increased production, it would have been impossible for England to feed her growing population, or to attain her commercial prosperity. No such economic necessity affected the agriculture of the Continent; no industrial changes as yet revolutionised the conditions of foreign society. Buffon's maxim, 'A côté d'un pain il naît un homme,' still held good on the Continent, when, in England, population trod on the heels of production, and when peasants were no longer born to the bread on which they lived, but were suddenly required to furnish food for vast centres of manufacturing industry. Abroad population remained stationary; the habits of the people continued to be agricultural; manufacturing classes were comparatively unknown. Consequently, on the Continent, farming retained its self-sufficing character, and the agrarian communities, which belonged to primitive conditions of society, outlived the decay of feudalism.

After the accession of George III. the work of enclosure went on apace. Already commonable fields, occupied by

agrarian associations, had been enclosed by each occupier fencing off his strips piecemeal, or by amicable exchange and transfer among copartners, or by private Acts of Parliament which named commissioners to lay out and redistribute the land. Side by side with this movement went the landlords' enclosure of wastes and commons. By these combined processes, between 1765 and 1799 more than two and a half million acres were enclosed. Much still remained to be done. In 1778 a line could be drawn, according to Arthur Young's statement, from the north of Derbyshire to the extremity of Northumberland which should pass entirely over waste land. Partly in consequence of the Report of the Committee on Waste Lands in 1795, partly owing to the recommendations of the Board of Agriculture, the first General Enclosure Act was passed for England in 1801, more than a century after a similar provision had existed for Scotland. It has been calculated that between 1727 and 1845 upwards of 10,000 square miles were added to the cultivated area of the country. The extinction of commons destroyed the last hold which the peasant proprietors and common-field farmers had retained upon the soil. This inevitable result was foreseen. 'A Country Gentleman' wrote a pamphlet in 1772 to prove that the landlord, the farmer, and the nation must gain by enclosures, but that 'the small common-field farmer' will lose, and 'must become a hired labourer.' He recommends that the lot of these 'reduced farmers' be rendered as easy as possible, 'by laying to their cottages a sufficient 'portion of land to enable them to keep a cow or two.' Had this advice been followed, England might have escaped the miserable effects of the Poor Law in the next fifty years. Before the end of the eighteenth century the common-field system was practically extinct. Such is the tenacity of agricultural custom that, in 1829, at Stogoursey, near Bridgewater, a village community still owned and cultivated 600 acres of land. But, generally speaking, it is only in districts like Wales or the New Forest, where they are surrounded by extensive grazing commons, or in the Isle of Axholme, where the soil is peculiarly rich, or in Cambridgeshire and the Channel Islands, which are suitable for fruit and market gardens, or on Penstrase Moor, near Truro, where the tillers of the soil combine agriculture with mining, that the small peasant proprietor, who is the lineal descendant of the common-field farmer, has held his own under existing conditions.

The fate of small freeholders or yeomen has been the

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same. They belong to a higher and more modern class than the common-field farmer. The evidence of the Agricultural Commission of 1833 proves that they still existed in almost every county. But their numbers were already diminished. The social advantages of landownership combined with high profits to give land a fancy value. In Cheshire, during the French war, agricultural land fetched as much as forty years' purchase. It was manifestly the interest of small freeholders to sell their properties, the size of which prevented their taking full advantage of the price of corn, and employ their capital in farming hired land. Those who remained on their own estates were for the most part ruined. War prices and the corn laws made farming a gambling speculation; the wheat area alternately contracted and expanded; violent fluctuations in the value of farm produce upset all calculations. Many yeomen mortgaged their estates to buy more land, or to enclose and improve their properties. Prices fell, but the debt remained. The struggle was brief; farming deteriorated, buildings fell into ruins, finally the estate was sold. The purchasers were not yeomen, for after 1820 small capitalists ceased to invest their savings in land, but neighbouring squires or successful manufacturers. It was only in counties like Lancashire, where the prices of dairy produce had not fluctuated during the war, and where huge markets sprang up at the doors of the farmer, that yeomen weathered the storm. The agricultural gain, derived from the extinction both of the common-field farmer and the small freeholder, was at the time great and undeniable. 'One-horse farmers' on heavy soils had to struggle with the inconvenience of borrowing and lending horses. Hours were wasted before the teams could be collected and baited; the process of ploughing was interrupted by frequent turns in small fields; the area of cultivation was unduly encroached upon by hedgerows; the methods of farming were antiquated, the implements old-fashioned; without stock, capital, or machinery, living from hand to mouth, unable to buy manure, or cattle, or any but the poorest sheep and cattle, the small yeoman could not hope to compete with the large tenant farmer.

Yeomen consulted their pecuniary advantage by selling their estates; capitalists gratified both their taste and their speculative instincts by buying land. Between the survey of Arthur Young in 1770 and that of Sir James Caird in 1850, the average rent of arable land increased from 13*s.* 4*d.* to 26*s.* 10*d.* This rise in the value of land continued up to

1875. The security, if not the profit, of the investment, together with the social and political advantages which attached to the possession of land, stimulated capitalists to lay field to field. The result is that the whole number of landowners, properly so called, in England and Wales, does not, at the present time, exceed 170,000 persons. No one contends that such a condition of things is sound or healthy. But the difficulty of resisting the natural tendency to accumulate land is forcibly illustrated by the report of a Land Commission recently published in the United States. Statistics show that, in a country where estates in fee tail are obsolete or abolished by law, where there is no feudal tenure, no primogeniture, no privileged class—in a country, finally, where the transfer of land is simple, easy, and cheap—large estates and large farms have become the rule. The United States contain more tenant farmers than any other country in the world, and, where this class exists, those who do the drudgery do not own the land. Land monopoly is becoming the system of America.

The course of agricultural history in England has on the whole been governed by natural economic laws; its present condition is the result of gradual well-ascertained causes. But the record of the growth of large estates is not so free from the taint of oppression that landlords can appeal with entire confidence to their moral title deeds. The paucity of their numbers, and the exceptional nature of their position and property, should add no element of insecurity to their possessions; yet they warn landlords to think less of their rights than their duties; they render it essential that no individual should fall below the highest standard of the class. It is inconceivable that any serious attack upon legal rights of property should be sanctioned by the law-abiding English nation. No more fatal blow could be struck at that national credit upon which our very existence depends. There is nothing in the examples of foreign legislation, there is still less in the history of the growth of English landed property, to justify the State in violently forcing back or putting forward the clock of social progress, in defying the natural laws of agricultural development, in arbitrarily replacing the peasantry of the country in a position which the majority abandoned nearly four centuries ago, and for the surrender of which compensation was, in most cases, offered and accepted. Even if State interference were in theory so justified, practical experience does not invariably encourage a repetition of the experiment. Foreign precedents cannot

be accepted when favourable, and rejected when adverse. In Greece the rent to the State was from the first repudiated; in Belgium the tenants always regarded themselves as State pensioners. Nor is the failure confined to foreign countries. At Snigs End and Minster Lovell the experiment was tried after the Chartist movement. It cannot be said to have succeeded. If it is to be repeated on a large scale, we may once more witness the spectacle of tillers of the soil setting up perches for rabbits to roost upon. If economic laws, precedents, history, experience, national justice, and national security still weigh for anything with the legislature, the conversion of the State into a land agency for the immediate and artificial creation of a peasant proprietary may be dismissed to the limbo of crude panaceas and unpractical theories.

If the State purchase of the land and its arbitrary redistribution among a class of peasant proprietors be rejected as an impossible plan, the fact remains that agriculture has collapsed, and that something must be done for its revival. It is proposed briefly to consider the general aim which the legislature should, in our opinion, hold in view, and the steps which should be taken for its attainment; and secondly to discuss, so far as space permits, the immediate relief which may be safely afforded to the special difficulties of landlords, tenants, and hired labourers.

Insecurity lies at the root of the present conditions of agriculture. Foreign competition, following upon disastrous seasons, produced the present collapse: it is perpetuated by want of confidence. So long as wild proposals for compulsory redistribution of property receive the support of prominent politicians, no landlord will expend money on improvements, no capitalist, large or small, will invest in the purchase of land, no tenant will accept a lease, no labourer will put his heart into his work. While the intentions of the Legislature remain dubious and threatening, land continues to be unsaleable and half-farmed. Agitators complain of conditions which they themselves are rendering chronic. Meanwhile the continuance of the present sense of insecurity is rapidly producing results which threaten the subversion of society. Example has been recently given that a patriotic fusion of political parties for the promotion of national interests is yet possible in party government. That restoration of confidence, which is the indispensable preliminary to agricultural revival, can only be attained by firm and united resistance to the socialistic tendencies of modern

legislation. On the other hand, if the present opportunity is lost of satisfying the reasonable requirements of land-reformers, the future outlook of agricultural interests will be gloomy and disheartening in the extreme.

Security is the first element in the revival of agriculture. Already signs appear that agriculture is tending naturally towards the multiplication of small tenant farmers, if not of small owners. It is in fact to peasant tenancies and not to peasant proprietorships that we must look for immediate relief. Small holdings, whether in the hands of tenants or proprietors, obstructed progress so long as capital was required for the reclamation, enclosure, and drainage of land, the improvement of stock, or the erection of farm buildings. Now that that work has been completed, the argument against small holdings which is based on insufficient capital loses force. So again, while England depended for grain on home supply, corn could be produced more economically on large farms. Now, when present prices render its home production unremunerative, and the foreign supply is adequate to our wants, the wheat area may be without loss indefinitely contracted, and a strong argument in favour of large farms is removed. A small farmer, content with small profits, depending on the proceeds of garden and dairy produce, and commanding the labour of his family, may make both ends meet where a larger capitalist becomes insolvent. If agriculture is tending in this direction, legislation must remove all hindrances to its natural course; landlords are sufficiently alive to their own interests to do the rest. The risk of forcing the stream into an artificial channel is increased by the strong arguments which may be urged, from an economic point of view, against the existence of peasant proprietors. In this uncertainty as to their success under the changed conditions of modern agriculture, it is madness for the State to dictate, by positive legislation, the direction of the advance. Many advantages undeniably flow from an increase in the number of proprietors of the soil, and, where men do not become owners, of small tenant farmers. But the State cannot afford to indulge in costly experiments on a large scale, the success of which is doubtful. Until results have been tested and a comprehensive scheme can be formulated, the creation of either class must remain a matter for individual enterprise or for the efforts of institutions like the 'Small Farm and Labourers Company.'

So far only the negative side of the question of State

interference has been discussed. On the positive side legislation must be directed towards the removal of artificial obstacles which impede the natural growth of a class of small owners and occupiers, or obstruct the developement of high farming, which hitherto has never had a fair chance of displaying its capabilities. In either case the preliminaries are the same, a reform of the land laws, and a scientific agricultural education.

The object of land law reform is the extinction of all hindrances to the full developement of landed property, and the simplification of the transfer of land. If to these suggestions be added the abolition of the legal presumption in favour of primogeniture in cases of intestacy, there is nothing to alarm the most sensitive conservatism. The abolition of the presumption of primogeniture imposes no limit on the power of testamentary disposition. Intestacy seldom occurs; but where the law comes into operation, it ignores the claims of the widow and younger children; it makes a will which no man would make for himself. The legal presumption of primogeniture is a survival from the exigencies of military tenure long since abolished, an anomaly which strengthens the case of agitators who wish to treat land as *ager publicus*. On the other hand the desire to make an eldest son is a natural instinct which will remain little, if at all, affected by the abolition of the legal presumption.

The declaration of the spirit of the law in favour of primogeniture appears, from the rarity of intestacy, to be a matter of slight importance. It is different with the other two objects of land law reform. From the point of view of high farming a change in the working and the details of the land laws seems desirable. Before 1882 life tenants were hampered with restrictions upon the developement of their property, burdened with encumbrances, unable and unwilling to spend money on improvements. Lord Cairns's Settled Land Act was a gigantic stride in the right direction; but it does not go far enough. The life tenant may sell every acre of land except the park and family mansion; but each step may be hampered by litigation. Even if the life owner is willing to face the expenses and delay of the working of the Act, he cannot make a fresh start in life. He cannot sell his house; except under extreme pressure, he will not sell the land on which the value of his enforced residence depends. Expenditure on improvements or on clearing off mortgages is contemplated by the Act; but every change

requires the consent of the Court of Chancery or of the Land Commissioners. Nor is the life owner under a settlement encouraged to sell portions of his estate to improve the remainder, since he has no power of disposition over the additional value which improvements may confer upon the land.

It is often said that the transfer of land cannot be cheapened or facilitated until it is freed from the complicated titles which settlements encourage. The heroic remedy is therefore suggested to abolish settlements. If this course were adopted, indefeasible titles might be safely conferred by registration; without this preliminary step, it is hazardous to render registered possessory titles absolute, even when, after due notice, they remain unchallenged. The risk is not so great as lawyers are anxious to make it appear. They may carry their conservatism too far. National interests would suffer from the loss of the power to prevent property accumulated by thrift from being squandered by extravagance. But if lawyers insist too strongly on the injustice of conferring indefeasible titles by registration, they peril the existence of settlements. A cheap and easy method of transfer is imperatively demanded. Among European nations the want is almost universally supplied; England is nearly the solitary exception. It may be impossible to combine land registration with secret conveyances and equitable mortgages; but there can be no valid reason why all conveyances should not be public, or why informal mortgages should continue to exist. Unless titles are made indefeasible by registration, registries become merely records of dealing with land, or additional epitomes of titles which lawyers are compelled to search. The mere establishment of a registry of deeds is a retrogression. What is required is a public and compulsory system of land registration, based upon careful cadastration, which shall pass the estate by the official act of the registrar and render the title indefeasible. Some cases of hardship may admittedly occur in the first establishment of a land registry; yet the number and importance of these are exaggerated by those who are interested in the maintenance of the existing system. Adequate means for introducing the new system are already provided by the Ordnance Survey maps. The enormous expenses and tedious delays of the existing mode of land transfer necessarily check the circulation of land, and lessen its value as the basis of credit. To small capitalists, the class which all land reformers desire to encourage, the cost of conveyance presents a formidable

obstacle. Deeds are not only expensive, but to ignorant persons terrible. Small investors cannot afford the luxury, and, if they could, they shrink from the terrors of the unknown. The market might be glutted with land, but till the present system of examination of title and execution of deeds and conveyances is abolished, purchasers of the class of peasant proprietors cannot, and will not, come forward.

It has been said that the system of land transfer by means of registration is almost universal in other countries. The steps by which it was adopted in Hesse are instructive. In 1824 a careful trigonometrical survey of the land was commenced. Thirty years later a law was passed to utilise the field books prepared for this cadastration as registers of land transfer. The field book for each communal district was deposited in the local court. Every field has its separate volume, every parcel its separate entry. After due notice and public inspection the register was legalised with a rebuttable presumption of its accuracy. After five years the presumption was made absolute. All transfers and all mortgages are entered by government officials in these registers; the estate passes upon the official act of registration; the cost of the transfer of land, including stamp fees, amounts to between a half and two-thirds per cent. of the purchase money. The system adopted in Australia is both simple and efficacious. After the passing of the Real Property Act of 1858 certificates of title are made out by the Registrar-General, which absolutely vest in the person registered the estate mentioned in the certificate. Provision was also made by which previous grantees of Crown lands availed themselves of the Act. Transfers, leases, mortgages, take effect from the moment of their registration, and the entry in the register book confers an indefeasible title.

A system like that of Australia saves more than ninety per cent. in expense, prevents any possible litigation, may be completed in a quarter of an hour, and is so simple that men of ordinary education may safely transact their own business. In England repeated attempts to simplify the law of real property have been evaded by the ingenuity of lawyers. No class is more interested in the removal of legal cobwebs than landlords themselves. Recent experience of land-owning has not been favourable; the future prospects are gloomy. Landlords have been severely taught the lesson of the unwisdom of storing all their eggs in one basket. Many must be anxious to sell out and out. Whatever renders a

commodity more marketable and more manageable adds to its value. The best chance of obtaining a reasonable price for land is to remove the fetters which restrain its transfer. From every point of view a reform of the land laws in the direction we have indicated would be a social and economical gain.

If rents are to be permanently reduced, landlords must become their own agents. If increased production is to afford the remedy for agricultural collapse, scientific training is required by the tenant farmer. If the soil is to be tilled by a peasant proprietary, preparation must be made to educate them for the task. Thus, from every point of view, education becomes an indispensable condition in the future of agriculture. In England little provision is made to supply the want. Our manufacturers woke from their dreams of industrial supremacy to find that technical schools on the Continent had in a few years counterbalanced the advantages this country had gained from an early start. It is not impossible that our agriculturists may, from the same cause, find themselves left behind in the race. Continental Europe is rich in the supply of teaching adapted to the wants of every class. Here the State contributes a grant to the Science and Art Department of Kensington, and to the foundation of a professorial chair at Edinburgh; private enterprise provides Cirencester, Downton, and Aspatria; agricultural societies offer examinations and prizes. Scotland, as usual, leads the van of education. Edinburgh University has recently formulated an exhaustive scheme for examinations in agricultural science. The examinations established by the Surveyors' Institute for land agents attract an increasing number of candidates. Night schools for teaching scientific agriculture have been at work for three years with considerable success in Aberdeenshire and Forfarshire. But, if the country is on the eve of an agricultural revolution so great as the creation of a peasant proprietary, something more is required than isolated efforts. A glance at the means provided in some of the principal European states may bring home to us our relative deficiencies.

In the Austrian Empire the school of Krumman was founded so far back as 1799. There are now, scattered through the country, three superior, four middle-class, and seven lower agricultural schools; there are also several special establishments in which instruction is afforded in such branches as shepherding, beekeeping, grape and orchard management. Baden has schools at Hochburg and

Carlsruhe; in Bavaria, besides the large institutions at Weihenstephan near Munich, Lichtenhof, and Schleissheim, there are agricultural sections in all the technical schools. Belgium, Denmark, Italy, Norway, Saxony, Sweden, are all more amply provided with means of general education in agriculture than England. In Prussia there are upwards of thirty institutions in which the practice and theory of agriculture are taught; Möglin, founded in 1806 by Thaer, the Arthur Young of Germany, offers teaching of the highest class; Annaberg trains peasant farmers and bailiffs; in twelve primary schools agricultural pupils act as hired servants, and do the work of the model farms; itinerant teachers are paid by the Government to travel from village to village. There are also thirteen special schools in which such subjects as meadow culture, flax dressing, and gardening are taught. After the emancipation of the serfs, Russia recognised the urgent need of spreading among the mass a rational knowledge of agriculture. An agricultural museum was founded at St. Petersburg, and secondary museums were established in every part of the country. There is an academy of agriculture at Gorionetz with three grades of primary, secondary, and superior education; another at Lesnoy, near St. Petersburg; and a third at Petroskae, near Moscow. There are besides, in different parts of the country, special schools adapted to the particular wants of the district. Hesse possesses an agricultural college at Darmstadt, which is open to young farmers from November 1 to March 31. Courses are given for the benefit of national schoolmasters; botany, physics, and chemistry are taught in the national schools; *wanderlehrer* impart instruction in the villages, visiting their circuits every year, so as to be able to note improvement. Würtemberg is especially well provided with means of agricultural education. Besides the Royal Institution of Hohenheim, there are three school farms, an agricultural chair at Tübingen, and a veterinary school at Stuttgart. On many large farms there are apprenticed pupils preparing for Hohenheim. Voluntary winter schools, obligatory evening schools, and lecture meetings enable farmers to keep pace with the latest scientific discoveries. Practical agriculturists, in the pay of the State, visit the different districts, discuss special branches of farming, and co-operate with local associations in experiments and improvements. In all these countries admirable means exist for diffusing agricultural knowledge, and bringing home to the smallest farmers the best modes of cultivation. Scientific instruction is given

in a practical form, and in a shape which is easily comprehended.

France has an organised system of education which works with great efficiency. It is designed to encourage men of science to experiment in chemistry and machinery, to afford practical as well as theoretical instruction to landed proprietors, agents, and farmers, to train up intelligent peasant proprietors and labourers. For these objects there are four grades of schools. In most of the departments model farms, or *fermes exemplaires*, are established for farm labourers; provincial schools are carried on for bailiffs and farmers, as well as higher grade schools, like Grignon, for landed proprietors and estate agents; and finally the Institut Agronomique supplies every appliance that is required for scientific investigation. There are besides special schools, and veterinary schools at Alfort, Lyons, and Toulouse. In many of the primary schools agriculture is taught; and to some of the normal schools land is attached for practical teaching.

Almost every nation on the Continent is better provided with means of agricultural education than England. The course is often too ambitious and laid out on too large a scale; but every tiller of the soil has the opportunity of learning the principles of his art, and of using to the utmost advantage the materials at his command. In every other department of human knowledge, where practice depends upon science, the shortest road to success is the mastery of general principles, in other words theoretical investigation. The truth of this fact, as applied to agriculture, is ignored by the State in England. The art is carried to considerable perfection, but the science is neglected. Our farmers are skilful in the practice of received principles; they despise the general laws on which those principles depend; to them agriculture is only a collection of accepted precepts. Science has turned many traditions upside down; it may have a similar revolution in store for farming. Agricultural societies, in spite of their motto 'Science with practice,' do little to promote theoretical investigation. The principles of scientific agriculture must be explored by men of science, and applied by men of practice; but a better understanding between the two can only be obtained by education. Every farmer does not require the highest scientific training; but, even in his isolated experiments, some knowledge of physics, chemistry, botany, or geology is useful, if it only teaches him what to avoid, and how to apply the results of the work of others. Doctors' boys do not qualify as practitioners by

delivering medicines ; nor do tillers of the soil become farmers by learning a traditional round.

Landlords require education as much as any of the classes which are interested in the cultivation of the soil. They alone have, to some extent, the means of supplying their want. In the future many must manage their own properties. Even if they can pay for the luxury of an agent, it seems absurd to surrender to others the practical control of their estates—doubly absurd if the deputy is the solicitor, often as little versed in practical agriculture as the butler. If landlords better understood the principles of farming, mischievous restrictions (belonging to an antiquated system) would no longer be inserted in leases. To the actual cultivators of the soil, whether tenants or owners, the value of agricultural education needs no demonstration. Unlike the landlords, their wants in this respect are not supplied. But one feature, at least, in the continental system of education imperatively requires introduction into England. Account-keeping is as essential for farmers as for tradesmen. Chalkmarks on backs of doors or scattered notes in memorandum books will never show farmers how they stand, or in what special department they are losing money. On the Continent bookkeeping is generally made a special feature of agricultural education. Pupils take it in turns to keep journals of everything done on the farm, to make particular accounts of special work done and of the workmen employed, to keep cashbooks of payments and sales, accounts with the house, and accounts of separate departments. If the way is to be paved for the growth of a peasant proprietary, farm accounts should become a feature in all the rural schools of England.

Little space remains in which to deal with the particular reforms respectively demanded by landlords, tenants, and labourers. Restored confidence, larger powers of dealing with their land, increased practical and scientific knowledge of farming, may infuse new life into landlords ; but their special grievance is the unfair incidence of local taxation. In the debates on the repeal of the Corn Laws, both Sir Robert Peel and Lord John Russell argued that the removal of the burdens upon land must necessarily accompany the extinction of its immunities and privileges. Subventions were granted on the principle that free trade and fair taxation go together. Since that date innumerable items have been thrown upon the rates to provide for purposes which are inseparable from civilisation and social organisation, and

which therefore belong to national rather than local taxation. Existing arrangements exhibit a chaos of rates, areas, and districts; imperial and local purposes are inextricably intermingled. A comprehensive measure of local government is alleged to be the only ultimate remedy; but meanwhile that plea is made a subterfuge for the evasion of relief, the justice of which the proposed measure itself concedes. The argument is freely used that to relieve local rates is to quarter landlords upon the State, to exonerate property at the cost of labour. Unless this view is abandoned, the position of the small investor, who is the spoilt child of these same reasoners, will be made intolerable. It is a novel mode of encouraging small owners to tax them more heavily than any other class in the community. It is often contended that the land tax was imposed in 1660 to compensate the public revenue for the loss of the dues and other incidents of military tenure, and that landlords have evaded payment by reducing it to insignificance. Such a contention is wholly false. The land tax was a property tax, imposed for the first time in 1692. It is true that it has become insignificant, but its modern representative for national purposes is schedule A of the income tax. The present incidence of local taxation is manifestly inequitable; its injustice has been recognised in resolutions of the House of Commons; its readjustment has been recommended by the recent commission on agriculture. Subventions from general taxation are a clumsy expedient, only to be defended on the ground that they carry with them the right of State supervision. A simpler method of relief would be afforded by the allocation of certain taxes, like the dog, gun, game, and carriage licenses, to the local authorities; but it is less our purpose to suggest remedies than to indicate abuses.

Local taxation is a question for landlords, because it is upon them that the incidence ultimately falls. The interests of agriculture demand that they should be primarily paid by the landlords. Why add unnecessary elements of uncertainty to the calculations of a farmer who holds land for a limited term? or why needlessly lock up any portion of his scanty capital? The same considerations are reinforced by others of a wider nature in the case of tithes. The Tithe Commutation Act contemplates that tithes should be paid by the landlords. So long as farmers are made the channel of payment, they will continue to believe that they are taxed to maintain the Church. Hence arises their hostility. The same misconception spreads to the class below them; the

agricultural labourer believes that but for the ecclesiastical tax imposed upon the farmer more labour could be employed. Thus, if the Church is disendowed, landlords will be largely to blame for her downfall. Yet they, as a class, have profited financially at her expense. Since 1836 rents have risen nearly fifty per cent.; one tenth of the rise which before the Commutation would have fallen to the Church, has swelled the income of the landlord. Had landlords performed the duties contemplated by the law, the tithe agitation in Wales would have been impossible.

Of late years the farmer has been much before the country. Men have doubted the reality of his troubles, and perhaps his inveterate habit of grumbling, even in more prosperous times, lent colour to suspicions. Yet, indisputably, farmers have suffered heavily from the collapse of agriculture. The trade of a farmer is seldom lucrative; since 1815 he has rarely made a fortune; now he has lost his capital. His venture is attended with more risk than any other. His capital is small; it is turned over at remote periods, and is often locked up for several years. He embarks everything in his calling; he cannot transfer himself and his money to other trades, for he is as helpless as generations of farming can make him. It is the consciousness of this fact that drives him into ruinous competition for land. He may lose money on his farm, but he cannot readily throw up his lease, especially if he has a family. It is often better for him to suffer an annual loss than to risk the sale by auction which is necessitated by quitting a farm. He has little incentive to improvement; he cannot patent his agricultural processes; till recently his landlord often appropriated in the shape of increased rent the results of his enterprise. He has no benefit of fancy prices for his produce; he cannot wait his market, for his goods suffer in the keeping; he is deprived by railway rates of the natural protection afforded by distance; he is subjected, without the favour of fashion, to the barest competition; his scanty profits are intercepted by middlemen, who stand between him and the producer. Modern farming demands the purchase of quantities of artificial food and manure, yet both are frequently so adulterated as to be worthless. More capital is required for machinery, implements, and other agricultural plant; labour is more expensive and has deteriorated in quality. But with increased expenditure the farmer commands lower prices, and so burns the candle at both ends.

The picture is gloomy. What can be done to remedy his

condition? Recent legislation has diminished the ravages of game. The law of distress, which, by giving artificial security to landlords, often raised rent above its natural level, has been limited in its range. The old legal maxim, 'Quicquid plantatur solo accedit solo,' has at last been shaken. The basis upon which a farmer pays income-tax requires considerable modification, if not complete readjustment. But such remedies hardly touch the fringe of his difficulties. The removal of vexatious restrictions upon cropping, and antiquated clauses of management, or the payment by landlords of tithes and local rates, scarcely afford more substantial relief. His real grievance against the landlord is the absence of security for unexhausted improvements. Owership affords the strongest encouragement to agricultural progress. On large estates it cannot be combined with occupation; the relations of landlord and tenant must necessarily be maintained. Three plans have been proposed in order to encourage cultivators of the soil in agricultural improvements. The first is to create peasant proprietors; the second is to recognise that dual ownership which is involved in tenant right; the third, and, in our opinion, the only feasible proposition, is to secure to the tenant in the fullest degree the benefit of the improvements which he effects. English farmers have no right to demand fixity of tenure; but they may fairly ask for, and are entitled to obtain, security for their outlay.

Common law gives no compensation to outgoing tenants, except their right to waygoing crops; everything affixed to the soil belonged to the landlord. Under such circumstances it was folly for tenants to build barns, financial suicide to expend money on manures or drainage. A notice to quit deprived the yearly tenant of the benefit of his outlay before it had begun to repay itself; holders under a lease found their rent raised upon improvements which they themselves had effected. Only in the three counties of Lincoln, Leicester, and Glamorgan did the custom of the country afford tenants any redress. The reason of such a state of things is sufficiently obvious. The essence of ancient farming was exhaustion followed by fallow; tenants spent nothing in replacing the productive qualities which their crops had taken out. The essence of modern farming is restoration of fertility; tenants have at their command a host of resources, the use of which entails the expenditure of capital. But the Legislature has been slow to recognise the change of agricultural conditions. Though the necessity of maintaining

the fertility of the soil increased every year, modern tenants possessed no more security for outlay than mediæval farmers who never put a sixpence into the soil. The Agricultural Holdings Act (1875) recognised the injustice of the tenant's position; but it was inadequate, optional, and, as events proved, inoperative. The Agricultural Commission of 1879 found that landlords and tenants had everywhere contracted themselves out of its provisions. Is it surprising that, in the absence of security, tenants farm their land as lodgers, or only half time? Without infringing on the sound principles of freedom of contract, the farmer may yet be secured in the fruits of his labour. The law presumes that all outlay on land belongs to the landlord, and gives him a security for rent, such as is enjoyed by no other trader. Landlord and tenant therefore do not start on equal terms. Abolish the legal presumption and protection, and compensation may be left permissive; retain both, and compensation may be reasonably rendered compulsory.

How compensation should be given is a much debated question. Additional value is given to a holding in three ways: first, by permanent improvements effected by the landlord; secondly, by artificial manures which produce a temporary increase in the fertility of the soil; thirdly, by a course of skilful farming, the effects of which last for years, but are capable of gradual exhaustion. No question arises on the first head, and very little on the second; the real difficulty begins with the third head. If a tenant can prove that, by his skill and liberality, the letting or marketable value of the land has been increased, and is not yet exhausted, he is entitled to compensation whenever his landlord seeks to change the conditions of his tenancy. Even on the third head the difficulty only arises when, at the expiration of a lease, a notice to quit is given, or the rent is raised. In order to ascertain the value of the tenant's improvements, two plans are proposed—open sale in the market, and valuation with arbitration. The first is the free sale of tenant right; the second is the principle adopted in the Agricultural Holdings Acts of 1875 and 1883. One fatal objection may be urged against the first plan. The incoming tenant buys the improvements; in other words he enters upon the farm with his capital reduced, if not exhausted. On other grounds the three F's, with the attendant tutelage of a land court, are not only historically indefensible, but unnecessary and unfair to English landlords. Such a system would defeat its own object. Rather than become rent

chargers on their estates, landlords would take the land into their own hands, a result which would be economically and socially disastrous.

To quitting tenants the principle of reference and arbitration, adopted in the Agricultural Holdings Acts of 1875 and 1883, affords adequate security. The latter Act is compulsory, and therefore escapes the danger which made the first imperative. But its provisions are cumbersome, and its schedules of improvement minute but inadequate. It gives no security whatever to sitting tenants against a rise of rent based upon their improvements. If they refuse the rise, their alternative is to quit. The choice is unfair; the losses on a sale preparatory to quitting a farm often amount to ruin; countless considerations besides those of business induce a tenant to consent to a rise which he cannot afford. The advantage taken of this dilemma negatived the intended results of the Irish Land Act of 1870, and was made the excuse for the three F's of 1883. Ample security might be given to tenants against such pressure by a very simple bill, dealing with the principle of compensation, the mode of its assessment, and the manner of its payment. The broad principle is that when changes in the condition of a tenancy are proposed, tenants are entitled to compensation for any addition which their skill and capital have made to the letting value of the land: landlords are entitled to a similar compensation for any diminution caused by niggardly or negligent farming. The value of the addition must be calculated by reference to experts and arbitration, and the amount must be limited to seven years' purchase, the period within which it would generally be exhausted. Lastly, in the case of quitting tenants the compensation thus estimated and capitalised should be paid by the landlord on the surrender of the farm: in the case of sitting tenants the compensation should either be paid by the landlord in a capitalised sum, or be for seven years deducted from the increased rent. A measure constructed upon these lines would give tenants every necessary security and inducement for skilful and liberal farm management.

But, even if complete security for the outlay of capital were provided, the farmers' grievances would not be ended. In competition with foreign producers English farmers are heavily handicapped by railway rates. But the hardship must not be exaggerated. Foreign produce may be conveyed into this country wholly by sea, or partly by sea and partly by land. If the goods are imperishable—that is, if they do

not suffer by delay in transit—the foreigner can use either means without loss to the market value of his goods. In this case, if railway rates are so low as to encourage the foreign producer to send his goods partly by land, the English farmer possibly profits by the improved railway service. He cannot be a loser, for in any case the goods could equally be conveyed by sea. No injury is inflicted upon the Cheshire farmer when American cheese is conveyed from New York to Liverpool, and thence by rail to the metropolis, at the same rate as that at which he can send his cheese from Chester to the metropolis. But it is different in the case of perishable goods such as butter, fruit, vegetables, and fresh meat—the very commodities, be it observed, to which farmers are advised, and peasant tenants will be obliged, to turn their attention. Here time is of the utmost value: the foreigner could not compete in quality with home production, if his produce was carried all the way by sea. This is not legitimate competition between two different modes of conveyance, either of which is equally available; it is merely a rivalry between railway companies, who seek by outbidding one another to attract the foreign traffic on to their lines. Here the British farmer pays the carriage bill of his foreign rival. Free trade never contemplated cheapening food by conferring a bounty on foreign farmers at the expense of home producers, or by giving a premium not to the natural monopoly of proximity, but to length of time and distance.

The hired labourer has been the last to suffer by the collapse of agriculture. But, standing as he does on the brink of pauperism, the slightest slip downwards carries him over the verge. From 1790 to 1840 his condition was deplorable, a disgrace to civilisation generally, and to landlords and farmers in particular. Between 1770 and 1850 the average rent of arable land was more than doubled; the price of meat rose by a third; that of butter increased by a half; that of bread remained stationary. Meanwhile wages increased by one eighth, the rent of a cottage by a half; and the commons, by which the labourer had improved his income, were enclosed—rarely, indeed, without compensation, but generally without any permanent equivalent. The Poor Law degraded the peasant to the condition of a parish pensioner, checked the circulation of labour, deteriorated its efficiency by fixing pay with reference to wants rather than services, encouraged the growth of a surplus population by rewarding the most productive couples. The

standard of life sank to the lowest possible scale; in the South and West wages paid by employers fell to 8s. and 4s. per week, augmented by parochial relief from the pockets of those who had no need of labour. Herded together in cottages which, by their imperfect arrangements, violated every sanitary law, generated all kinds of disease, and rendered modesty an unimaginable thing; driven to a distance from their work in order to create model villages, and congregated in 'open' parishes, where they were subjected to the extortions of house-building speculators; compelled by insufficient wages to expose their wives to the degradation of field labour, and to send their children to work as soon as they could crawl—the peasant had little cause in the past to be enthusiastic for the English system of land tenure. Disorganised by his divorce from the soil, demoralised by the Poor Law, degraded by insufficient money wages, lodged worse than the animals, oppressed by the high price of necessities, the labourer would have been more than human had he not risen in an insurrection which could only be quelled by force. He had already carried patience beyond the limit where it ceases to be a virtue. The relative improvement in the present condition of the agricultural labourer is enormous. Landlords have spared no pains to improve his moral and material position. But, slow-witted as Hodge proverbially is, his memory is singularly tenacious. Deeply hidden in the recesses of his intricate mind, lurk vague theories of his lost rights, and more distinct traditions of his past wrongs. He forgets that his present condition, in its substance, results from the natural operation of economic laws; he only remembers the occasions on which its unfortunate accidents have been aggravated for the benefit of landlords or of farmers.

What can be done to improve his condition? Emigration may afford relief; but, before a wholesale deportation is organised, the question should be asked whether every possible remedy has been tried at home. Wages cannot be raised; it is even possible that they may fall. No immediate steps can be taken to restore the connexion between the peasantry and the land. If quantities of land were thrown into the market, the peasant has not the means, even if he has the desire, to buy. State loans are, in our opinion, a dangerous expedient to accelerate the creation of a class which can only succeed as the result of growth. The better class of agricultural labourer, if regularly employed, can live in substantial comfort, though it is rarely possible for him to save

enough to avoid the workhouse. The measures we have already suggested would give that stimulus to farming on which regular employment depends. But the 'wet and dry' man is always on the verge of pauperism. No remedy can secure him those permanent wages which, as a rule, he is not sufficiently skilful to earn. Speaking generally, the worst aspects of peasant life are not the want of food, but the absence of any reasonable prospect of emerging from that condition, and the inevitable end which awaits an industrious career. Some social ladder and some better provision for old age are the true needs of the agricultural poor.

The first step is often the most difficult. It is possible that an extension of the bothy system of the North, if carefully supervised, might serve as the lowest rung in the social ladder. Under a slightly different form it prevailed at no distant period throughout the country. Farmers and their men once lived together and ate together; but the relations of the agricultural classes are altered. The reports of the Agricultural Commissions at the beginning of the century show that the practice of lodging and feeding farm servants died out because farmers' wives were 'too fine to keep house.' But such a practice benefits farmers, because, when prices are low, they need not sell large quantities of produce to realise money wages; and, in times of scarcity, labourers obtain a larger money value in the shape of food than they could buy for themselves. The farmer had constantly on the premises a large staff of labour: labour was more efficient; boys, boarded and lodged in farmhouses, learned all kinds of work, turned their hands, like Mr. Arch, to everything, and, like him, were perhaps worth 24*s.* a week to their employer. Above all, the system acted as a check on early and improvident marriages. The discomforts of a lodger in an overcrowded cottage blind the agricultural labourer to all prudential considerations; he marries before he has time to save; for the next few years his life is an arduous struggle, which generally brings him on the parish. To the peasant the bothy system offers the same advantages which clubs afford to a different class. It enables him to wait in comfort till he has saved money. In some parts of France and in the North of England the hind's house is a frequent appendage to a farm. Labourers are hired for the year, and barracked on the spot in a homestead presided over by a married labourer. They are better fed, and enjoy many comforts which they must forego when married. If

such a system were adopted, labourers would not be driven to improvident marriages; they might save money before they start in life; they would be better trained to various kinds of work; they would acquire the money and the skill to make the most of allotments.

Sound policy and justice alike require that allotments should become universal. They offer incentives to thrift in early youth; they make labourers independent, train them in habits of industry, occupy their leisure time, enable them to lay by provision for old age. They counteract the prejudicial effects of education on the practical efficiency of labour by making boys knowledgeable in agricultural matters; they train girls to rear poultry and pigs, to milk and look after a dairy; they prevent agricultural labour from migrating to the towns; they relieve the rates, and, if a cow is kept, improve the health of children by supplying milk. The enclosure of commons was not followed, as in justice it should have been, by any general scheme of allotments; but from 1770 onwards, they have prevailed in increasing numbers throughout the country. The Agricultural Commission of 1833 shows that allotments were common in the majority of the counties; in 1836 a society, called the 'Labourers' 'Friends,' was organised to procure allotments, especially in Kent and Somersetshire; the Commission of 1879 reports that throughout England allotments were 'very general,' and, in counties where they were not general, labourers for the most part possessed good gardens of half a rood in size. The extension of the allotment system has been repeatedly recommended by commissions, notably by the Poor Law Commission of 1834, and by that which was appointed in 1867 to enquire into the employment of women and children in agriculture. Commercially allotments have succeeded; throughout the bad times labourers have paid their rents. Three conditions appear to be essential to success. The size must not be so great as to occupy more than the leisure time of the labourer; in other words the land must be subsidiary to, and not in lieu of, wages. Secondly, the allotment should be attached to the cottage, or, if not, the position should be sufficiently central to be readily accessible. Thirdly, the rent of the cottage and allotment should be fair, and be paid direct to the landlord. If this condition is not observed, advantage is taken of the general land hunger to sublet to labourers at ruinous rents. No higher rent should be demanded than could be obtained if the allotments were let as part of a farm.

The compulsory principle which is enforced by the Allotments Extension Act of 1882 had already been applied to trustees of public property fifty years before. But the most satisfactory and effective method of extending the system is the voluntary action of landlords. In this direction 'the Land and Glebe Owners' Association' has already done good service. Yet the apathy of a few individuals may imperil the safety of a class. The extension of the allotment system is for the public benefit. Compulsory powers, only to be used after a year of grace, may as fairly be given to local authorities for the purchase of allotments as for the purchase of land by a railway company. But such powers should only be given in the last resort, especially as the interference of public officials in the distribution of allotments has hitherto proved fatal to their success. The experiments conducted by the 'Small Farm and Labourers' Company' have produced such favourable results, that a few cottier farms of ten acres might with advantage be provided in each parish, to be offered to the most thrifty and capable cultivators of the allotments. The *métayer* system suggests a mode in which they might be stocked. The adoption of such a scheme as that proposed would extend the narrow horizon of the peasant's life, substitute for hopelessness the opportunity of rising in the social scale, enable him to provide for his own old age, instead of stunting his independence by a pauper allowance, and supply that training which would fit him, if the occasion offered, to become a peasant proprietor.

To sum up what has been said, a peasant tenancy rather than a peasant proprietary affords the best prospect of agricultural prosperity; but security is the first and indispensable condition of success. Scientific and practical education in land cultivation would expand the resources of all classes of agriculturists, and disseminate a knowledge of the best means of developing the resources of the soil. Equally general would be the advantages of a comprehensive scheme of land law reform. Landlords who wish to sell would command larger markets and better prices, if land were made an easily transferable commodity. Those who desire to improve their estates would derive new incentives and larger capital from any change which converted their limited possession into absolute ownership. Farmers would find landlords at once more ready and more able to meet them halfway in the work of improvement. To small capitalists land would become as simple and easy a form of investment as stocks.

The readjustment of local taxation would relieve land of a burden which the loss of its privileges and immunities renders every day more manifestly unjust. The payment of tithes and rates by the landlords would limit the uncertainty of the position of the farmer as well as check a fruitful source of discontent. The removal of antiquated clauses of management, the establishment of a system of mileage rates for perishable goods, and increased security for outlay would not only free but encourage farmers to effect improvements. Allotments would widen the narrow horizon of the agricultural labourer, occupy his leisure time, increase his command of substantial comforts, and provide him with a resource against the workhouse. Allotments would reclaim the idler, the poacher, and the drunkard, absorb the labour that has migrated to the towns, increase the productiveness of the soil, cheapen food, and secure to the landlord a certain rent. We should be the last to urge any class in this country to yield their rights to the demands of designing politicians or educated tramps. But the crisis is indisputably grave; revolutionary legislation is powerfully advocated, and the position of the landlord completely isolated. Agricultural labourers possess the franchise at a stage in their civilisation which renders them an easy prey to unscrupulous agitators. The fatal germs of the Irish Land Act of 1881 have already borne fruit in the demands of the Farmers' Alliance, and in the land bills which have been successively put forward by English, Scotch, and Welsh farmers. At the first gleam of agricultural prosperity the cry for tenant right will be renewed. Landlords have now the opportunity of removing legitimate grounds of discontent, of increasing the number of those who, as small occupiers, will be interested in the maintenance of landed interests, of reviving those cordial relations with their tenants which, in times past, made English agriculture the model and example for foreign nations, of striking from the hands of socialistic theorists weapons which are dangerous to the safety of society. The distinction between giving and giving up is vital. But here there is not even a question of giving. Changes, such as we have suggested, entail no surrender of rights, no sacrifice of pecuniary interests. On the contrary they are dictated to landlords not merely by political foresight, but by commercial self-interest.

ART. II.—1. *The Wide-awake Library*. Price One Penny. London: 1883.

2. *The Boys' Comic Journal*. London: 1884.

3. *Dicks's English Library*. London: 1884.

4. *The London Journal*. London: 1884.

5. *The Family Herald*. London: 1884.

6. *Oliver Twist*. Price One Penny. *The Pickwick Papers*. London: 1886.

7. *The Boys of London and New York*. London: 1884.

8. *The Ghostly Hand, &c.* London: 1886.

9. *Something to Read*. London: 1883.

10. *The Family Novelist*. London: 1883.

THERE are, it is said, upwards of five millions of children * now on the roll of the schools scattered throughout England, a large proportion of whom are able and eager to read. These happy millions are being diligently crammed day by day, for many long weary hours, with every kind of so-called useful knowledge; far, far exceeding in range the exploded *régime* of the old 'three R's,' and soaring even to algebra, Latin, chemistry, and most of the 'ologies.' The curriculum, in fact—so says the enemy—excludes nothing but the element of religion; and on this one intolerable diet of hard dry fact are these young disciples fed until the requisite number of 'Standards' be passed, and each hapless child is ready for the school inspector, to win for his teachers an increased Government grant—or fit to go in for a competitive examination, and win for himself the post of errand boy, school monitor, or telegraphic messenger. This he does at the risk of an overtaxed memory, or a diseased brain, and a disgust for any further pursuit of knowledge. Meanwhile, the great world of Babylon applauds, or is content to endure; inspectors write long Reports; the minister in charge of the education of the people points with complacency to the increasing millions under his benign care; and the ratepayers of the mighty city and the petty village once more bless the School Board, and surrender another penny to the insatiable taxgatherer.

"Bless you," says Mr. Carcass, the Butcher, to an admiring audience

* Eighty thousand children between the ages of thirteen and eighteen leave school in London every year.

at The Blue Lion, "bless you, you should see my boy Sam, if you want to know what the School Board is up to. He do get on; he do. Why, he's got to Biology now; and Fluxions was the last thing he did before he passed Standard Seven; and he can patter off up to 24 times 24 in the Multiplication Table, just as you like, and all the Saxon kings, born, crowned, died, and buried, back to Julius Cæsar!"'

And as it is with Sam Carcass, aged fifteen, so is it with tens of thousands of other young scholars of less or greater ability, after a few years of similar diet—on catechisms of history, manuals of arithmetic, short cuts to a smattering of science, and guides to universal knowledge. These, and only these, morning, noon, and night; hardly a grain of room, hardly a moment of time, for any appeal to the fancy or to the imagination; scarcely a ray of colour or light to cheer that innate love of fiction which rightly belongs to and invigorates every youthful mind when in health and strength. But the passionate desire for fiction is not to be thus stifled; it must be satisfied, and food it will have: wholesome and good if good can be had, and at a price within reach, or unwholesome and vicious trash if no better can be found.

One object of the present article is to show how far this demand for fiction is at present met, at what cost, with what materials, and with what result. If there be millions of youthful and hungry readers, what are they to read? How are Sam Carcass and his tens of thousands of companions, male and female, to employ their scanty leisure, the idle minutes of the dinner-hour, or the chance morsel of time not sacred to cramming? What shall the stray waifs of Drury Lane and Seven Dials find to amuse them? for they, too, can read, and it is possible to beg, borrow, or steal a penny.* And with these forlorn creatures must be taken into account others—older, but in this respect equally forlorn—the whole race of shopgirls, errand boys, young maid-servants, *et hoc genus omne*, all possessed with the same craze for a tale, a story, a romance, whether of love, war, or adventure, comedy or tragedy, sentiment, crime, suffering, pathos, or mystery. Of all these there is more than an abundant supply always ready in what may for want of a better title be called 'the Penny Dreadfuls.' Fifty years ago such a title would have been almost unintelligible. The few things in print for a penny were as dry as the Multiplication

* Sixty per cent. of the Board School children in Liverpool have, it is said, accounts at the Savings Bank, amounting *in toto* to upwards of 3,000*l*. This good habit has not as yet made much way in London.

Table, and as tasteless as Tupper. Cheap books, in the modern sense of the word, were all but unknown. They were few in number because there was no demand for them, juvenile readers being counted out of the question. A boy, the son of even well-to-do people, had to be satisfied with 'Robinson Crusoe,' 'The Pilgrim's Progress,' 'Sandford and Merton,' and perhaps half a dozen other well-known favourites. These he read and re-read scores of times, and was fairly content. The children of tradespeople, artisans, and the labouring class, both in town and country, had to do the best they could on a scantier and rarer diet. An odd number of the 'Penny Magazine,' a page or two of 'Mayor's Spelling Book,' or, if lucky, a tattered copy of 'Sindbad the Sailor,' were all they could possibly hope to obtain. The poor, as a class, had no literature provided for them; their fathers and mothers had done well without any, and what was good enough for *them* might surely suffice for their children's children. Mr. Bounderby and Mr. Bumble then reigned supreme over the educational department; and fortunate indeed were the youngsters who for a brief season tasted even of the rich delights of 'the three R's,' as an alderman of that epoch is said to have designated the mysteries of reading, writing, and arithmetic.

But all this now sounds like the record of a forgotten age. With the mighty increase of population, the host of young readers has multiplied a thousandfold. Even 'Bill Sykes,' if driven to pen and ink, can sign his name; and any one of his numerous offspring can read with fluency the weekly 'Police News,' or the last edition of the 'Newgate Calendar,' and criticise the details of the latest burglary, outrage, or murder, with the flippant ease of a connoisseur in crime. Murder as one of the fine arts is not too much for him. His library is both extensive and varied, and to be had at the rate of a penny a volume. It is to be found anywhere and everywhere, throughout the whole domain of poverty, hunger, dirt, and crime. It tempts him under a hundred different and seductive titles, alike in country and in town. Every alley and foul court in Babylon reeks with it, and the remotest hamlet can no more escape from some sign of it than from the ubiquitous placard of the last new transparent patent soap.

But the fountain head of the poisonous stream is in the great towns and cities, especially in London itself; and it is with that we have now to deal. Here the readers are to be numbered by hundreds of thousands, and the supply

exceeds even the wildest demand. There is now before us such a veritable mountain of pernicious trash, mostly in paper covers, and all 'Price One Penny : ' so-called novelettes, romances, tales, stories of adventure, mystery, and crime ; pictures of school life hideously unlike the reality ; exploits of pirates, robbers, cut-throats, prostitutes, and rogues, that, but for its actual presence, it would seem incredible. To expect our readers to wade through such a nauseous mass would be useless, even if the task were possible. All that can be done is to select from the whole heap a few specimens, widely and carefully chosen, that may serve as types of the mental diet now provided for millions of poor children, who buy and devour it with intense relish. It matters little where we begin, so we take first—

*' Joanna Polenipper, Female horse-stealer, Footpad, Smuggler, Prison-breaker, and Murderer, ' **

a complete romance in eight quarto pages, four chapters of small print, as a sample of the entire series. For, in point of general style, colour, incident, and character of the *dramatis personæ*, all these volumes of trash are as like each other as the peas in a single pod. Every sentence fairly bristles with adjectives of tremendous and fiery strength ; the characters are of but two kinds, whether angels or demons in mortal guise ; fools or sharpers ; rogues or the victims on whom they prey. Every page is crammed with incidents of the most astounding kind, which succeed each other as swiftly as the scenes in a transpontine drama. Bombastic rant, high-flown rhodomontade, and the flattest fustian flow from the lips of all speakers alike ; and ' Joanna ' is no exception to the rule.

Chapter I. opens on the coast of Blankshire, in the midst of a furious thunderstorm, a dense fog, and ' forked lightning like fiery serpents. ' † A number of dark objects succeed in landing a long dark boat ; each one seizes a portion of the cargo. ' rushes stealthily inland and disappears. ' This operation having been twice repeated, there suddenly ensues a terrific encounter between ' Captain ' Despo ' of ' The Black Tiger ' and his crew, and ' Paul ' Manley, ' captain of the Coast Guard. The gigantic pirate having drawn his huge and bloodthirsty sword, whirled it round his head, and consigned the whole troop of Preventive

* It is asserted, on good authority, that of this penny fiction the weekly sale amounts, *in toto*, to upwards of two million copies.

† In this, as in every similar case, the exact words of the author are used, wherever their use is possible.

men 'to their patron saint the Devil,' and having moreover commanded his crew to 'riddle the miserable skins of the 'foe until nothing remained of their miserable carcasses,' in a whirlwind of fury his orders are obeyed. The pirates then retire to the rocks, and 'after a circuitous journey, 'emerge into a cave, to drink deeply and converse in 'whispers of hideous import!'

The reader may here feel inclined to take breath for a moment at such an awful climax as this, but he must hurry on.

After a brief interlude, the whole gang of bloodthirsty ruffians 'emerge' once more, and make their way out to a neighbouring cottage, the peaceful abode of Mr. and Mrs. Polenipper and two lovely daughters. Their first demand is for whisky, the second for 'Joanna,' whom the pirate loudly claims as his own. Both demands being sternly rejected, the ruffians at once butcher the old man and woman in cold blood, set fire to the cottage, and having flung a faithful cowboy into the raging flames, and carried off both the shrieking damsels as lawful plunder, finally 'like tartarian imps levanted, amidst shouting, cursing, and 'dancing over their evil work.'

Chapter II., 'Seven Years After,' introduces us to a handsome youth, in magnificent attire, alighting from a superb steed outside the Bull Inn, Aldgate, one summer night in 1775. This is no other than the famous Captain Raven, a noted highwayman, for whom six Bow Street runners are there and then lying in wait. 'Tim Wisp,' the ostler, in league with the Captain, at once informs him of the presence of the constables, and their resolve to 'take him alive or 'dead.' The 'Raven,' however, is more than equal to the occasion, and in the next two pages of small print we read how he calmly walked into the room where the six awaited him, managed to lock the door, and having knocked down two of his enemies with the butt end of a pistol, jumped through an open window into the yard below, 'carried off 'six horses,' and shot three of the assailants who followed him, and retired swiftly into the fastness of the Bagnigge Wells, leaving the chief of the Bow Street runners yelling (*sic*) 'Murder, blue fire, and stewed brains!' until he could yell no longer.

Chapter III. opens 'on the towering cliffs of Blankshire,' where in the moonlight kneels a young man in a black cloak before a rude cross in the barren waste. To him suddenly advances a stranger, 'of herculean proportions and for-

‘bidding features,’ who is thus greeted by the sable youth:—

“Aha! Captain Despo! pirate! murderer! has thy sin-laden soul driven you to the grave of your victims?”

“Blood and death! how know you this?” replies the gigantic ruffian. “Who are you?”

“One who has sworn to avenge the remains of those whose remains (*sic*) are gathered there,” fiercely returns the youth.

“Fool!” hissed the pirate, quivering with rage, “your knowledge is your doom.”

Then follows a tremendous combat, on the usual tremendous scale, at which we can but glance. In another moment ‘the giant had drawn a long gleaming stiletto, and showing ‘his white fairy-like teeth, prepared to spring on his ‘assailant, who revealed a formidable dagger,’ &c. &c. Then follow panting breasts, deadly glances, flashing blades, sparks of fire; lithe, elastic forms, murderous thrusts, and gory wounds; frightful shrieks, and a ‘ruffian form falling back ‘into the horrible void!’ The sable youth then mounts his coalblack steed, and ‘dashes off towards the cries’ below!

Meanwhile, on the high road close by is being enacted another tragedy as monstrous as the first. Hidden in the shade stands a stalwart man heavily armed—lost, it would seem, in a muttered soliloquy as to the fate of the ‘Pole-nipper’ family, and the ruffianly ‘Black Tigers’ to whom they fell a prey. As he thus muses, suddenly up dashes a gallant youth in sable on a coalblack steed. ‘Paul Manley’s’ son and the redoubted Captain Raven are face to face. Each recognises the other; amazement and angry words ensue; Raven declares himself to be no other than the once charming ‘Joanna;’ and Manley, the furious avenger of his father’s murderers, now resolved to capture the horse-stealer at any cost. In vain she protests that she is madly in love with him; her love is rejected with scorn. Upon this she whistles, and in a trice a band of armed assassins start up, rush upon the hapless Manley, and butcher him before her eyes. (As any distracted heroine madly in love with the hero would naturally do.) At a second whistle, all disappear in the darkness, the heroic captain rides on her way, until she is suddenly surrounded by a fresh band of Preventive men, attacked, overpowered, and cast into a dungeon.

Here the jailer is Tim Wisp, the ostler; a plan of escape up the chimney is soon arranged, and as easily carried into

effect. The two rogues climb the chimney, but to their horror when they reach the ground are confronted by the giant form of Despo himself, alive and in the flesh. Combat the third begins, when at the very moment of his being knocked down with a bar of iron, up come the prison officials in hot pursuit, with presently a couple of mounted officers. The combat thickens, the brace of scoundrels escape, and all is now ready for the final tableau.

Despo and Raven the second (for it now seems there are two) are overtaken in a cave; more carnage follows, and the scene closes with a terrific explosion, which darkens the sky with a dense cloud of 'stones, sand, timber, and parts of 'human flesh.' Of course Despo and his rascally lieutenant both escape, but are no sooner out of the jaws of one death than they fall into fresh peril, being met in their headlong flight by Raven and Tim. After another torrent of carnage the Black Tiger falls mortally wounded, the false Raven escapes, and the 'veritable' Bird thus delivers herself to the astonished crowd:—

"You well know, wretch, that I am Joanna Polenipper, whom you abducted from her home after murdering her parents; how I leaped into the sea to escape you; how I, having learned the death of my only friend, Paul Manley, stole a horse to reach London, to avoid your evil designs, and after having assumed male attire to avoid detection."

At this moment a wretched bloodstained figure is dragged into the group, and, with 'wild eyes glazing in death,' cries out, 'True, you are Joanna the horse-stealer, my companion 'in crime and iniquity.'

"I knew your doings, and feared you longed for vengeance. I taught *her* [*sic*] to use the name you had taken to hide our crimes and inflicting a terrible revenge upon you. She thought Joanna dead, and did not recognise in the female horse-stealer her own sister!!"

In the midst of this mysterious rant 'a gush of blood came' from the mouth of the evil creature, she falls across the 'pirate's body, her soul had fled!' Three lines of 'Moral' wind up this intolerable page of the Newgate Calendar.

'Joanna was transported for her crimes, retrieved her character in Australia, married a rich settler, and lived for many years respected and beloved by all who knew her.'

So much, then, for the exploits, crimes, virtues, infamies, and rewards of a woman who is held up for the delight and imitation of thousands of young children that have but a penny to spend on literature. We have analysed it at some length, that it may serve as a type of fifty other like worth-

less compilations, such as 'The Wizard of the Ocean,' 'The Demon's Bride,' 'The Pirates' Haunt,' 'Jack o' the Mountain,' and 'The Captain of Death.'* The scene may be cast in any part of the known world, and in any century from William the Norman to Victoria, but everywhere alike will be found the same farrago of bombast, sham heroics, shameless villany, and scorn of goodness. Not only is the picture false throughout, but intentionally false; and mischievously poisonous. It may be complete in a single dose, as in 'Joanna;' or extend *ad infinitum* through weekly parts, as in 'The Wide-awake Library,' 'The Haunted Leg,' 'The Mysterious Island Robber,' 'Joe Smith in Japan;' but 'rotten' is the one adjective which best describes the whole series from first to last.

But we must turn now to the type of another class of print, equally mischievous, and equally vicious in style, though here and there marked by touches of a more practised hand, as far as the niceties of grammar are concerned. It is entitled 'Perdition's Paradise,' and in a single pennyworth of small print tells the wretched story of a young girl's ruin and death. This is achieved in the coarsest, plainest words, with all the hideous details of drink, debauchery, and fast life, such as might possibly have served to season the hideous revelation which last year startled and disgusted the whole land under the title of 'The Maiden Tribute.' We trace the unhappy girl from her first appearance at a music hall, onward through a swift career of open vice, under the protection of a hoary sinner such as Mr. Stead would have rejoiced to pounce on, expose, and crucify. Step by step she sinks through each lower and baser stage of profligacy, down to the final scene of her murder by a starving tramp, who turns out to be her own father. Every page radiates with an atmosphere of abandoned crime, and is smeared with swift poison for the mind of any young girl fresh from school and eager for a morsel of amusing fiction.

Next comes 'The History of a Crime'† (*pace* Victor Hugo), of the high-faluting order, intended we suppose to give one a glimpse of the iniquities of the Upper Ten, told in thirty-two pages of small print, and adorned with two grim, but startling woodcuts. Of this dainty production a brief sketch

* Many of these command, it is said, a weekly sale of from ten or twelve to fifty or sixty thousand; and each copy may serve a dozen readers.

† Pocket Novelette Series.

must suffice ; and it shall be as far as possible in the author's own choice words. Mr. Launcelot is a gentleman of 10,000*l.* a year, residing in the loveliest villa of Kilburn. He is a widower, and his only son ' Fred ' is just finishing his education under ' a Reverend gent ' at Harrow, when he suddenly receives a letter that seemed to him ' as the bursting of a ' mighty thunder-clap.' It is to bid him ask his tutor for ' leave home at once,' to be present at his father's marriage.

" It is true," says papa, " that my future wife is only a governess, and has no relatives, *but that is a matter of no importance.*" "

On the receipt of this ' thunder-clap,' Fred, having ejaculated ' Impossible ! ' sinks into the nearest seat. As he there sits groaning, enters to him Harry Glyn, a fellow pupil, who, at first incredulous, but at length convinced, of his friend's peril, at last exclaims, *more puerorum* :—

" Well, I'm blest ! well, I'm hanged ! well, I'm —, if that isn't, hem ! if that doesn't bang *Bana gan* [*sic*], it's a joke ! " "

But the jocular theory proving untenable, the two boys consult the tutor, obtain leave, and start at once for Kilburn, which they reach at 10 P.M. The villa was all ablaze with light and thronged with guests, when the two dashed into the room, where some fifty had assembled, and were introduced to the company.

" She will be here in a moment," whispers the host, " and you will like her and love her for my sake, and my marriage will make no difference," &c., &c. " But here is Miss Somerville herself,"

as a young lady of ravishing beauty came through the doorway, superbly dressed in creamcoloured satin, with eyes large, black, piercing, and long silky eyelashes.

" My beloved son Frederic," says papa ; " Frederic, your future mother ! " "

Glyn also is introduced ; but at the sound of his name the lady turns pale, recovers herself, and then welcomes the stranger in sweetest tones. Harry retires at once with his father ; Glyn wanders off, after the wont of gentlemen of fashion, at 11 P.M., ' to have a look at the stables ' (as he ' hates indoors '); on his way back loses himself in the shrubbery, and hides behind a clump of rose-trees just as a mysterious figure in white advances to meet a dark form emerging from the shadow. A dialogue ensues between these two—a nocturnal pedlar and a lady—which Harry overhears, the lady being no other than the ' beauty in creamy ' satin,' who thus opens the conference :—

“ “ Could you not have waited for a week, until I was mistress here ? ”
&c. “ Blackguard, I wish you were dead.”

“ If I'm a blackguard, what are you ? ” ”

The colloquy ends, as the reader may guess, in a demand for money, and, that given, ends abruptly ; the pedlar vanishes, and the lady returns to the house, which, as she says, ‘ she ought never to have left.’ And we are bound to add that it is not the usual custom for ladies of fashion to hold conferences with pedlars at 11 p.m. in the shrubbery even of a friend's house. But we must hurry on. Harry has overheard the pedlar's name — Timothy Wym (kindly revealed by the owner himself) ; has a private interview with Fred ; informs him that Miss Somerville is an impostor, *once in his father's service, but dismissed for theft !* she, at that identical moment, chancing to be on the stairs outside his door, and overhearing all that is said.

What tale she told to Mr. Launcelot is not known, but that night, when she left his house, she was 200*l.* richer than when she entered it ; starting at once in a cab for Fell Street, Edgware Road. Here she makes her way up into a room at a tramps' lodging-house, where a couple of drunken ruffians, Wym and Smith, are playing cards. She declares that the ‘ game is all up,’ unless ‘ the two kids are at once ‘ despatched.’ Smith undertakes the job of murdering them, and receives a cheque for 200*l.* on account.

And now events rush on at giant speed. Mr. Launcelot the next morning receives a note asking help for an old servant in distress at Tricket's Yard, Paddington, and despatches his son in a cab, ‘ with a pound or two in his pocket,’ to help the dying woman. All that follows is so simple and so natural as to be easily guessed. Fred is enticed into the den of the two ruffians, one armed with a knife, and the other with the poker, and is on the point of being butchered, when, at the nick of time, in dashes Harry with a loaded revolver, forces the robbers to open the door (why?) ; in walks a detective with four constables, and the scene closes at the police station. That night is an awful night at ‘ The Firs.’ The inspector submits to Mr. Launcelot a photographic likeness of Miss Somerville, *alias* Mrs. Wym, in prison attire, and announces that her husband is in custody on a charge of murder. The lady at once swallows poison ; Timothy gets twenty years' penal servitude ; and Mr. Launcelot dies a widower.

Of such trash as this it is impossible to exaggerate the worthlessness, both as regards style of composition and moral

drift. Not only is the picture false from beginning to end, but the incidents are hopelessly, ludicrously impossible. No such impostor as Miss Somerville could possibly gain admission into the society of such a man as Launcelot, far less inveigle him into marriage; and no couple of silly schoolboys could possibly overpower two such desperadoes as Wym and Smith. The author is totally ignorant of the subject with which he deals; he knows nothing of the usages of decent life, or even of the habits and speech of Bill Sikes and his companions. The whole thing is unreal. Yet this is the intolerable stuff that finds tens of thousands of juvenile readers, gilds the by-ways of crime, and helps to fill our reformatories with precocious gaolbirds of the worst class. Of the worst class, as being not only reft of all moral sense, and vitiated in mind, taste, and affection, but possessed of cunning intelligence how to turn their knowledge to the vilest use. Boys once led to believe in the exploits of 'Timothy Wym' or 'Captain 'Despo,' and to swallow the lying adventures of 'Dick the 'Dynamiter' and 'The Battersea Brigands;' and girls, who once believe in the existence of such beings 'in creamy 'satin' as Miss Somerville, are already halfway on the road to Newgate.

No less false are the so-called 'Stories of fun, love, adventure, sport, and romance' at sea or in 'foreign countries;' long-winded tales of piracy; or wanderings at 'the North Pole.' Everywhere there is but the same mixture of slang, sham sentiment, bombast, and lying misrepresentation. 'Piracy,' as here drawn, is one triumphant scene of heroic bloodshed, varied by days of drunken debauchery at sea; or, on land, by still rarer and more costly banquets of luxurious splendour. What can be more preposterous than this?—

'The cave of Captain Devil is one blaze of dazzling light. Tables are groaning under plates of massive silver and gold, holding rich dainties. Decanters of cut crystal, containing different coloured wines, sparkled under the light, and the walls are hung round with the richest stuffs, so that the cave looks like a palace. The pirates are lounging about, smoking, and laughing.'

When not thus peacefully engaged, after the banquet is over, they soar to a height of more exalted revelry, and drink their final toast in this fashion:—

"'Fill up your glasses," cries the Captain, "and this time *we will drink it in flames!*" All the lights are extinguished, splinters of wood are kindled, the *flaming* goblets set *fire* to [*sic*] and quaffed by the whole band at a single gulp!"

So much for the romantic everyday joys of penny piracy at sea.

If the rarer element of 'fun' appears, it is usually in some such fashion of curious humour as the following:—

"Peter," says the doctor, "these rocks abound in wonderful specimens of orchids." "Horkids!" replies Peter, "I know it's precious 'horkid' crawling over these here rocks."

Or the humour of an entire romance may be condensed into a single alliterative title-page, as in 'Willie Wide-awake, or the Wonderful Wanderings of a Wilful Wight,' the pages that follow being unenlivened by a single spark of fun, unless it lie hidden in the names of the *dramatis personæ*—'Long-champs,' 'Golgoro,' 'Bouldersberg,' 'Dusky,' and 'Jabez Warstones;' or, still more drearily, as in another romance, 'Lijee Landers,' 'Placer Poll,' 'Salem Sphinx,' 'Protean Bob,' and 'Judee Ketch.' A glance into one of the numbers of the so-called 'Comic Journal' reveals three chapters of a 'nautical romance;' a page of intolerable stuff, entitled 'Troubles of Mr. P. Piper,' with a cut of the hero dancing on the supper-table; four chapters of 'Wandering Willie;' three of 'The Tribunal of Ten, a Tale of Mystery and Love on the rolling Prairie, Washington Territory,' wherein the hero introduces himself in such amazing rant as this:—

"I want ye to understand that I'm Lion Lije, the vigilant chief of this burg, and I'm bizness. Thet, corpus-going ter whoop out who war the Captin's tribunal of Ten, only he were shet off, an bein's he couldn't let us know no other way, his spirit helped ter pint ye out."

In addition to which, we have five columns of 'The Sag Hollow Mines;' and the final chapter (eighteenth) of 'Sword of Freedom; the Boyhood Days of Jack Straw, an historical romance;' in the same style as another historic volume, 'Death-shot and the Panther's Heart,' a single paragraph from which will suffice to show the character of the whole series.

"The "Black Wolf" bounded forward like a flash of lightning, but his antagonist was ready for him. In the very nick of time "Steve" rose in the air with a prodigious leap, and fell with his two feet on the shoulders of the "Mohawk," who staggered back several yards under the violence of the shock. In the same bound our young hero found himself erect, and at a good distance. The Mohawk rushed at him, foaming, roaring, and panting with rage. They now grappled each other. Foot to foot, breast to breast, the two adversaries mingled their hissing respirations,' &c., &c.—

until, of course, the desperate conflict ends with the tri-

umphant victory of the hero, who then calmly turns to meet four other Indians who suddenly rush upon him—but only to perish as perished the hapless Black Wolf.

It is incredible that such rant as this should find any purchasers, but we are informed on good authority that among all these weekly packets of trash none are more popular than the historical romance, which commands a sale of ten or twelve thousand, each copy finding half a score of readers; a success which Mr. Mudie would rejoice to attain for his choicest 'sensational' at a guinea and a half the set of three volumes.

We have yet to touch on another division of our subject, the penny broadsheets, mostly of newspaper size, illustrated with woodcuts of the roughest kind, such as 'The Boys' Leader,' containing 'fact, fiction, history and instruction,' or 'The Boys of London and the Boys of New York.*' All these sheets are pretty much of the same genus, abounding in much the same sort of slang and hopeless exaggeration, and relying for the most part on scenes of villany and worthless adventure as central points of interest; and a glance at No. 356 will suffice to show the character of the whole dreary catalogue. It opens with four chapters of 'The American Vidocq, or the Life and Adventures of a Famous Thieftaker,' in this style, in true Dumas-fashion as to single lines:—

‘ *The Robbery.*

“Pass the bottle, Dick.”

“Certainly, Frank; help yourself.”

“It's queer how dry talking will make a fellow.”

“That's so.”

“How does your chink hold out?”

“Well, perhaps you'll not believe me, but out of six dollars I grabbed from the till this morning, only half a dollar's left.”

“The devil!”

* One of these woodcuts has been thus described by Mr. Strahan: ‘On page 1, he says, Jack is lying in the “Death Hole” surrounded by grinning skeletons. A man of war's man, with a cutlass in his mouth and a torch in one hand, is lowering himself by a rope to the rescue. In the next, Jack is coming down the Witch's staircase, sword in hand, and horrified, as he may well be, at a glimpse of the Witch in a crimson poncho, and a fashionable green dress, with a monstrous toad beside her. A viper writhes round the pitchfork in her right hand, another clings to her shoulder, while a third twines round the chain of the cauldron over a roaring fire; and a bat as big as a crow hovers in the lilac smoke.’

Then follows a paragraph on some infallible ointment; one chapter of 'Old Mystery,' three of 'Nero the Hunchback,' two of 'The Blue Jockey;' chapter five of 'Shorty J.R., the Son of his Dad;' chapter ten of 'Old Merciless, the Man-hunter;' a column of 'Young Stubbs, the Detective;' more of 'Bang Up, or the Boys' Ranchero,' 'Teddy O'Lynn, the Irish Boy Detective,' and of 'Lance the Lion, or the Desperadoes of Deadwood.'

Of all these, and a score of other such atrocious sheets, it may be well said

'The trail of the serpent is over them all;'

and if Fagin the Jew, Baron Munchausen, and Jack Shepherd had set to work as joint editors of a 'Thieves' Library' they might well have been proud of the whole series now before us.*

One small section, however, yet remains of which the weekly pennyworth is not to be classed with this select category of rubbish; such as 'The London Journal,' 'The Family Herald,' 'The London Reader,' 'Bow Bells;' all of which are harmless enough in their way, being chiefly made up of highly sentimental and romantic novelettes, that in spite of an occasional dash of sensationalism are apt to grow tame and namby-pamby. The heroes for the most part are handsome, majestic, fashionable young men, much given to the seductive arts of flirtation; the heroines, of angelic beauty, accomplishments, and rare fascination. The rogues and naughty people are seldom too naughty, and things generally come right at last. If there is a good deal of padding and twaddle, the twaddle is at least innocuous; or, if injurious, only so far baneful as many cups of hot tea may become to a person of weak digestion. The reader who indulges in frequent doses of 'In those Blue Depths,' 'Deeply Wronged,' 'A Soldier's Bride,' 'For Justice or Love,' 'His Own Enemy,'—all to be taken in one weekly gulp—is in grave danger of becoming morally dyspeptic. The very idea of reading five novels, all love stories, at one and the same time, each demanding to have its thread of plot sustained from week to week, seems appalling; and the question is, Who are the readers? Readers, however, there must be, and to be counted by tens of thousands; and these, if report speaks truly, are

* A precocious New York boy was one day scolded by his mother for reading trash of this kind. 'It's nothing but stories about burglars and pirates, and must harm you.' 'No, mother, it won't do me any harm; I wrote it myself. *I'm a regular contributor.*'

chiefly to be found among shopgirls, maidservants, and other such half-educated and weakly inflammable young persons, as are or long to be snared in the fetters of romantic love-making; who put bridecake under their pillow and dream of Alonzo, and wake in forlorn misery to find the vision but a dream. One objection, however, to this theory is the two columns of 'Answers to Correspondents' in all these papers, which are clearly addressed to a wide and mixed circle of both sexes. The information supplied, or pretended to be supplied, to anxious enquirers, presents a curiously odd range of topics, as a single page will show: thus, Advice to 'Daisy' whose lover objects 'to her going to parties without him;' the 'Peril of Secret Engagements;' who should 'Bow first;' 'Musical Taste;' Milton's 'Lycidas;' 'Flirtation;' 'Depilatory Powder;' 'Turquoises;' 'Soft Hands;' 'Marrying in Haste;' 'Handwriting;' 'Let the Young Man Go;' 'Consult a Lawyer;' 'Origin of Coal;' 'Earnest Courtship;' 'Fire Balloons;' 'Anonymous Presents;' meaning of 'Alice, Flora;' 'Copal Varnish;' 'Leading Tragedians;' 'Antediluvian Remains;' 'Two are Company;' 'Love's Big Foot' (*sic*); 'No' sometimes means 'Yes;' 'Pinewood Staining;' 'Tweezers for Stray Hairs;' meaning of 'Xmas,' &c., &c.

But, in another pennyworth, these 'Answers to Correspondents' soar to a yet loftier range of topics, such as 'Conversion and the New Birth;' 'The Action of Milk of Sulphur;' 'The True Pronunciation of Latin;' 'Audi alteram partem;' 'Deafness compared with Blindness;' 'Phosphorus and Tin;' 'Russia and Turkey;' 'Ivory and Xylonite,' &c., &c. All these are handled with an amount of skill and intelligence still more forcibly shown in 'the leading article,' if we may so call the peculiar feature of 'The Family Herald' (by far the best of this class of penny fiction), which, in the number before us, deals with 'The Selfishness of Health and Happiness seeking' in a vein of cynical humour and good sense that must attract some readers even to a dry moral essay. After having held up to ridicule 'our sentimental dread of the least roughness or austerity in life, and the morbid dread of cold, discomfort, and hard living' as fatal to the welfare of the nation, the writer thus finishes his amusing discourse:—

'If only the idealists can have their way and work out the yearnings of their own sweet will, we shall soon be a teetotal, vegetarian, and non-tobacco-smoking people; we shall never stand too long, or sit too long, or work too long, or breathe a bad atmosphere, or drink a pol-

luted water, or smell anything nasty, or catch any disease. We shall all go to church, or chapel, or *the barracks* of the Salvation Army; always use the choicest of language, and read only the most instructive books,—in a word, we shall do everything that is right and proper. Will the country be happy *then*? We fancy not, and for this reason: the class of people who are happy only when they are reforming themselves or others will be miserable for want of occupation, and make others as wretched as themselves. Health and happiness are not to be found by anxious teaching. They are *gifts*; and those people are happiest who best know how to be content with them.'

This is clearly the writing of an educated man, and not to be understood or relished but by educated readers; soaring, therefore, far above the heads of the thousands of poor children who buy and relish the garbage of the streets. If it find any readers at all among the classes for whom it is intended, they must be few in number, and only such as are driven by the literary dearth of a long journey on the Great Eastern rail, or a penny steamer, to devour anything they can lay hands on. The rest of the contents of these penny journals is made up of scraps of mouldy anecdote, old jokes, riddles, work patterns, household receipts, and gleanings from American newspapers—a sort of mental *pabulum* which, though void of all flavour, can add no one particle of strength or life to the mind of any human being.

But before passing on to one final section of our catalogue of penny literature (a few volumes of a totally unexpected kind), a word must be said of a small but pestiferous class of weekly publications which pander to the worst tastes of readers, whether young or old, and probably do as much moral harm as the most worthless pictures of vicious life that we have yet noticed. These are the so-called 'Society journals,' which, if they be 'cheap,' are decidedly 'nasty,' and, if 'dear,' no less 'vile.' They vary in price from a penny to sixpence; but one and all are tarred with the same brush, all relying on the same poisonous condiments to season every dish—scurrility, innuendo, silly tittle-tattle, scandalous slander, and indecent exposure of so-called 'sore places' whether real or imaginary. To make up the whole bill of fare, it is only necessary to throw in a 'Queer Story' or an 'Odd Story,' some unclean compound of treachery, revenge, intrigue, or malicious spite; add a dash of profound criticism on the latest book of fashions, the Lord Mayor's show, or Hampton races, and the thing is complete. One number now before us is made up of about one hundred and twenty short paragraphs, of which some thirty are devoted

to the sayings and doings of various members of the royal family, with whom, indeed, the writer would seem to be on such terms of intimacy as to be minutely acquainted with their private thoughts and intentions on every possible occasion. For not only is he able to inform his highborn readers that the Queen went to Balmoral last Friday, or that the Prince had a garden party on Monday, but that her Majesty did so to escape this, that, or the other *contre-temps*, and that his Royal Highness's reason for not shaking hands with Mr. Jones or Smith was that he was too hot or too cold, too fatigued or too worried for so much exertion. If he goes to the opening of a charitable institution, this omniscient scribe is able to tell us that not a soul present cared a straw about the archbishop's prayer (which was addressed rather to the Queen than to God), every one being solely intent on 'the bald head' of a royal duke, 'sparseness of hair being a sign of godly living.' Next, we must be thankful to know that one royal highness is developing a double chin; that another 'fondles his moustache;' that the famous story of a princess nodding to an old gipsy woman is untrue; equally false is the legend of her informing a certain 'dusky potentate' that the secret of England's greatness lay in England's devotion to the Bible; nor is it to be credited that the Prince has any intention of visiting New York *incognito*. Then we hear that the paltry sunshade carried by a certain royal personage 'might have cost 11½*d.*;' that she is a poor dowdy, and pays no attention to her toilet, 'anything being counted good enough for the people;' that she thinks 'big potatoes' of 'More Leaves from the Highlands,' and far more of every other country than her own. There is, however, one grain of comfort for the penny-a-liner in the fact that music has power to stir even the stolidity of a German princess; and that the Diva Patti, having been long cold-shouldered at the State concerts, has had her revenge in refusing to sing when 'commanded.' But greater things are yet in store for the hungry reader. If a prince is enthusiastically received at the East End, we are reminded of a certain *cause célèbre* out of which nasty business he 'barely came with clean hands;' if an aged emperor is out of health, how delicious to know that he is 'irritable and grunts at everybody;' while if a younger royalty fails at trout-fishing, he at all events 'would be an ornament to a draper's counter;' or if a princess opens a bazaar, the chief feature of interest was Mrs. De Tompkins in 'a bewitching gown of orange-coloured

'satin.' If a foreign duke marries, let the reader rejoice to learn that it was 'the police' who kept the crowd in order 'outside the church;' that if a bishop or an archbishop gives a garden party, 'starving curates and their wives in their stuffy homes will exult with holy joy' at such aristocratic but godless enjoyment; while if a royal prince there laughs aloud, it is over some joke which he is trying to explain to a foreigner, but which will not bear 'repeating aloud'!

And so on, and so on, *ad nauseam*, proceeds this anonymous retailer of paltry scandal, until he is reduced to the beggarly necessity of eking out his exhausted resources by 'chronicling' such trumpery 'small beer' as the following: of a certain Comtesse, that her 'nose is long and hooked, and dips at the end;' that another lady of title was sick while crossing the Channel; that P., once a princess, is now a barmaid; that the ducal party at D. was small; that certain grounds at a recent *fête* were 'illuminated with little oil lamps;' that one American lady has 'fallen from the position of a social star of the first magnitude to that of a poor relation;' and that another has spent 25,000*l.* in six years; that a notorious rogue recently got 'eighteen months' hard labour, and deserved it; that there was 'a wealth of orchids on the chimney-piece' when the Prince dined, &c.; that dentists flourish at Brighton; that many sentimental people 'cannot dissociate flowers from the vendors of them;' and that, at Mrs. Snooks's dance party in Wilderness Gardens, both gentlemen and ladies were adorned with ribands! The final dregs of all this miserable farrago being a string of fashionable marriages, past, intended, or remotely probable.

Such is the weekly *tableau* offered to the public as a true picture of modern society, and of life now going on about us, worth buying and worth reading; out of which fact naturally rise two questions, 'Who are the willing readers of such unmitigated trash?' and, 'How does the compiler manage to collect together such a heap of nauseous material?'

No one scavenger could alone and single-handed contrive to amass such a wealth of unsavoury refuse. Argus himself would fail to spy out so many unclean spots at a single glance, and the thousand digits of Briareus would hardly suffice to gather such a sheaf of weeds.

Who, then, are the refined, intellectual women, who the keen-eyed, gifted men, that pretend to haunt the wide domain of fashionable life, and photograph every thought,

word, and act, with such minute and marvellous accuracy? Who are the spies and informers, the literary jackals, that from week to week keep up this unceasing supply of slanderous provender for the depraved appetite of a great city? The answer is not far to seek. If they really be the guests of royalty, the intimate bosom friends of princesses and princes, the boon companions of royal dukes and duchesses (to say nothing of emperors and dusky potentates), the associates of countesses, counts, earls, marquises, and nobles of high degree, would they for a moment dare to hold up to public ridicule and contempt the very persons to whom they owe admittance within the charmed circle? *Credat Judæus.* Such incomparable baseness is simply incredible.

But if, on the other hand, they be mere needy adventurers who hang on at the outskirts of fashionable life, who, by dint of impudent persistence and the outlay of half a crown, wriggle inside the hall-door, penetrate as far as the servants' parlour, and pick up broken scraps of such tittle-tattle as thereto appertains, the whole mystery is explained. The royal maids of honour, the ladies in waiting, would, of course, be only too thankful to be interviewed; and whatever the housekeeper, the butler, and the footman, fail to have ready for sale is easily invented. Under such circumstances it is not hard to exaggerate, to misquote, to garble a whisper, or to season it with that happy mixture of slang, malice, and innuendo, by which the purveyors get their living. It is easy to tickle even a jaded palate, if one only knows the exactly requisite amount and quality of vitriol and Cayenne pepper. These, then, we take it, are the illustrious gentry who haunt public *fêtes*, assemblies, and private gatherings (when practicable); apeing the fashion which they affect to ridicule; thankful for a word, or even a look, of recognition from the humblest scion of royalty, rank, or fashion, whom they rejoice to sneer at; and to-day eager and ready to fawn upon the hand that they vilify to-morrow. Such creatures are worthy of the journals on which they depend for a precarious livelihood, and which only exist by the help of such coadjutors; and not unworthy of a generation of readers content to accept a tissue of mischievous falsehood and caricature as a picture of real life.

It is no small relief to turn from such a paltry theme to the final page in our catalogue of 'Penny Literature,' which contains a few volumes of unexpected interest. The very first to greet us is the immortal 'Pilgrim's Journey from 'this World to the next,' 140 pages duodecimo of small print,

in a paper cover, with a grim woodcut of honest John Bunyan on the back, a brief memoir, and the author's Apology.* Strange company for the pure, sturdy, old Dreamer, among thieves, ruffians, and desperadoes; still more strange among the immaculate and dainty scribes of unclean fashionable scandal. To the villains and rogues he would have stopped to preach a word of warning and of hope; at the retailers of poison he would have hurled his bitterest anathema. Next we come to 'Dicks's Standard Library,' No. 13, which for one halfpenny offers to all possessors of that coin an instalment of Marryat's 'Jacob Faithful,' a goodly slice out of Thackeray's 'Paris Sketch Book,' eight columns of Mrs. Trollope's 'Factory Boy,' a complete 'Ingoldsby Legend,' with four chapters of Lord Lytton's 'Night and Morning.' All these, the works of great masters, are sound and unabridged; but the soul of Mr. Charles Dickens would have been sadly afflicted had he suddenly met with the next volume on our list—'The Old Curiosity Shop,' mercilessly razed down into nineteen short chapters, and ending with the death of Little Nell. The work of condensing in this fashion resembles that of cutting down a seventy-four gun ship into a penny cockboat, and the result is a ludicrous *fiasco*. Almost every trace of Dickens has disappeared, and what remains is but a string of fragmentary paragraphs about Quilp, Brass, and Swiveller, at which no boy would care to look.

But with the penny edition of 'Oliver Twist' no such fault can be found. Here it is: Sykes, Fagin, the Artful Dodger, and, scoundrel of all scoundrels, Noah Claypole himself; complete and unabridged in a hundred and twelve pages of villainously small print, and adorned with four still more atrocious woodcuts. On similar paper, and in similar type, comes the 'Pickwick Papers,' which won for the author much fame in his early days, and will doubtless win far more among the juvenile readers in the New Cut, in spite of the full sheet of advertisements which here and there interrupt the playful sallies of Sam Weller, and in utter unconcern at 'The Best Baking Powder' which in a single line creeps along the margin of every page. Besides these, there are other editions of Dickens's stories, which appear as 'Smike, the Yorkshire Schoolboy,*' and 'Alfred Jingle and the Maiden Aunt;' and a few of the grimmest romances of Edgar Poe, each comprised in fourteen pages of quarto

* Published by the Book Society, London.

print. These tales, says the editor of the series, are 'abridged, but not mangled;' and if we cannot quite admit the entire accuracy of this claim, it is fair to say that a dash of the author's original sparkle in word-painting now and then appears, and a gleam of the author's broad fun in 'Peter Simple,' though not, as he fondly imagines, 'all the cream of that rollicking story.' But if he fails here, where failure was inevitable, the editor is far more successful in dealing with 'The Confessions of an Opium-eater.' In a series of well-chosen extracts we have the glowing, impassioned words of De Quincey himself, in which he tells us the touching story of 'The Misery of his Early Life,' his 'Wanderings in Wales,' his forlorn and destitute condition in London, and, above all, 'The Pleasures and Pains of Opium.'

Nor is he less happy in his treatment of 'Odd Stories about Birds, Beasts, and Fishes,' from Gilbert White's 'Natural History of Selborne,' which, being mainly told in the author's own graphic words, yet retain much of their original quaint freshness and charm of style.

Lastly, to our utter amazement, we come to a volume for whose presence but as an advertisement it is hard to account among the 'Penny Dreadfuls.' This is no other than Goethe's 'Faust,' in a hundred and twenty-eight pages of good print, on good paper, in a neat cover, and not so badly, if roughly, translated. No such volume could possibly be printed for less than sixpence a copy. The mystery, however, is explained by the fact that at the foot of each page, in staring capitals, is printed the legend of somebody's 'Incomparable Pills'—words that seem to haunt and desecrate every scene in the mighty drama. Mephistopheles himself could hardly have invented a bolder instance of the cruel irony of poetic fame.

These few final volumes, it is clear, are but chance exceptional specimens of wholesome diet in the wide expanse of dreary poison through which we have toiled. Of these, some are beyond the comprehension, and many more beyond the reach, of the thousands of children who revel in their weekly feast of fiery romance, and care not to look elsewhere for amusing fiction. Our task, therefore, is nearly ended. The object has been to show our readers the nature and extent of one great craving want which assails these thousands at an age when they most need help and guidance; and the absolute necessity that exists for providing some means of swift and wholesome relief. They ask for bread of some

kind; it will not do to give them a stone. That which they now eat with ravenous appetite is of adulterate, poisoned, flour, and no other is within their reach. There is no need to give them hot rolls or cheesecakes; but there is every reason that justice, common sense, and morality can possibly urge for providing them with an honest penny loaf.

That a nation like England, which spends millions on the education of her children, and boasts of teaching every poor boy and girl to read, should provide for them no fiction but of an infamously worthless kind, is at once a disgrace to our boasted civilisation and a blot on the fair fame of Christian society and Christian work. If it be not one express business of the School Board to prevent such a disgrace, for what purpose, it may be well asked, does the Board, with all its enormously costly machinery, exist? Surely it is not to be for a moment tolerated that the poor children of our great towns and cities should be trained and fed on mental diet specially adapted to lure them into a course of crime, or be driven to find their only amusement in the exploits of thieves and assassins, and the lying chronicles of scoundrelism at sea or on shore. If Dick the errand boy and Mary Ann the shop girl, the maidservant, the milliner, or the factory girl, thirsts for a tale of tender love and romantic emotion, a plot of mystery and a *dénouement* of fierce and exciting sensationalism, it is hard to condemn them to a course of sham sentiment and brutal ruffianism in the pages of the 'Newgate Calendar.' To do this is no less than to deliberately poison the springs of a nation's life, by leaving the future fathers and mothers of the next generation of the working class in a worse condition than that in which we found them.

In a word, why should there not be a library of Penny Romance, of wholesome, sound, and healthy fiction? The free libraries of London are six in number; the working men who might use them, if within reach, will before long amount to a hundred and fifty thousand. There may be no Armadas afloat nowadays, but there are ample records of the brave men who fought in the golden days of the Virgin Queen. Valour of the noblest kind still abounds, and every year adds to the number of heroes worthy of the Victoria Cross. Why should there not be Penny Lives of such worthies as these? For boys, the *dramatis personæ* should be real, living, human beings, not outrageous caricatures as Despo and Polenipper. Their books should teach them what are the temptations, follies, faults, heroism, and true work of life.

These may include tales of history, love-making, adventure, crime, and fairyland, as true and as wholesome as 'Tom Brown's Schooldays,' as real as 'Robinson Crusoe,' as astounding as 'Sindbad the Sailor,' and as mysterious as 'The Moonstone.' In such books as Marryat's 'Pirate and the Three Cutters,' Cooper's 'Pilot,' 'The Last of the Mohicans,' 'The Treasure Island,' Dasent's 'Norse Stories,' and a score of other such and well-known favourites, there is an un-failing storehouse of healthy amusement for the young of all ages; and half a dozen such men as Mr. Besant, Wilkie Collins, Black, Stevenson, and Henty, would suffice to keep up the supply. But, if they are to reach the classes in direst need, there must be no preaching, or even *direct* religious teaching, though the whole atmosphere of the fiction must be clean and healthy, and the men and women in it true to life. The books must be books of downright amusement, or they will not be read. The elements of wonder, mystery, and the wildest adventure may be freely used; but the heroes need be no such scoundrelly ruffians as 'Lije,' nor the heroines tiger-cats like Joanna, or gaolbirds as Miss Somerville. The adventures of such seadogs as Walter Raleigh, Drake, Hawkins, Collingwood, and Nelson; such soldiers as Napier, Gordon, Wellington and Edwards, Warren Hastings and Clive; of such heroines as Joan of Arc, Jeanie Deans, Flora Macdonald, and Mary of Scotland, might surely be so written as to win thousands of young hearts.

And if stronger and more full-flavoured diet be needed, let them have 'Baron Munchausen,' 'Gulliver,' 'The Thousand and one Nights,' all of which could be so revised and edited as to tempt and satisfy the keenest appetite. Many, too, of our older standard favourites, even 'The Castle of Otranto,' the 'Tales of the Genii,' and 'Udolpho,' might, by dexterous management, be transformed into modern shape and life for a place in the penny library. Such accomplished artists as Mrs. Oliphant, Miss Edwards, Mrs. Riddell, Miss Braddon, and Catharine Saunders might well supply enough romantic love-making to win captive the hearts of all the sentimental maidservants in Babylon. Nor need the elements of pure fun be wanting. From the hands of a careful editor might come penny and readable editions of 'Pickwick,' 'Nickleby,' 'Boz's Sketches,' 'Harry Lorrequer,' and 'Charles O'Malley;' many of Carleton's Irish stories, 'Handy Andy,' 'Rory O'More,' and a host of others equally full of humour and the spirit of genuine laughter.

The scheme is wide, bold, and comprehensive, but not too wide or too bold to be practical. It will demand time, thought, care, and money to carry it out. But if trash of the worst kind can be printed and sold at a profit, there can be no valid reason why an article of a better quality should not be equally saleable and with equal profit. If it be objected that such a Penny Library as we have described would not reach the hands of those who need it, but overshoot the mark, the reply is obvious. Carry the war into the enemy's camp; flood the market with good, wholesome literature instead of the poisonous stuff to which the hapless purchasers are now condemned. The battle must be fought out by the purveyors of fiction, and it must be made as easy and profitable to provide a dainty, harmless, and well-seasoned repast as a dish of poison. If such atrocious pages as 'The Police News,' a weekly record of crime, outrage, and horror, cannot be put down by the strong hand of the law, something surely can be done to lessen the evil, as easily as the police can suppress the traffic in indecent prints; and the former evil is the greater of the two. The lovers of pure indecency are comparatively few; not to be found among the children of the streets who can read, but for the most part among older and viler sinners—the lazy, the idle, with money at command, whose minds have been polluted long ago. Throughout the whole legion of worthless pages to which we have called our readers' attention, we can recall no one single indecent phrase or allusion. This may be partly owing to fear of legal penalties and the risk of actual suppression; but far more is due to the fact that the intended readers have no special relish for printed impurity. In scenes of ruffianism, bloodshed, crime, bombast and sham sentiment they take a fierce delight; and, to the shame of a great and enlightened people, no other adequate means are provided for their pleasure, amusement, and instruction.

How long is such a state of things to continue unchecked and uncared for?

The ability to read (a gift now so widely diffused), and the power of the press, which is all but unrestricted, are mighty factors in the progress of every nation, and both have to be well weighed, guided, and guarded. It would be difficult to overestimate the future harvest of good or evil to which they may give rise. If the chief newspapers of the day be taken, as a whole, to represent the voice and wish of the people, interpreted and uttered by able and upright men,

and in a great degree to influence and guide that public opinion which they claim to indicate, it is obvious at a glance how profound and important their power must be. And never has it been greater than at the present time. Add to it the myriad army of books, and the power is increased tenfold. It may be said not merely to guide the mind of the nation, but to sway the whole domain of modern thought. The hopes, the interests, the progress, the destiny of the people more or less depend on the mighty voice that day by day speaks to, advises, warns, and encourages them on every topic that concerns their true welfare. Hence rises the supreme importance, nay, the vital necessity of maintaining the dignity and honour of the press untarnished and above suspicion—dignity of aim and honourable intent, freedom of expression and purity of motive. As long as *these* are maintained, amidst whatever differences of opinion on minor points, the lifeblood of the nation will be sound, and beat with an even and temperate pulse. Abandon them, and disease slowly but surely invades the whole framework of society.

If evolution be, as it would seem, the great law of moral and physical life, infinite peril lies in forgetting that the developement may be for evil as naturally, as inevitably, as for good: upwards to the stars, or downwards to decay and death. One or the other it must be; and the progress in either direction is silent, unceasing, and certain. Silly books may be written and attain the brief honour of print, but only to go the way of most other silly things. Even if as unwise and mischievous as silly, their sphere of action is limited, and they for the most part perish of their own un wisdom and worthless aim. They may snare some hapless disciples of ignorance and folly, but the victims will be comparatively few. But the broad sheet of the daily paper commands an audience of millions, who more or less think, speak, and act as their guide may direct. English journalism, taken as a whole, holds a position of which it may well be proud, won by fearless independence, honesty of motive, and unqualified regard for truth. If we have ventured to point out a distinct blot on its fair fame—in one small and obscure section—we have done so because the blot is a canker of poisonous leprosy, and has in it the essence of contagion. It not merely defiles the unclean hands that produce and foster it, but contaminates thousands who merit no such intolerable ruin.

‘Immedicabile vulnus
Ense recidendum est.’

Of the power of fiction, especially as it affects the young, we have already spoken. The question of the present race of novelists and novel-readers is at once too wide and too intricate a topic to be now even touched on ; but the indisputable fact remains that the worst of modern novels are too often among the most popular. Pure, healthy fiction is indeed to be had, and in fair abundance, but public taste seems to devour unhealthy trash, of every kind, with a higher relish than it can find for the good gifts of the most gifted artists. There is no possible lack of good work, and they who choose trash do so of their own free will and choice. But the case of those for whom this article pleads is wholly different. To them no choice whatever is allowed. They must be content with the garbage of the ' Penny Dreadfuls ' or nothing. Yet the fancy and the imagination, the innate thirst for novelty and excitement, for a touch of mystery or of tender passion, are as potent and as true in the heart of the street Arab or the shopgirl as in the fiercest devourer of romance on Mudie's list. But their desire can be gratified in one way alone. The feast spread for them is ready and abundant ; but every dish is poisoned, unclean, and shameful. Every flavour is a false one, every condiment vile. Every morsel of food is doctored, every draught of wine is drugged ; no true hunger is satisfied, no true thirst quenched ; and the hapless guests depart with a depraved appetite, and a palate more than ever dead to every pure taste, and every perception of what is good and true. Thus entertained and equipped, the wide army of the children of the poor are sent on their way to take part in the great battle of life, with false views, false impressions, and foul aims. The pictures of men and women to which they have been introduced are unreal and untrue. The whole drama of life, as they see it, is a lie from beginning to end, and in it they can play none but a vicious and unhappy part.

ART. III.—*Ancient Laws and Institutes of Wales attributed to Howel the Good.* Translated and edited by ANEURIN OWEN, and published by Royal Authority. Folio. Oxford: 1841.

THE question whether the British people under the name of the Cymry or Welsh had any influence in the formation of the English Constitution has recently been mooted in the principality, and is certainly entitled to a careful answer. It invites attention to a comparatively unexhausted field of research. The learned historians who have laboured to throw new light upon the origin of our constitutional customs have paid little attention to the Roman influence in Britain, and even less to that of the population which was in possession when the Anglo-Saxon descents took place. Historical investigations have started at once from the Anglo-Saxon conquest. It is true that the circumstances surrounding Welsh literature have been singularly unfavourable to historical enquiry. The Celtic and Anglo-Saxon languages refused to be amalgamated into one national tongue, or even to combine at all, and there was a consequent failure of literary intercommunication. The districts into which the British tribes were gradually, after very protracted resistance, compressed, were less accessible than most other parts of the country, and the line of demarcation between the advancing and retiring peoples became at last very sharply defined. There had been great colleges, with thousands of students, at Llantwit, Bangor, Llancarvan, and Caerleon in earlier centuries, but they had dwindled away during protracted wars, and historical literature was utterly neglected. English students of history have been one and all deterred by the language in which British literature was composed from investigating, or even recognising the existence of, the records of bygone centuries in the Welsh language. They lay, like the fine Welsh coal-seams, unknown, unsought for, and useless. It is unfortunate that no great bilingual scholar, with a gift for historical research and for digesting the products into a readable narrative, has as yet dedicated a life to the elucidation of Welsh history. The erudition of modern historians has thrown floods of light upon the history, laws, and society of Greece, Rome, modern Italy, India, and England, but they have left undone a work the performance of which, though beset by difficulties, would have entitled them to the gratitude of every Welshman. In fact, as Mr. Matthew Arnold has truly remarked,

‘the Saxon will have nothing to do with the Welsh literature and language on any terms;’ and yet he adds, ‘they have no notion of the volume of Welsh literature.’ The Myvyrian manuscripts alone in the British Museum amount to 67 volumes of poetry, 53 volumes of prose, in about 15,000 pages, besides other vast collections of Welsh manuscripts. So long, indeed, as the Celtic literature existed only in the original language, it is conceivable that students of history might shrink from spending years in learning Welsh, and poring over manuscripts which might prove to be of no historical value. But it is strange that when a vast body of the laws and customs of the Britons has been translated into English with care and learning, and can be examined in a folio volume to be found in the great libraries, such a treasure should have been overlooked.

The circumstances under which this fine translation appeared are as follows:—In 1822 a royal order was given to the Commissioners on Public Records to publish a complete edition of the ancient histories of the realm. As a component part of the plan of the commissioners it was determined to print separately such documents as related wholly to Wales. The task of collating manuscripts and editing the translation devolved on Mr. Aneurin Owen, who performed it with great ability. His researches extended to the manuscripts possessed by Colonel Vaughan, of Hengwrt, and Sir W. W. Wynn, of Wynnstay and Llanfoida. The sources from which the edition was finally drawn were the manuscripts in the British Museum, the Bodleian Library, at Merton College, and Trinity College, Cambridge, at Hengwrt and Wynnstay; that is, the same which were used by Dr. William Wotton more than one hundred and fifty years ago, with some additions of the existence of which he was probably not aware. As to the age of these manuscripts, the editor was of opinion that the manuscript in the British Museum, which formed the basis of Dr. Wotton’s edition and Latin translation, was transcribed about the end of the twelfth century. Many of the manuscripts are believed to have been transcribed in the fifteenth century. Various tests enable experts to approximate almost to certainty as to the century in which manuscripts were written. After years of learned toil the new edition was published in 1841, in folio, with the Welsh and English in parallel columns. Thus the contents of a large body of historical manuscripts were made accessible to every reader, and the Celtic laws, as they prevailed in Wales in the tenth

century, were presented in an English form to English students. The work is entitled 'The Ancient Laws and Institutes of Wales, comprising Laws supposed to be enacted by Howel the Good,* modified by subsequent Regulations under the Native Princes prior to the Conquest by Edward the First.' But as yet we seem to be no nearer to the possession of a complete history of Wales.

The purpose of this article is to supply a brief account of the collection of Celtic laws and customs with which the name of Howel the Good is always associated. In order to introduce him and explain his position it is necessary to point out that after Britain was finally severed from the Roman Empire the materials for the construction of Welsh history during several succeeding centuries are scanty and bare. It concerns the students of Prince Howel's laws to be satisfied that long before that ruler's epoch there were monarchical institutions in certain parts of the present principality, and little British states which had an organisation enabling them to act with power against the incessant advances of their German assailants. A recent and learned writer on early English history † says, 'In the midst of the sixth century the pettier British *states* were being forced to group themselves before the stranger. West of the Severn, Maelgwn, a Prince of what we now know as North Wales, towered above his brother rulers.' In the time of his descendants a long and hard struggle was sustained between the Cymry and the Anglo-Saxons, in which the former were slowly worsted, and finally Southern Cambria, with our present Monmouthshire, shrank into the Wales of the present day. It lay to the west of Offa's Dyke, which that chief of Mercia caused to be thrown up (like the lines of Torres Vedras) from the mouth of the Wye to that of the Dee, or, as we should now say, from Chepstow to Chester. This dyke, of which the direction and some remains can still be traced, determined for ages the frontier between England and Wales. Offa is mentioned in the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle as having succeeded to the throne of the Mercians in A.D. 755, and having had a reign of forty years. About the same period Rhodri is mentioned in the Welsh Chronicle as King of the Brythous, or 'Rex Brittonum.' His grandson was 'Rhodri the Great,' and Howel Dda was the grandson of that prince. His name is mentioned in the Anglo-Saxon

* In Welsh, Hywel Dda.

† Green's 'Making of England,' 1882, p. 230.

Chronicle in the following terms:—‘Anno 926: this year ‘King Athelstane obtained the Kingdom of the North-humbrians and he ruled all the Kings who were in this ‘island; first Howel King of the West Welsh—and Owen ‘King of the Monmouth people.’ *

Two peoples—the Anglo-Saxons and the Cymry—of different race, customs, and language, were then living under different governments, in conterminous districts, being only separated by the visible boundary of Offa’s Dyke. Howel Dda is said to have succeeded his father in A.D. 909 as prince of certain portions of Wales, to which he subsequently added Gwynedd. There is in the Harleian collection in the British Museum a manuscript (3859) which, says Mr. Aneurin Owen, has every appearance of having been written in Dimetia (West Wales) during the government of Owain, the son of Howel Dda, or is a transcript of one of that date. It contains a chronicle of events from A.D. 444 to A.D. 954, and amongst other matters it records this fact: ‘A.D. 928: King ‘Hywel made a journey to Rome.’ Thus the evidence furnished by these and some other early allusions to the collections of Howel Dda, the great antiquity of the earliest manuscript, the unbroken tradition, and the existence of the entire work itself, form a body of circumstances which exclude any reasonable supposition except that Howel was no mythical personage, but a genuine historical prince. King Alfred died forty-seven years before Howel Dda, in the year A.D. 901. The two princes had been for a short time contemporaries in life, though not in their government. King Howel has a place in that admirable work, the ‘New Universal Biography,’ in which we are told that he succeeded to power in A.D. 910, died in the year A.D. 948, and is celebrated as the author of a ‘new code of laws still extant,’ with some other particulars. No doubt his admission into that biographical work is not conclusive evidence that he was a real prince, and that the incidents of his legislation are historical. But it does show that the editors of that dictionary completely trusted the story of this king, and deemed themselves justified in giving him a niche of fame. In fact, it may most reasonably be assumed that Howel Dda really ruled over parts of Wales in the first half of the tenth century, and that tradition rightly associates the collection

* Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, Bohn’s edition, p. 375.

† Professor Rhys’s ‘Celtic Britain,’ p. 140.

and enactment of the 'Ancient Laws and Institutes' with his great name.

The short prefaces to the codes and the national tradition tell us that to assist him in his great work he convened an assembly of men skilled in the laws, and of the higher clergy, at a place called the 'White House,'* in the county of Carmarthen. The king is said to have erected a large building of white materials (probably white withs) for the accommodation of his commissioners. It is narrated that some old customs were ignored, some amended, others adopted, and some new ones added. When the work was ready, we are told that Howel made a journey to Rome in company with three Catholic bishops; that he submitted his collections to the Pope, and succeeded in obtaining his sanction for its publication and enactment. The king returned to his Welsh dominion, and, having given these laws to his people, departed this life soon afterwards. The following extract from the preface of the editor of the 'Ancient Laws' conveys his opinion of the value of the collections, which he helped to make known to the literary world:—

'In justice to the race whose spirits and whose laws have alike slumbered for so many years, the editor cannot fail to observe that the manner in which the exercise of sovereign power has been guarded and controlled, the careful distinction between the legislative and executive authority, the wise caution shown in confiding as little as possible to magisterial discretion, the exact delineation of the rights and duties of the governors and the governed, husband and wife, parent and child, master and servant, the enlightened provision made for upholding the arts and sciences, the generous care manifested for the ministers of religion, the esteem and privileges awarded to learned and scientific persons, the acquaintance with political institutions, the concern shown for the interests of commerce, the accurate definition of crimes and offences, and the just adaptation of penalties and punishments to them; all these and many more points, mingled, it is true, with many imperfections, evince a degree of refinement which would be matter of surprise for so early an age did we not know that the primitive Britons had had Roman preceptors.'

And Sir Francis Palgrave says that 'the historical order prevailing in this code shows that it was framed with considerable care, and the customs it comprehends bear

* It is believed to have been situated in the ancient parish of Llangan. The remains of Whitland Abbey, which were probably erected soon afterwards in the same parish and on the same stream, serve to identify the locality of Ty Gwyn, or the White House.

‘the impress of great antiquity. Law had become a science amongst the Britons, and its volumes exhibit the jurisprudence of a rude nation shaped and modelled by thinking men, and which had derived both stability and equity from the labours of its expounders.’ This is indeed high praise from that distinguished antiquarian writer! *

The ‘Ancient Laws and Institutes’ are divided into six portions in the edition of 1841. The first three are the Venedotian code, for North Wales; the Dimetian, for South Wales; and the Gwentian, for South-East Wales. The fourth part contains the ‘Anomalous Laws;’ the fifth the ‘Leges Wallicæ;’ and the sixth contains a collection of Latin maxims of doubtful date and origin.

The chief Howel the Good, and his attempt at codification, having been thus briefly introduced, it is now proposed to give some idea of the nature of the laws and the procedure which obtained among the Cymry. The Venedotian code comes first in order, and the earliest pages of it are filled with the enumeration of the officials of the court, and those of the queen or princess. There was a chief of the household, a priest or domestic chaplain, a steward, head falconer, a judge (attending the court), a master of the horse, a page of the chamber, a household bard, chief huntsman, mead brewer, mediciner, butler, door-ward, head cook and candle-bearer, steward to the queen, and a full retinue for her special service.

The functions, salaries, and precedence of each are given in minute detail. It will suffice if the ordinances relating to the judge are taken as an example of the rest. He was to have his land free, his horse in attendance and completely equipped, his place opposite the king on the other side of the fire; the porter was to open the great gate (not the wicket) for him; he was to have for all causes connected with land twenty-four pence between himself and the other coadjutor judges; he was to administer justice to the court, the household, and all pertaining to them, without fee; and whoever should apply to him for personal protection should obtain it from the time the judge should commence the summing up of the first cause, until he shall finish the last, for that day. He was reckoned as the third ‘indispensable man’ to the king, and if he pronounced judgement corruptly he was to lose his tongue, or pay a fine supposed to be

* Rise and Progress of the English Commonwealth, by Sir F. Palgrave, vol. i. p. 87.

equivalent to that barbarous penalty. Thus it is evident that the judge took a very high rank in the society of those days. The duties of the queen's maid are so curious, and illustrative of manners, that they must be added as a specimen of the court regulations. She was to have her horse in attendance, and the queen's old clothes, also her old shifts, bed-linen, bands, bridles, shoes, and old saddles. She was to have her bed in the royal chamber, 'that she may hear the least word spoken by the queen'; and the amount of her salary was defined. If some author, deeply versed in the literature of Wales, and endowed with a lively imagination and a graphic pen, could be induced to study the materials contained in the folio volume of Welsh law and custom, how delightfully he might reanimate the dry bones of the Celtic life of a thousand years ago! The materials abound from which he might paint the manners and exhibit the life in the old Welsh courts of Howel or Owain.

The first branch of laws, properly so called, relates to women and girls. The laws and customs under this head are very numerous, and some of them are both frivolous and obscene. But an examination of them undoubtedly proves that the status of married women was more carefully recognised and protected by the law of the land than it was under the Saxon and Norman rule. It appears that the husband and wife had a joint legal interest in the household goods, and in the event of a separation the rules for a division of them are minute and clear. Her wearing apparel was her own in law and fact, and 'their debts,' it was enacted, 'let them pay in equal shares.' Polygamy was prohibited in the following language: 'If a man wills to separate from his wife, and after he is separated wills to have another wife, the first, she that has been divorced, is free; for no man is to have two wives.'

It must be admitted that the Celtic view of the rights of married women with respect to personal property is greatly in favour of the old British customs as compared with the doctrines of English lawyers down to the date of our recent legislation on this subject. The law relating to a daughter is also interesting, and, except in one point, very civilised and sensible. It is enacted that from the time when a girl was baptised until she should attain the age of seven years she was never to be put to her oath. From birth until she attained her twelfth year she was to be at her father's 'platter,' that is, maintained at home by him. From her

twelfth year she was deemed marriageable, and from that time forward if she has not had a husband, 'she is to possess her own property, and is not to remain at her father's platter unless he shall will it.' The next head of the Venedotian code relates to the law of suretyship. It is so elaborate and minute as to create a sense of astonishment, and suggests the enquiry why that branch of law should have been so exceptionally important in the social life of the Cymry. The explanation is probably to be found in the practice in countries in which scholars and scholarship were very rare of securing loans and debts, not by promissory notes and bills, bonds, &c., but by the oral acknowledgement of sureties and guarantors. The next portion of the code relates to contracts, and is chiefly concerned with the evidence and the enforcement of them. In the absence of printing and, for the most part, of writing, it was important that the law should lay down some rules of proof. This seems to have been obtained by what were called 'contract men,' or witnesses to the terms of agreements. But if two parties chose to enter into a contract without 'contract men,' and by merely pledging of hands, and one of them was afterwards minded to repudiate it, his own statement on oath was sufficient to do so. It is also laid down that a mere promise to another concerning a matter without witnesses was no binding contract, and the promiser was entitled to deny it on oath. There are also regulations with respect to agency in contracting, and then follow two remarkable principles, namely, that 'a contract overrides a custom,' and that 'although a contract be made contrary to the law it must be kept.' In our own law the contracting parties can exclude the general custom or usage by express stipulations, and by showing that they did not intend to be bound by it. And though according to English law contracts are void if they stipulate for the performance of an illegal or immoral act, yet if money is paid in pursuance of an illegal act no action lies to recover it. It is impossible to ascertain precisely what the limits of the Celtic doctrine in this respect would be. Some light, however, may be thrown upon it by quoting a parallel passage from the Welsh Laws,* comprised in Hywel Dda's collection. By them it was enacted that 'there are three things superior to law, and interfere with law, when they come in contact with it; namely, the "Lord," in the case when he does

* Ancient Laws and Institutes, p. 595.

‘ better than law in the pursuit of truth ; or (2nd) in doing ‘ mercy ; and (3rd) an acknowledged contract.’ The power thus conferred upon the lord or chief was probably analogous to the principle of equity under which in our own courts relief has been given by extraordinary interpositions of the courts, with a view to prevent injustice otherwise resulting from the application of the common law.

The next great branch of the Venedotian code comprises the laws relating to landed property, and the forms of pleading in lawsuits connected with it. It was enacted that twice a year the courts should be open in North Wales for determining causes connected with land—namely, from January 9 to February 9, and from May 9 to August 9. During these stated periods, if a plaintiff had a claim to land, he was to apply to the lord (that is, the chief of the district) to request a day for the hearing to take place upon the land. He might then state the outline of his claim, but could not have an answer on the spot, because it would be an *ex parte* and sudden claim. At the time duly appointed the parties were to appear upon the land in question, form two parties, and sit legally, and the legal mode of sitting was settled as follows. First, the king or his deputy, with his back to the sun or the weather ; the judge of the court was to sit before the king, and at his left hand the other judge or judges who might attend the court. On his right sat the priests, if any were present, also the lord of the district or his deputy, and some other officials. A passage for the judges to go to and fro was to be kept clear, and the parties to the suit, with their advocates and ‘ guiders,’ arranged themselves on either side. Then the plaintiff was called upon to make his claim, stating that he was the true proprietor of the land and soil, that he had evidence to support him, and that he had been unlawfully ejected. Then the defendant would say, ‘ God ‘ knows I am the true proprietor by kin and descent, and if ‘ there be who doubt it, I have enough to prove what I say ‘ to be true.’ Then the judge inquired whether their counter-statements should be taken as concluded, or whether they desired to amend the pleadings. If no amendment was proposed, the judge was to re-state the pleadings, and he and his colleagues were to retire, with an apparitor of the court and the clergy, if present, to a private place out of hearing, and, after prayer to be guided aright, they were to determine whether witnesses must be interrogated ; and, in that case, they would adjourn the hearing to the third day. As to the procedure of the court on that day, the most minute rules

are laid down. Finally, the judges, after hearing the proofs on each side, were to return to their seats, take security from the parties to abide by the judgement, and for their own court fees; to restate the pleadings, and pronounce their final judgement. This mode of procedure differs but little in substance from that of the Prætor's Court in Rome, and that of most civilised nations in their early years. It is also interesting to observe that when judgement was thus given in Wales for the claimant, it was a rule that the defendant must give up the property in as good condition as it was in when the plaintiff was evicted. Then follow the rules of inheritance of land. Brothers were to share the property between them, and after the death of the brothers the first cousins were to inherit.* Women could not inherit land, according to some local laws, but the regulations under this head in the Venedotian code are complicated and obscure. At the death of a bishop all his property passed to the king, on the principle that every property without an owner is 'waif' to the king. But vestments and ornaments of the Church were excepted, and whatever else pertained to it.

The next important branch of law is that concerning measures. These necessary helps to social life and business are carefully defined, and range from the barleycorn (three to an inch) up to a mile, which appears to have been equivalent to three miles and six furlongs under our present system. The principal land-measure was the erw, which seems to have contained about the same area as our English acre. Four erw's constituted a tyddyn, or tenement; 12,800 erw's formed the territorial division called a 'cymwd,' and about double that number, a cantrev.

A considerable number of clauses are next devoted to the functions of the various officials to whom the practical work of administration seems to have been chiefly entrusted—namely, the canghellor (a superior district officer); the maer, and the land-maer. The two former were to regulate their districts and form the courts, and each of these officers had a limited jurisdiction over certain plaints. Besides these jurisdictions, the functions and powers of the professional judge are also described. This high office will be referred to again; suffice it to say here that very powerful guarantees were taken against an unjust use of the judicial authority.

* According to an earlier law of the Church, the eldest son born in wedlock was alone to inherit real property, but the law of Howel abolished this law of primogeniture.

Next comes the law relating to murder. In cases of poisoning the punishment might be capital, by hanging. And in another place it is enacted that 'no one is to be killed on 'account of another but a murderer.' But enactments regulating the fines for homicide are numerous and minute, which were to be paid partly by the murderer and partly by his relatives, and payment might be enforced on pain of banishment and exile. The penalty, if paid, was to be divided between the lord whose duty it was to obtain it, who took one-third, and the family of the murdered person, who received the rest. In the Dimetian code it was enacted that whoever should commit treason against his lord was to forfeit his patrimony; and, if convicted, should be liable to be hanged. But, though there are a few exceptions, the penalties for crimes are for the most part pecuniary, and the whole spirit of the code is the very opposite of Draconian. The criminal law with respect to theft is extremely curious. The owner alone was authorised to prosecute, and if he could only support the charge by his own uncorroborated oath, the counter-oath of the accused was deemed sufficient to clear him.

The law relating to the finding of property is laid down with much minuteness, but some obscurity of terms. Those who were guilty of arson and the accessories before and after the fact were regarded as criminals; but, strange to say, they seem to have been merely liable on conviction to make good all the damage they had caused.

The Venedotian code next passes from the criminal law to the ordinances connected with the curious institution or practice of 'co-tillage.'

The quantity recognised by the law as the subject of co-tillage was 12 erws, or about 12 acres. That the system was regarded as of great importance is proved by two triads in the 'Welsh Laws' which refer to it in these words: 'Three 'mutual ties of a social state and three things without which 'there is no country nor a community: common language, 'common judicature, and co-tillage land; without these a 'country cannot support itself in peace and social union.' In a very poor and mountainous country it was vital to the people that grain should be produced in sufficient quantities, and this could only be done by the plough and harrow. Co-tillage (which is elsewhere called one of the immunities of a free Cymro) must have been an arrangement by which the expense of horses or oxen for husbandry was to be borne jointly by parties, duly authorised and associated by the

officers of the townships. For it is laid down in the Gwen-tian code that none of the inferior members of a township is to plough 'until each one of that "Trev" or Vill shall obtain 'co-tillage.'* It is interesting to compare the system as described in Howel's codes with the opinions of the learned Dr. Mommsen in the first part of his 'History of Rome.' He says that in the earliest times every Italian village or clan-household had its own clan-lands, which were managed on the principle of joint possession and co-tillage, and that the system did not originate in Rome, but was a primitive institution. There was, he says, an intimate connexion between the system of co-tillage and the clannish form of society, and that there was a system of joint tillage in ancient Germany as well as in Italy. It is believed on good evidence that the Celtic nations are one of the groups of the great Aryan family which migrated from the East to our Western lands, and the co-tillage of the Cymry may well be one of the institutions which in common with the settlers in Italy and Germany they brought with them from the East.

The last important head of law in the Venedotian code is that which relates to the right of distraining animals trespassing and, as we now say, 'damage feasant.' It is defined and treated with great minuteness, and was, no doubt, even of more importance at a time when enclosures were rare than it is at present. A high feeling of justice evidently animated the lawgiver. The mode of detention of the trespassing and impounded animals was to be humane and merciful.

These are the leading branches of the law which are treated of in the code of North Wales. A large portion of it is devoted to the appraisement of every article or creature in the possession of a Cymro from a pound to a farthing. If the value of the coins mentioned in the valuation-lists could be actually ascertained, we should know the customary price of almost every article in common use among the Cymry. The list is long and comprises some hundreds of living and dead things, such as shirts, rugs, harrows, swords, trunk-hose, wadded boots, throw-board tables, anvils, saws, harps, chickens (one farthing), fish-nets, and also the amount of compensation for wounds. Some political and miscellaneous enactments are also found in this code, but they are better developed in the two other codes and in the

* This evidently refers to some kind of license issued by authority.

miscellaneous 'Welsh Laws,' and they will be referred to in considering these collections.

It has been already mentioned that besides the three codes of North, South, and South-East Wales there are many other laws and legal maxims entitled 'Welsh Laws.' The fourth portion of the whole work contains anomalous enactments under that title. This vast miscellaneous collection is of later date than the codes.

Even a slight analysis would occupy too much space. But a selection of some of the items in the index will give an idea of the variety and multiplicity of the enactments, and of the wealth of the old common law of the British people. In it will be found the words Abbot, accessary, adultery, advocate, affiliation, agreement, alien, arts, assault, bard, bees, birds, bishop, bondmen, cantref or township, causes of civil action, church, clergy, court, debt, duel, equity, evidence, graduates, heir, highway, fishing, kin and descent, land, minors, negligence, pleaders, raith (or compurgators), sanctuary, sea, shipwreck, tumult, warranty, widow, wife, &c. These and hundreds of other important words are more or less explained in the text.

It is now proposed to give a slight sketch of the political institutions of old Wales, so far as they can be discovered, in a vast number of enactments and triads. The principal institution was a species of limited monarchy, and the powers and functions of the king or chief are defined in numerous passages. He was to be surrounded constantly by a royal retinue, a chaplain, and a professional judge. He was commander in chief of the local militia, which he was empowered to assemble within his own frontiers whenever he thought proper to do so. His royal residence was the seat of a court of justice. His expenditure was supplied by a species of land tax rendered partly in food and partly in money, and by dues received from ecclesiastical lands. In him was vested the right to appoint the chief judges of the land. He was paramount over the great earls of Caerleon, Dynevaur and Mathraual, and heir general of property to which no good title could be made. The right of coinage was also vested in the king, and extensive rights of chase. Above all, he had a limited power of legislation, with the assent of the free people of the country. It is interesting to find that the real basis of the binding force of the laws of those Celtic mountaineers was the consensus of the people and their king. The free inhabitants seem to have been convened *pro re natâ* by the sound of trumpets, under the elders and

chiefs of kindred, for the purposes of enacting or altering the laws, for harvest operations, and for war. There are some very interesting passages in the 'Welsh Laws' which relate to the great conventions of the people, namely, the Session of the Bards, the Session of the Country and Commonwealth, and the Session of 'federate support' to effect whatever might be necessary as to the improvement of the laws.* A sentence referring to the general government thus summarises the position of an ancient Celtic king. 'A sovereign Prince or ruler of paramount right is the oldest in possessive title of the Princes of a federate community, and he is to raise the mighty agitation, and his word is superior to every other word in the agitation of the country.'

In the next place we find frequent references to great personages whose title *Arglwydd* is translated by 'Lord.' How the jurisdiction of these men of rank was defined in practice it is not easy to discover. Their powers and functions and privileges were many and various. They appointed local judges, and were responsible for the competency of their appointees. They had their official seats and precedence in courts of justice, and they seem to have had the power of initiating prosecutions for certain offences, and of banishing some convicts. And the curious right and duty belonged to these high officials of appointing advocates to support the claims of women, foreigners, and stammerers in claims preferred by them in the courts. Some kind of fealty or allegiance was due to them from the free Cymry; for it was enacted in the code of South Wales that whoever should be guilty of treason or of waylaying a lord should forfeit his entire patrimony. They were entitled to a payment of one pound yearly from every chief of kindred within their jurisdiction, and to smaller amounts from individual freemen.

The next lay person in rank was the chief of kindred or clan, called '*Pen-cenedl*.' This institution was, doubtless, a branch of the tribal system, which was based upon the idea of an aggregate of families supposed to be kindred under

* And in another place this session is spoken of as having priority of rank even over that of the Bards, in respect of its action 'through the sense and energy of a kindred for regulating and establishing the rights, protection and defence of country and federate country, and of associated kindreds, for the making, improving, and consolidating law and social union.'

the rule of a chief. In Wales the 'Cenedl,' or tribe or clan or kindred, consisted of free Welshmen, all connected by blood, having their homesteads scattered about their district as they were found by Giraldus Cambrensis. The chief was secured and protected in his position by many laws and customs. He had the patronage of all offices among the kindred. In cases of alleged injustice by the king or his judges, the chief of kindred was empowered to convene a meeting to deliberate and seek redress. He was to be the oldest efficient man in the kindred to the ninth descent. Thus, in the language of the 'Welsh Laws,' there were 'three kingships (Breninaeth), namely, a Prince as supreme ruler, the presiding Lord of a territory, and a Chief of kindred, as a guide and mutual protection among his kindred.' There were some inferior officers, such as the canghellor, who heard certain small complaints between the inferior population and the maer or bailiff. But the three great offices which have been described and the conventions of the freemen formed the backbone of the Welsh constitution.

The judicial system was an important feature in ancient Wales. There was the Supreme Court or King's Bench, in which judges nominated by the king presided, with or without his presence.

It seems to have been itinerant, following the royal residences like the corresponding High Court in Norman England. The lords also, and the abbots and bishops, held courts by the law of the land. The descriptions of the moral and mental qualifications of a judge to be found in King Howel's codes are, probably, the most perfect and beautiful that are to be found in any language. The judge, it is said, must have 'a knowledge of the laws, of the customs of the country, and of the circumstances of his time, and their consequences.' He is to be 'reflective, in order that he may discover the truth by the natural energy of his own mind, he must be inquisitive that he may discover truth through others and in other ways, he must be gifted with subtlety of intellect that he may detect any sophistries that may be put forward.' The whole passage from which these are extracts is too long for quotation, but it is so full of noble sentiments that every English lawyer would be astonished and delighted at finding them in such ancient Celtic literature. Even the forms of pleadings are sometimes quoted, and there is a strong resemblance in them to the declarations of modern special pleaders. Thus a

freeman complained, 'that one John, son of Llewelyn, on Monday after the Feast of St. Michael, took and led away a black horse the property of the plaintiff, at the Cymwd of Is Aled surreptitiously, of the value of 10 shillings of current money, to wit, by leading it in a halter of black hair, by the strength of his right hand, and made use of it, which taking I would not have had occur for ten shillings, and if the said John is so wilful as to deny it, God and Twelve to his having done so.' In cases of some moment the judges heard the advocates alternately until their pleadings were concluded, and both parties were willing that the judgment should be given. The presiding judge seems to have summed up the evidence before leaving the court to consider the decision, and the following excellent advice to the judges is embodied in the law code. 'The foreman of the judges is to sum up patiently, for example, this was said by thee, and that was said by thee' (turning to the parties), 'and he should judge mercifully, that is, delay to decide as long as he can, and seek to reconcile them.' The laws of evidence in some respects resembled our own. For instance, hearsay evidence was not generally admissible, a rule which, with its exceptions, is the principal ingredient in the English law of evidence at this day. Again, by the laws of King Howel, a husband was not allowed to give evidence against his wife, nor the wife against the husband, a rule founded upon the peculiar and confidential relation of married persons, and (except in cases of personal injury committed by one of them upon the other) is in force in England at the present time. In short, the examination of the legal portions of King Howel's codes will bring under the student's eye numerous passages of the greatest interest, and it would be important to compare the judicial procedure of the Celts in Wales with the Brehon laws, which obtained among the Irish Celtic population, and are now being edited under the title of 'Ancient Laws and Institutes of Ireland.'

Passing now from the law courts to the Church, there is much evidence that, in some sense, the Church was established in ancient Wales. For instance, it is recited in the preamble to the South Wales code that nothing was intended to be written into the code that was in opposition to the laws of the Church. Whenever a church was consecrated in a village of rustic labourers, the permission of the king being duly obtained, a man of that vill or trev, who was a 'teaog' (that is, a kind of villein or inferior class of labourer

without political rights) in the morning, became a free Cymry that very night. So a candidate for orders, the son of a teaog, became free on the night of receiving the tonsure. Abbots and bishops had the royal privilege of hearing plaints and pleas among the lay people. To a gift of land by a proprietor for the endowment of a church the consent of the lord of the district was essential. All habitations were expected to have two footpaths, one to church and one to water. The king bound himself to maintain the privileges of the 'Crosiers' (that is, the bishops) of the kingdom. Seven claims of the Church were recognised in the courts, one of which was a claim to tithes, and if anyone was guilty of a breach of Church vows, the breaker was incapacitated from being a witness, and outlawed, until he obtained the bishop's pardon for his sin. Brawling within consecrated precincts was made punishable by law. These relations between the Church and the civil authorities appear to warrant the belief that the Catholic Church was at that time established in Wales as the Anglican Church is now.

As to the constitution of the society, it seems pretty clear that tribal blood was the principal element. The free Welsh of the pure blood were the governing race, and these Uchelwys, or high-men, were said to be united by the three bonds of 'common defence, common law, and common tillage.' The tenure of the lands held by these tribal gentry was, (1) the render of a gwesta or food-rent to the chief of kindred; (2) the liability to serve in the militia; (3) to aid in building the king's castles; (4) to contribute towards the marriage portion of a king's daughter; and lastly, to pay some kind of heriot, or death duty. The Welsh system was not a manorial one like that on the other side of the river Wye. It was rather a tribal system of clustered homesteads grouped together for the purpose of paying the food-rents, and the discharge of other public duties and jurisdictions, and was distinguishable from a vill or township. Professor Seebohm is of opinion that if there was any resemblance to the Saxon system, it was to be found in the trevs or vills of the 'taeogs' and the 'ailts,' that is, the agricultural and alien population who settled on the lands of the chiefs. The thoroughbred Welsh held 'family land' (tir gwelyawg), while the other class held 'castle land' or 'bond land,' sometimes called 'register land' (tir cyfrif). The taeogs and ailts had not the tribal blood in their veins, and consequently possessed no rights of kindred. Nevertheless they were not slaves, and among

themselves a remarkable principle of equality governed everything. Below these two classes of the inhabitants there were manifestly some slaves, but who they were and whence they came is by no means clear. It is useful to compare this Celtic system with that of other peoples in the early stages of association. The idea of the family, the growth of a family into a clan, and of a clan into a tribe or kindred, and the preservation and privilege of the true blood, was the keystone of the Roman State. The king was the natural head of the nation, as holding by inheritance the place which had once been held by the father of the family from which the nation had sprung. Every citizen was deemed to be related to every other citizen. These were the burgesses, the citizens of the blue blood. Then came the plebeians, who, like the 'aillts' of Wales, were inferior employés, hangers on from beyond the frontier; and below them the slaves. The constitution and society of Athens and some other old Greek states comprised similar elements. In them we find the high gentry, the 'Uchelwrs' of Wales; the privileged classes of the old stock and lineage, but also the casuals, or aliens, called *μέτοικοι*, chiefly traders and settlers, who were received into the State without allowing them to break down the old clans. Again, at the base of the society were the slaves. Indeed, the most learned students tell us that the notion of the family leading up to clan and tribe was the leading social fact of all the peoples of the Aryan stock. Sir Henry Maine's description of the Indian village communities bears a strong resemblance to those of the Celts. He says that at the outset they seem to be associations of kinsmen united by the belief in a common lineage. The end for which it existed was the tillage of the soil. Below the families descended from the originators of the settlement there were others, distributed into well-defined groups. 'Clan society,' he adds, 'is also in Europe the Celtic form of the family organisation of society.' Nowhere, perhaps, is that Celtic form to be found so minutely portrayed as in the codes of Howel the Good, from which the certainty is derived that at that epoch the society of Wales consisted of the lords, the chiefs of kindred, the thoroughbred tribesmen, the tæoogs, and the slaves; a society which had, no doubt, been influenced in some respects by the centuries of Roman rule, and also by the Christian Church.

The next topic is the division of the territory in the time of King Howel. In the north the 'maenol' seems to have been the unit, but in the southern parts the 'trev' was the

unit, and was a little larger than the *maenol*. The *trev* contained two hundred and fifty-six *erws*, fifty-two *trevs* constituted a '*cymwd*,' and two *cymwds* usually formed a '*cantrev*,' and the united *cantrevs* made the state. It seems strange that the *trev*, which, as we have seen, was the '*vill*' of the secondary population not having tribal blood, should have formed the unit of the territorial divisions. The explanation may be found in the probability that these formal divisions were settled long after Wales had been dotted with these little agricultural settlements of a mixed population, and after some method of territorial taxation had become necessary to the State.

Lastly, the system of land tenure must not be unnoticed. How the original tribal or clan lands had been partitioned and occupied there is no mention in the codes. But from them we learn the fact that the institution of private property did exist, as well as land held in common and cultivated on the system of '*co-tillage*.' The lands of the tribal freemen descended from the father to all the sons as co or joint tenants, or tenants in common. That land could not be alienated or leased without the consent of the local lord. As between the brothers there was equality of possession, and when they were all deceased a redivision took place, if it was desired, on such a basis that equality was secured between the first cousins, and after they died the same operation took place with respect to the second cousins. Beyond these, it seems that no one could claim equality of possession, nor is it clear how the '*parcellement*' was arranged after that generation. The ultimate ownership was in the king, as it is in England now, and if an owner died without heirs direct, and had no tribal kinsman within the degree of second cousins, the land reverted to the '*Pen-~~cenedl~~*,' or chief of the clan. There was also a testamentary power by which an estate could be disposed of to the exclusion of sons. By these and, perhaps, other customs the excessive partition of the tribal lands was checked. From the lands of the freemen of the true blood a kind of fealty rent was claimed and rendered to the lord. It was called '*tunc*,' and was not due from the register lands of the '*taeogs*'—who seem to have resembled the Saxon churls and Norman villeins—but only from the family lands.

The laws and customs which have been mentioned may suffice to show that the volume which contains them is calculated to throw a strong light upon a period supposed by our historians to be almost lost in obscurity. '*No time*,' said

Professor Freeman, 'in European annals opens a wider field of conjecture than the years when Britain had ceased to be Roman, and had not begun to be English—there is no time when the recovery of a single detail is so thoroughly hopeless.' And yet he says again, 'Wales has a far better claim to be looked upon as a sample of Britain before the coming of the English than Brittany has to be looked on as a sample of Gaul before the coming of the Franks.' If that learned historian had been aware that King Howel's codes display the political and social life of a portion of the old British people in the minutest detail, he would have modified these passages. If he should ever read these lines, he will probably hasten to gauge the historical value of the laws and institutes now so accessible in the fine translation to be found in our great national libraries, and turn them to the best account. It is in the hope that he, and such as he, may be induced to turn upon that volume the light of historical genius that this article is written. There are more than 1,000 pages in the book, and whoever will turn them over with care cannot possibly fail to perceive that there are strong points of similarity between the maxims of the early British and our later declaratory Acts and Charters. The coincidences are many and palpable. How they are to be accounted for is a matter of historical investigation not yet accomplished. Thus, for example, the privileges and immunities of the Catholic Church are enumerated and confirmed in very similar language, and no less than one hundred and forty bishops, abbots, and priests, were invited by King Howel to take part in the great legislative assembly at the 'White House.' Again, military service was attached by the laws of Wales to the proprietorship of the tribal lands of the Cymry, and every tenant was obliged to go into some kind of camp-training once a year, and that liability was regulated by law and was not subject to the king's caprice. Nor could any burden be imposed upon the inhabitants of cities except such as their franchises would allow. There were to be no legal markets except franchise markets in corporate towns, a rule which was probably derived from the Roman civil law. Again, the concession extracted from King John in these words, 'We will sell justice to no man, we will deny justice to no man, we will not delay right or justice,' might almost have been formulated from numerous passages scattered about in the Welsh laws. The great men of earlier generations from whom King Howel must have drawn his inspirations had evidently been imbued with the true principles of

judicature and legal process. The High Courts of Wales were to be opened twice a year, from January 9 to February 9, and from May 9 to August 9. There were settled rules of procedure. The place was to be well known, and the day of meeting for trial to be announced. It was laid down that there were three indispensable persons in a legal court, 'a lord to organise it, a scholar to record the proceedings, and a judge to give sentence.' And this curious rule was also laid down that there should be no delay in the determination of causes except for one reason, namely, when the judge (who probably could not take notes) should be unable to recollect the evidence sufficiently to enable him to give judgement there and then. The injunctions to the judges with respect to impartiality are solemn and emphatic. 'Listen, thou judge,' said the lawgiver, 'let not the worth of a coin weigh with thee more than thy God; judge not wrongly for value, but judge righteously for the sake of God.' The government and institutions of those tribes, mingled as they were with many grotesque incidents, seem to be thoroughly imbued with ideas of liberty, justice, and personal security, so far as the patrician people of the true tribal blood were concerned. Each true tribesman inherited the right to five acres, or thereabouts, of the national lands. Barbarous punishments are nowhere mentioned, and those of burning and hanging are only annexed to the crime of murder by poison. Nor is there any trace of criminal prosecutions for serious offences apart from the popular action of the Rhaith, a system analogous to that of the Saxon compurgators. Trial by jury, as now practised, did not exist in the time either of King Howel or King Alfred. It was, however, a natural development and sequence of the rudimentary and popular modes of trial in use among the tribal Welsh and the invading Germans. And in Welsh law we also come upon the peculiar function of the 'Henaduriaid,' or elders. These were persons of high standing who assisted in the trial of certain classes of causes, and when the king was present he selected one of them to sit near him. In suits for the recovery of land, it was the duty of the elders to ascertain the kin and pedigree of the claimants, and their function of acting in such causes upon evidence must have approximated to that of a modern jury.

One of the chief peculiarities of the 'Laws and Institutes' is the extraordinary number of administrative details. Nothing small or great seems to have escaped the notice of the legislator. One cannot but be surprised to learn that

in times which are popularly believed to be wholly uncivilised, it was enacted that a kind of public inspector should convoke meetings of the free Welsh, and make inquisitions into the diversities of local weights and measures! Incidentally, in connexion with the legal valuation of skins and furs, we learn that the beaver, the roebuck, the marten, and the wolf were to be found in Wales in the tenth century. The value of the beaver's fur was fixed at 120 ceiniog, which is translated by the word penny, but as no coins have been found which can be attributed to Welsh princes, the ceiniog may have been the Welsh term for a coin of the value of the denarius, in which case the value of the beaver's fur must be much increased. The growth of flax was the subject of legal regulations. There are several passages in which the value of the hackle, or instrument for separating the coarse parts, is stated. There are also some amusing rules for the protection of the precious plant, as, for instance, if a cat were caught mousing in flax, the damage done by her might be recovered from her owner, and if a cock or hen were found in a 'flax garden' they might be captured and detained. The eagle, the crane, the heron, and the raven were to some extent 'preserved' by law. The arts and sciences were encouraged by the government, such, at least, as were known and practised in those early days. 'We are told that there were three supports of science and art, namely, (1) instruction imparted by teachers privileged or licensed to instruct; (2) special immunities for those who attained skill; and (3) rewards established by law for the skilled execution by men of science and artists of works undertaken by them under contracts. In our days we hear complaints of 'grandmotherly' legislation, and too much of central government. But a perusal of King Howel's work will show that government and law pervaded the ancient British State from the highest to the lowest departments of life. Hunting, forest trees, iron mines, and even the fire of the village bath, are the subjects of regulation! and though the British legislators made the hunting of some wild animals, fishing, the use of the 'mast' forests,* and iron mines free to the Cymry of the tribal blood, it was all under State inspection. Suffice it to add that in this immense collection of early British laws and customs scarcely any incident of social life is unnoticed. It concerned a society partly pastoral and partly agricultural, forced by degrees into narrow territorial limits, into which

* Oak, beech, and other forest trees.

the people had brought with them the laws and customs of a far wider area.

In the Latin compendium of the 'Laws and Institutes' which forms the last portion of the volume, there are twenty-three rude illustrations of various official costumes and characters, and of birds and animals mentioned in the text. These are of later date than the codes themselves, but they are curious specimens of the rude drawing of the time, and the editor did well to reproduce them in facsimile.

The foregoing sketch is incomplete, but enough, perhaps, has been done to convince any student of early English history that a rich mine of information is lying almost unread and unnoticed in the large folio volume containing the 'Ancient Institutes and Laws' of the Cymry. It is true that there is much in it that is trivial, coarse, and of little value. But there is also much of the deepest interest not only to the Welsh people, the lineal descendants of the tribes over which King Howel ruled, but also to the English. It is hoped that the brief notice contained in these pages may incite some students of history to examine the volume (unfortunately too scarce) for themselves, and do more justice to Howel the Good (Hywel Dda), the Celtic king and legislator of Wales in the tenth century, than the writer of these pages has been able in so short an article to render.

ART. IV.—1. *Hobbes*. By Prof. G. C. ROBERTSON. (Blackwood's Philosophical Classics, 1886.)

2. *Hobbes's Works*. Collected edition, Latin and English, in 16 vols. (1839-1845). By Sir W. MOLESWORTH.

3. *Life of Mr. T. H. of Malmesburie*. Printed in 'Letters, &c., and Lives of Eminent Men' in 1813 from Aubrey's papers in the Bodleian Library and Ashmolean Museum.

THERE exists a remarkable contrast, which has probably been often noticed, between the historical fortune of Hobbes's speculations and the special character of those speculations themselves. He has been claimed by thinkers who believe themselves following in his footsteps as a radical freethinker, while in himself he was especially conservative and reactionary. The stoutest advocate of the irresponsible and inviolable authority of an absolute sovereign has been accepted as a prototype by those whose interest it was to advance the claims of democratic equality. It was James

Mill who began this remarkable reverence for a man whose conclusions, at all events in a political sphere, were diametrically opposed to his own; and he was followed by Austin and Grote. Sir W. Molesworth, in his magnificent edition of Hobbes's works, both English and Latin, tells us that Grote first suggested the undertaking; in order, seemingly, to secure by an accessible edition greater effect for doctrines which their author intended as a panacea for projects of revolutionary reform. No more curious homage has ever been rendered to a man by his theoretical opponents.* Obvious though the contrast may appear, it is, however, more apparent than real. For of Hobbes, before all others, it may be said that his spirit was different from his performance, that his political motive was one thing, and his intellectual temper and genius quite another. There can be no question that the native bent of his mind was radical and freethinking, which is proved, among other evidences, by his lifelong struggle with ecclesiastical pretensions, and his heartfelt dislike of the Papacy. His philosophy again partook of that general revolt against authority on behalf of the individual, which characterises all the best thought of the sixteenth and seventeenth century; he has some points in connexion with Bacon and many with Descartes and Locke, and he carried on the war with scholasticism in the interests of a mechanical and atomistic system which is the philosophic mark of advanced heterodoxy. However much Hobbes may have imposed on some of his later critics, he assuredly did not deceive his contemporaries, who were never weary of calling him materialist, agnostic, and atheist. Even in the political theory which contains the conservative element of his creed, the conclusions do not follow from the premisses with that logical rigour which would prevent them from being interpreted in a wholly different light. The strong and autocratic government which it is his desire in the 'Leviathan' to see firmly established, however absolute it may be, is yet shown to have sprung from something like popular choice, and that which has made can also unmake. From his own premisses a different conclusion might be drawn, as we can see by the political speculations of both Locke and Rousseau,

* 'Georgio Grote—et quod præcipue laudi est, pro æquali universorum civium libertate adversus optimatum dominatum propugnatori acerrimo et constantissimo.'—Dedication in Molesworth's edition, vol. i.

the first of whom proved the right of the people to change their choice of sovereign, and the second justified the popular obliteration of the *ancien régime*. Indeed, Hobbes's own practice dealt a blow at his theory, for he found it not inconsistent with his principles to live under the protection of Cromwell and the Parliament. The complexion of his political theory was in reality due to his personal feelings, which were both timorous and worldly. Personal security is therefore the aim of those who established an 'imperium,' not self-realisation or a desire for progressive welfare; and Hobbes affords an instance—almost a melancholy instance—of the extent to which political necessities and the accidents of personal disposition can interfere in the logical evolution of a philosophical system. He was a radical in the garb of a conservative, a freethinker enlisted in the service of reaction.

The personality of Hobbes was neither pleasing nor attractive. He was prematurely born, owing to the fright his mother experienced at the news of the Spanish Armada in 1588.

'Atque metum tantum concepit tunc mea mater,
Ut pareret geminos, meque Metumque simul.
Hinc est, ut credo, patrios quod abominor hostes,
Pacem amo cum Musis, et faciles socios'—

is his own account of the affair.* It is doubtful, however, whether Hobbes is right in saying that he is devoted to peace and agreeable companionship; a more vain and combative person rarely existed. In his youth, Aubrey† tells us, he was 'unhealthy, and of an ill complexion (yellowish). 'From forty he grew healthier, and then he had a fresh, 'ruddy complexion. His head was of a mallet form. His 'face was not very great—ample forehead, yellowish reddish 'whiskers, which naturally turned up, below he was shaved 'close, except a little tip under his lip; not but that nature 'would have afforded him a venerable beard, but being mostly 'of a cheerful and pleasant humour, he affected not at all 'austerity and gravity and to look severe.' His portraits (in the National Portrait Gallery and in the rooms of the Royal Society at Burlington House) give the appearance of a somewhat stern, but not unhandsome man. Far more unpleasant pictures than that of Aubrey are, however, to be found in the

* 'Vita carmine expressa.' Molesw. vol. i. p. lxxxvi.

† Life of Mr. J. H. of Malmesburie. Letters, &c., of Aubrey, vol. ii.

writings of Hobbes's contemporaries.* He seems indeed to have been the terror of his age.

'Here lies Tom Hobbes, the Bugbear of the Nation,
Whose death hath frightened Atheism out of fashion,'

was a scurrilous epitaph composed for him. Amongst the crowd of pamphlets, sermons, treatises aimed at his doctrines, there was an ingenious little book written by Thomas Tenison, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, which appeared in 1670, and was entitled 'The Creed of Mr. Hobbes, examined in a feigned conference between him and a student in divinity.' It proves, as well as any other, the general opinions held about the philosopher.

'You have been represented to the world,' says the student to Mr. Hobbes, whom he meets at Buxton-well,† 'as a person very inconvenient, and as an imperious Dictator of the principles of vice, and impatient of all dispute and contradiction. It hath been said that you will be very angry with all men that will not presently submit to your Dictates; and that for advancing the reputation of your own skill, you care not what unworthy reflexions you cast on others. Monsieur Descartes hath written it to your confidant Mersennus, and it is now published to all the world, "That he esteemed it the better for himself that he had not any commerce with you (*je juge que le meilleur est que je n'aye point du tout de commerce avec luy*): as also, that if "you were of such an humour as he imagined, and had such designs "as he believed you had, it would be impossible for him and you to "have any communication without becoming enemies." And your great friend, Monsieur Sorbriere, hath accused you of being too dogmatical; and hath reported how you were censured for the vanity of dogmatising, between his Majesty and himself, in his Majesty's cabinet. You are thought, in dispute, to use the Scripture with irreverence.'

Tenison cannot, indeed, deny the excellence of his style.

'He hath long ago published his errors in Theologie, in the English Tongue, insinuating himself by the handsomeness of his style into the minds of such whose Fancie leadeth their judgements; and to say truth of an Enemy, he may, with some reason, pretend to Mastery in that Language.'

Yet he cannot forbear to have a cut at Hobbes's personal timidity.

'They (the Student and Mr. Hobbes) were interrupted by the disturbance arising from a little quarrel, in which some of the ruder people in the house were for a short time engaged. At this Mr. Hobbes seem'd much concern'd, though he was at some distance from

* Cf., for instance, Hooke's description, Boyle's Works, vi. 486.

† The Creed of Mr. Hobbes, p. 5.

the persons. For a while he was not composed, but related it once or twice as to himself, with a low and careful tone, how Sextus Roscius was murdered after Supper by the Balneæ Palatinæ. Of such general extent is that remark of Cicero, in relation to Epicurus the Atheist, of whom he observed that he of all men dreaded most those things which he contemned, Death and the Gods.'

The system of Hobbes is then reduced into twelve Articles, 'which sound harshly to those professing Christianity,' under the title of the Hobbist's creed:—

'I believe that God is Almighty Matter; that in him there are three Persons, he having been thrice represented on earth; that it is to be decided by the Civil Power whether he created all things else; that Angels are not Incorporeal substances (those words implying a contradiction) but preternatural impressions on the brain of man; that the Soul of Man is the temperament of his Body; that the very Liberty of Will, in that Soul, is Physically necessary; that the primo Law of Nature in the Soul of Man is that of temporal Self-Love; that the Law of the Civil Sovereign is the only obliging Rule of just and unjust; that the Books of the Old and New Testament are not made Canon and Law, but by the Civil Powers; that whatsoever is written in these Books may lawfully be denied even upon Oath (after the laudable doctrine and practice of the Gnosticks) in times of persecution when men shall be urged by the menaces of Authority; that Hell is a tolerable condition of life, for a few years upon earth, to begin at the General Resurrection; and that Heaven is a blessed estate of good men, like that of Adam before his fall, beginning at the General Resurrection, to be from thenceforth eternal upon earth in the Holy Land.' *

There is caricature in all this, but not so extravagant as to prevent it from being a fair picture of Hobbes as he appeared to a contemporary divine. Fortunately, as Samuel Johnson had his Boswell and Goethe his Eckermann, so Hobbes had an indulgent biographer in Aubrey.

Hobbes, like an elder philosopher with whose nominalism he had something in common, Antisthenes the Cynic, *ὁ ψυμαθής*.† He took nothing away with him from his residence at Magdalen Hall, Oxford, except a dislike of the Puritans, who were strongly represented owing to the influence of Dr. John Wilkinson, and a contempt for academic learning, which came out strongly in the controversies of his later life. He was forty years of age before he ever saw the 'Elements' of Euclid; he was close on fifty before he became a philosopher. Although it is true, as Professor Robertson remarks, that there are few thinkers who succeeded better

* Creed of Mr. Hobbes, pp. 7 and 8.

† Plato, 'Soph.' 251, *b*.

than he did 'in leaving not unsaid all that was in his mind,' it is hardly fanciful to trace some of his mental peculiarities to this late acquisition of culture. Plato remarks in the 'Theætetus,'* in reference to the same Antisthenes, who came so late to Socrates, that it is characteristic of such minds to ignore all that they cannot grasp 'with teeth and hands;' and there can be no doubt that a certain excess of the practical instinct and a decided coarseness of mental fibre, combined, it is true, with great penetrative insight, marked much of the speculations of Hobbes. Deficient in his own nature of sympathetic affection, he cannot conceive of the possibility of innate altruistic feeling in humanity at large: richly endowed with logical faculties, he would apply the most rigorous logic to the customs and conventionalities of mankind, and is unable to realise the value, for instance, of mixed political forms, or the expediency of disguising the form of sovereignty. For the same reason he probably has the clearest mind and the least ambiguous style of all philosophers. Grant him his premisses, and the conclusion seems inevitable; if humanity is through and through reasonable, it looks as if it ought to adopt the standpoint of Hobbism. But then humanity is not wholly reasonable, but largely influenced by emotion and sentiment, and the groundwork on which the whole superstructure rests is only to be reached by the most wholesale elimination of complex sentiments and the employment of abstract and unreal hypotheses. For the logic and the psychology of Hobbes depend on the fiction of a single individual devoid of all those relations to his fellows which actually constitute his individuality;† just as his political philosophy depends on the fiction of a social contract, which could only be possible to men living in a realised society and not in a state of 'nature,' prior to such realisation.

From 1608 to about 1637, we can trace a methodical advance in the mental culture of Hobbes. The impulses came mainly from foreign travel, for in all some twenty years were spent by Hobbes on the Continent. His first work, the translation of Thucydides, was published in 1628, though written some time previously, and his earliest ambition seems to have been to be a scholar, just as his latest efforts, when he was quite an old man, were devoted to versions of Homer's 'Odyssey' and 'Iliad' in rhyme. The more special intellectual training takes place between the years 1628 and

* Theætet. 155, c.

† De Corpore, part ii.

1637. First came the discovery of the value of geometrical demonstration in 1639, the story of which, as told by Aubrey,* is too characteristic to be omitted. 'He was forty years old before he looked on geometry, which happened accidentally; being in a gentleman's library in——, Euclid's "Elements" lay open, and it was the forty-seventh proposition, Lib. I. So he reads the proposition. "By G——," says he, "this is impossible!" So he reads the demonstration, which referred him back to another, which he also read, *et sic deinceps*, that at last he was demonstratively convinced of that truth. This made him in love with geometry.' But it was not so much geometry in itself with which he fell in love, for no part of his theories was more successfully attacked by his contemporaries than his geometrical speculations, but the form of the reasoning and the manner of proof. As he says himself in his 'Life,' he was '*delectatus methodo illius, non tam ob theoremata illa quam ob artem ratiocinandi.*' The next and most decisive step was the application of the idea of motion to physics. He graphically narrates the influence of the idea on his mind, in the '*Vita carmine expressa.*'

'Ast ego perpetuo naturam cogito rerum
Seu rate, seu curru, sive ferebar equo.
Et mihi visa quidem est toto res unica mundo
Vera, licet multis falsificata modis—
Phantasie, nostri soboles cerebri, nihil extra;
Partibus internis nil nisi Motus inest.
Hinc est quod physicam quisquis vult discere, motus
Quid possit, debet perdidicisse prius.'

It is thus that Hobbes advances through the idea of motion, aided by the geometrical form of reasoning, to the gradual evolution of a system of mechanical philosophy. Atoms and movement account for all the changing forms of the phenomenal world; they also explain sensation, and unlock the secrets of intellectual growth. From physics and psychology the next step is easy and natural to sociology. For Hobbes, like the earlier philosophers, and unlike the moderns, understood philosophy to mean a systematic view of the universe and a consistent explanation of all its various departments. Thus he has a catholic purpose before his mind, to present in one picture the various provinces of human thought as interpreted in accordance with one method and traced in their origin to the same set of principles.

* Life, p. 604.

That philosophy only means psychology and morals, or in the last resort metaphysics, is an idea slowly developed through the eighteenth century, owing to the victorious advances of science. At the end of 1637 Hobbes has a comprehensive plan for future labours. The system is to begin with a treatise 'De Corpore,' to continue with the subject 'De Homine,' and to find its consummation in 'De Cive.' Nature consists of 'bodies,' and bodies are either inanimate or animate, or, again, organised aggregates of living men. The whole field is, however, to be traversed with the guiding clue of motion as acting on bodies, and according to the principles of mechanical atomism—a clue which is to distinguish for ever the modern philosophy from the misty logomachies of Aristotle and the Schoolmen. It is this masterly scheme which was thrown out of proportion by the pressing circumstances of Hobbes's life. The Revolution and its necessities forced on the publication of the 'Leviathan,' and it was not till after fourteen years, when Hobbes was sixty-three, that the attempt was made to compose the 'De Corpore,' which was originally designed to be the foundation of the structure. His fame rests principally on the 'Leviathan,' but the main philosophical thought of Hobbes was the application of the idea of motion. Perhaps the 'Leviathan' itself owes the paradoxical character of some of its doctrines to the fact that the original perspective was lost in this transposition of the order of topics, and Hobbes, by becoming an advocate of absolute sovereignty, throws into shadow his ethical egoism and his mechanical materialism. His own principles, however stringent and arbitrary, suffered him apparently to live under the Protectorate with an easy conscience, and with greater freedom than he afterwards enjoyed in the time of the Restoration. His last years were equally disturbed by the antagonism of the High Church party and the bitter controversies with the Savilian professor, Wallis.

The main points in Hobbes's political theory, as displayed in the 'Leviathan,' are so well known that no long capitulation is necessary. The theory itself rests on a series of assumptions, each of which may be contested, and culminates in a principle of autocratic supremacy, which the development of peoples and the progressive teaching of history seem little likely to endorse. The first assumption is the ante-social state, a state of nature which Hobbes asserts to be one of universal war, though Rousseau is equally positive in maintaining that it is a state of peace. The

state of nature is one in which man, *minus* his historical qualities, has free play; and as those historical qualities are exactly those which constitute, so far as we have any means of knowing, man's essential nature, his ante-social period is one about which it is impossible to argue. Experience and the growth of reason (Hobbes, despite his sensationalism, is as firm a believer in the power of reason as if he had lived in the eighteenth century) bring home the manifold inconveniences of a condition of perpetual war, and suggest certain articles of peace, also called laws of nature. The result is a second assumption, the formation of a social contract, a famous theory, traces of which can be found in the early political speculation of the Greeks, and which, despite its absolutely unhistorical character, was extensively popular amongst Hobbes's successors. The theory can be disproved on lines of both *a posteriori* and *a priori* argument; *a posteriori*, for no records or evidences can be found of the existence of such a primitive compact, and even if it existed it would rapidly have been dissolved by such phenomena as migration of races and foreign conquests; *a priori* because an hypothesis to be scientific must deal with causes and conditions which are capable of being reasoned about, and we have no right to postulate both the efficient agent and the productive agency, the cause and its method of working. A third assumption then follows, that men, having formed a contract, created or elected an absolute power to secure the fulfilment of its conditions. Hobbes, it is true, sometimes speaks as if the sovereign could obtain his authority not only by institution but by acquisition.* But his language as to the devolution of authority belongs more naturally to the former process than the latter. It is natural to suppose that if men give, they can also take away. But such is not the view of Hobbes, who considers that such a transference of authority would be a violation of the original compact. Why, again, men having attained to such a pitch of rationality as to form contractual relations with one another, should then proceed to tie their hands and treat themselves as though they were no longer rational, but had to be violently coerced—why, in short, the sovereignty so formed should be absolute, Hobbes never properly explains. For the paradoxical character of his speculation centres in this, that while citizens have duties to one another, the sovereign has no duties towards them; they formed a contract with

* Leviathan, ii. 17, end.

their fellowmen, but the monarch formed no contract at all. It is clear that in this Hobbes manifests too plainly his desire 'to vindicate the absolute right of a *de facto* monarch; * or, in other words, that the pressure of the revolution proved too much for the natural development of his thought. Locke and Rousseau, arguing from much the same premisses, drew a totally different conclusion. The 'generation of the Leviathan, or mortal God' is not quite so orderly and methodical as Hobbes desired to make it; it would rather appear that he is first assumed to exist, and then a highly imaginative account is given of his origin. It is clear, as Professor Green remarks, that the '*jus civile*' cannot itself belong to the sovereign, who enables individuals to exercise it. The only right which can belong to the sovereign is the '*jus naturale*' (defined '*Leviathan*' i. 14), consisting in the superiority of his power, and this right must be measured by the inability of the subjects to resist. If they *can* resist, the right has disappeared. Nor did Hobbes himself fail speedily to endorse this argument by returning to England from France, when the Protectorate was established, and treating the triumph of 'the rebels' as an accomplished fact.

Whilst these sheets are passing through the press we meet with some passages in the '*Nicholas Papers*,' recently published by the Camden Society, which curiously illustrate this rapid transition of Hobbes from monarchy to the commonwealth. The '*Leviathan*' was published in Paris, where Hobbes had resided for several years, early in 1651. Hobbes appears to have gone to the Hague to present a copy of his book to Charles II., which the King refused to accept. Upon this Sir Edward Nicholas writes to Sir Edward Hyde—

'All honest men here who are lovers of monarchy are very glad that the K. hath at length banisht his court that father of atheists Mr. Hobbes, who it is said hath rendered all the Queen's court and very many of the D. of York's family atheists, and if he had been suffered would have done his best to poison the K.'s court.'

And shortly after—

'I hear Lord Percy is much concerned in the forbidding Hobbes to come to court, and says it was you and other episcopal men that were the cause of it. But I hear that Wat Montagu and other Papists (to the shame of the true Protestants) were the chief cause that that great atheist was sent away. And I may tell you some say that the Marq.

* Cf. Green's '*Philosophical Works*,' vol. ii. p. 369.

of Ormonde was very slow in signifying the King's command to Hobbes to forbear coming to court, which I am confident is not true, though several persons affirm it.'

Be this as it may, Hobbes, being thus pressed, returned to England, though it is inaccurate to say that he fled from the Hague, and he found in London a government quite as much to his taste and much more absolute than that of a fugitive sovereign. A month later Nicholas writes to Lord Hatton—

'Mr. Hobbes is in London, much caressed, as one that hath by his writings justified the reasonableness and righteousness of their arms and actions.'

The ethical views of Hobbes are vitiated by assumptions and fallacies, as remarkable as those we have met with in his political theory. A fictitious appearance of clearness and logical rigour is gained by excluding from the scheme all but a few elementary principles, and by disregarding or refusing to admit complexity of constitutive elements. Man's actions, it is clear, are motivated in countless different ways; but Hobbes will only allow of a single motive. Will would appear to be something distinct from desire, or at least to have relations with desire so intricate as to require careful analysis to disentangle, but with Hobbes it is only 'the last appetite in deliberating.' There are, in the last resort, elements of character—a sphere of personality and consciousness—which do not appear to be exhausted by an enumeration of 'feelings,' and which are involved in what we mean by self-determination; but the psychology of Hobbes is too superficial to come in sight of them. The picture which Hobbes draws of humanity is indeed simple and easy to understand, either pathetic or ludicrous in its simplicity according to the tastes and predilections of the observer. All activity depends on endeavour, all endeavour is appetite, all appetite is for personal well-being. There is only a single motive in man, the desire for selfish gratification; the only meaning of good and evil is what a man desires or avoids in the furtherance of his pleasure; the only standard of judgement is the opinion of the egoist. In a luminous paragraph in the '*Leviathan*' (i. 6), Hobbes lays the foundation of his ethics—so good an example of his manner of resolving a complex problem by refusing to see its complexity, that it is worth quoting and remembering:—

Whatsoever is the object of any man's appetite or desire, that is it which he for his part calleth *good*; and the object of his hate and

aversion, *evil*; and of his contempt, *vile* and *inconsiderable*. For these words of good, evil, and contemptible are ever used with relation to the person that useth them : there being nothing simply and absolutely so ; nor any common rule of good and evil, to be taken from the nature of the objects themselves.

The solution of the moral problem is so astounding in its simplicity that it almost takes away one's breath. The relativity of the standard and the singleness of the motive are the remarkable points in the theory, and serve to distinguish the system of Hobbes as that which we now call Egoistic Hedonism. Good is my pleasure, the only thing which makes me act is my desire for pleasure. I am the only judge of my own pleasure ; therefore I am the only judge of good. There is at all events no obscurity in such a scheme, and it makes no excessive demands on men's capabilities. We are all so naturally moral, according to Hobbes, that it is doubtful whether any instruction or training is required. Certainly there is no room or possibility for the law of duty or a moral ideal.

But directly we begin to analyse the scheme we find that each step can be contested. Is there only a single motive for human activity, and is such a single motive self-love ? Butler, in his 'Sermons on Human Nature,' pointed out that there were a certain set of activities which could only be called instinctive and irreflective, and which he called 'propensions.' These rested simply on the objects proposed in each case : hunger rested on food, curiosity rested on knowledge. It is only when the series of instinctive propensions were satisfied, that there could arise for the human being a complex (and by no means simple) notion of self, as something for which he ought to work. Self-love clearly could not have been the earliest motive for activity, for its very existence depends on the prior existence of unreflective instinctive activities. It is true that when the notion of self has been formed it appears to absorb the whole field, but this again leads to considerations which are fatal to Hobbes's scheme. Self-love is a complex of different feelings, because it is based on the satisfaction of widely different instincts. Some of these instincts are extra-regarding impulses, they tend towards our fellowmen, and are based on the fact that a man's single personality can only be defined in terms of his relations to others. Thus sympathy is an extra-regarding instinct, so too is the more active affection which we term benevolence, so too are all the social interests and aptitudes of humanity. It follows

that much more is included in the notion of pleasure than egoistic gratification, and self-love itself is found to include certain affectionate, benevolent, philanthropic activities, the performance of which, however apparently altruistic, tends to heighten and vivify the consciousness of self. Thus, on all sides the scheme of Hobbes is found to be deficient in analysis; the picture drawn of humanity is discovered to be lacking in some of the prominent elements of nature. Man is not naturally an isolated and repellent atom; he is one element, one factor in a composite humanity. He can only be defined in relation to his fellows; he begins by having social instincts; he is, as Aristotle said, *πολιτικὸν ζῶον*. It is the caricature of analysis to resolve pity and benevolence into selfishness; to define the first as the pain arising from the consideration that what has happened to another man may also happen to oneself, and to explain the second as the fear that we also may suffer. This is not logical simplicity but psychological inanity.

We must not, however, through detestation of the ethical results, blind ourselves to the historical value of Hobbes's psychology. It was vitiated by the gravest errors: it was based on the original fiction of a single individual who could be treated as though his nature was independent of his relations to his fellows; it rested on a mechanical and materialistic theory which could not but be fatal to the higher aspects of character. But though this may be the condemnation from an absolute standpoint, the relative standpoint will do justice to Hobbes. History tells us that individualism was in the air, and that a mechanical philosophy was the heritage from Bacon, as well as the product of the best contemporary intelligence on the Continent. The merit of Hobbes is that he in reality began that study of psychology which was the distinguishing mark of the line of English thinkers which succeeded him. He rendered Locke possible, who in turn led the way for Berkeley and Hume. From this point of view, the judgement of Professor Croom Robertson, whose excellent monograph we have placed at the head of this article, may be thoroughly endorsed.

'Hobbes signalised the fact of Sense—or phenomenal experience—as itself a phenomenon to be accounted for in the way of science; and though the fact of subjective representation may not thus have its philosophical import exhausted, nor is well coupled with the particular facts of Physics, to recognise it as such a matter of inquiry is a very notable step. It is to proclaim that there is room and need for a science of Psychology as well as of Physics—that Mind can be inves-

tigated by the same method and under like conditions as Nature. Such a conception of psychological science has steadily made way in later times, and to Hobbes belongs the credit as early as any other, and more distinctly than any other, of having opened its path.*

A consideration of this physiological treatment of sensation will lead us on to the general bases of Hobbes's philosophy. We have before remarked that Hobbes is a rationalist; he is so, however, only so far as rationalism was not yet clearly distinguished in the progress of controversy from sensationism. He believes, for instance, that the difference between science and experience is one mainly of reason; and that in similar fashion we distinguish between reason and custom in politics, and reason and faith in theology. Yet all knowledge originates with sense, and all knowledge is only sense transformed. We pass beyond sense-experience by means which are still sensible, for the connecting bridge is found in language and the use of names. Thus the functions of sense are all-important for Hobbes, and its explanation one of the chief duties of the philosopher. What, then, is sensation? It is essentially 'movement.' The motion in external particles is taken on by means of the nerves to the heart, and there is an answering movement or reaction from the internal organ. This reaction accounts for the fact that we refer our sensations outwards, and that they become for us the qualities of external bodies. We observe, on the one hand, that the whole explanation is physiological and mechanical; on the other hand, that it is based on that idea of motion which, as we know, so powerfully impressed the imagination of Hobbes. There is, further, the necessary deduction that sense is mere seeming, τὸ δοκεῖν, for it is only due to the mechanical interaction between external bodies and the living organism. We cannot argue from sensation in us to an actually objective quality in the body outside us; we cannot say, for instance, that sugar *is* sweet (as though sweetness was an objective ingredient of the external body, sugar), but only that *we* have a sensation of sweetness. What is real is the movement of particles from outside to inside, and the answering movement from inside to outside. What is unreal is the subjective feeling, if it be taken, not as merely subjective, but as an objective quality.

Difficulties, however, remain. If sense be seeming, how

* Robertson's 'Hobbes,' p. 124. Professor Robertson is also the author of the excellent article on Hobbes in the ninth edition of the 'Encyclopædia Britannica.'

can we be sure even of this motion of particles, which is declared to be real? For our perception of motion is, after all, sensation, and may be the subjective presentation of facts, which in their objective import are quite different. Again, motion is only realised by us by means of time, and time is by Hobbes himself, in the '*De Corpore*,' declared to be a subjective phenomenon. Curiously enough, he attempts to derive time from motion. But he has to add that it stands rather for the fact of succession, or before-and-after in motion; which means that it is a prior fact of consciousness involved in the perception of motion rather than in any way explicable from motion as an objective occurrence.* Further, if sensation be seeming, and all sensible qualities only states of consciousness, how can we be sure, in default of any mental function superior to sense, of matter and particles—in a word, of an objective world? And if we are not sure, what becomes of scientific materialism and the mechanical philosophy? Thus Hobbes's system would end in scepticism.

From another point of view, it requires to be explained by a deeper psychology. Hobbes notices that the distinctive mark of the human body amongst other bodies is that it knows that it knows; in other words that, besides sensation, there is also the consciousness of sensation. 'In seeking for the cause even of sense, he sees the need of some other "sense" to take note of sense by.'† He tries to supply this need by bringing forward the phenomenon of memory. But this is at most only a substitute for an explanation, for the possibility of memory itself requires to be explained. How is it possible for a number of series of states of consciousness to be so far aware of themselves as a number or series—that they can remember any one or all? Is it possible, unless there be something higher than such states, or at all events, some golden thread running through them and holding them all together? If so, what shall we call this synthetic capacity? Shall we call it reason, or spirit, or soul, or the self? Whatever it be, the fact of its existence renders a purely sensationalistic psychology for ever impossible. For it cannot in its turn be deduced from sensation, but makes sensation possible. It is that which both knows and feels, and makes us aware of an external world.

Here, however, we are anticipating a more modern metaphysics, and taking a different view of philosophy from that which Hobbes took. In his account of ultimate principles he clearly states his own view. Although powerfully in-

* Robertson's '*Hobbes*,' p. 97.

† Ibid. p. 124.

fluenced by Descartes, he is untouched by that deeper consideration of philosophical problems which Descartes describes in his 'Discours' and his 'Méditations,' and he is either quite unaware of, or discards that ultimate basis of all reality which took for the French thinker the form of 'Je pense, donc je suis.' According to Hobbes, philosophy is ratiocination, and ratiocination is, in reality, reckoning, or adding and subtracting. It is computation in the largest sense, deducing effects from causes, and inferring causes from effects. Only on one assumption is this possible. Philosophy must deal only with phenomena. It is not, so Hobbes tells us, of that kind which makes philosopher's stones, or is found in the metaphysic codes, but merely 'the natural reason of man busily flying up and down among the creatures, and bringing back a true report of their order, causes, and effects.' This being so, we can make a clean sweep of certain ultimate questions. We need not ask what God is, for He is not a phenomenon and has no generation. Nor need we trouble ourselves about spirits, for they have no phenomenal aspects, nor are we concerned with matters of faith. The rest of the items of a properly scientific creed, such as we are familiar with in modern times, follow in due order. Causes can only be efficient and material. Formal causes and final causes are nonsense. The soul of man is not otherwise than corporeal; ghosts and spirits, as spoken of in ordinary language, are but dream-images and purely phantasmal. And man is not a free agent: there is no such thing as freedom of the will. Man himself is not a spiritual ego, but a natural 'body' whose sensations, impulses, volitions, and emotions are alike explicable by motions of particles. In all this, Hobbes is from one point of view an ancient, from another point of view a very modern thinker. Ancient, because he makes mind depend on matter, which, after Berkeley and Kant, should be impossible for a philosopher: but also modern, because language such as his is almost identical with that of contemporary systems of 'naturalism' and the facile framers of 'mental and moral science.' Perhaps, hard driven by the mechanical philosophers and the modern Hobbists, we may be content to remark, in the last resort, with Lotze, how universal is the extent, and yet how completely subordinate is the significance of the mission which mechanism has to fulfil in the structure of the world. For the world of forms is one thing, and the world of values is another.*

* Cf. Lotze, 'Microcosms,' Introduction.

Hobbes's views on religion are too characteristic to be altogether omitted, although naturally they impressed his contemporaries more than they influenced succeeding thought. Hobbes's general position as a phenomenalist did not, as we have already seen, allow him much room for a treatment of super-sensual verities. 'All the arguing of infinites,' he impatiently remarks, 'is but the ambition of schoolboys.' But in his theory of human nature he has to allow a certain seed of religion as a factor, often troublesome, but ineradicable, with which both philosopher and statesman have to deal. It is this which, in the methodical form of intellectual inquisitiveness, leads men to form a conception of God as the first and eternal cause of all things; but is equally productive, owing to men's fears and fancies, of all kinds of vain and foolish imaginings. Images of dreams are projected outwards and become spiritual and supernatural agents, and there is no more curious chapter in 'The Leviathan' than that in which Hobbes describes with exuberance of detail the mischievous delusions of 'the Gentiles.'* In order to correct such superstition, Hobbes bestows especial care on a review of what is really meant by such things as spirits, angels, prophets, miracles, eternal life, hell, and salvation, though at times the reader cannot help entertaining some doubt as to Hobbes's seriousness. A more marvellous exegesis of Scripture than that which is attempted in the third part of 'The Leviathan' was probably never penned, and its critics and opponents might well exclaim with Antonio:

'Mark you this, Bassanio,
The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose.'

Two points, however, stand out with distinctness. In the first place, there can be no doubt that Hobbes recognises that there is 'a core of mystery in religion which faith only, and not reason can touch.' He treats it indeed with coarse humour, when he says that 'it is with the mysteries of religion as with wholesome pills for the sick; which swallowed whole have the virtue to cure; but chewed, are for the most part cast up again without effect.'† But as Professor Robertson remarks, the idea is so distinctive of English thought, from William of Ockham through Bacon to Locke, that there can be no reasonable doubt that to Hobbes too 'the core of mystery' remains. In the second place, Hobbes is persuaded that the whole department of religious thought should be under the control of the State. This is

* Cf. *Leviathan*, part iv. 45.

† *Ibid.* part iii. c. 32.

his chief contest with the episcopalians of his time, and is the motive of his attack on the Papacy as a spiritual 'Kingdom of Darkness.' He had seen how great was the evil of religious dissension, and how fatal its power in dissolving the fabric of the commonwealth: the only alternative to the supremacy of the Church was the autocratic power of the sovereign, who ought to be priest as well as king. How is the sovereign to get his laws obeyed if there is a rival power dividing his subjects' allegiance? Unless the State control the religious life, there will be a chance for the Papacy, and civil obedience will be at an end. Moreover, there is only one thing necessary for salvation, which is the confession that Jesus is the Christ—a dogma which ought to be kept free from all the surrounding scaffolding of ecclesiastical dogma invented by the church doctors or largely borrowed from pagan philosophy.

The later years of Hobbes's life exhibit the aged philosopher as engaged in ceaseless conflicts with outraged divines or incensed mathematicians, but do not throw any fresh light on the nature of his thought. His weakest side was his geometrical speculation, and it was that which he defended with the stoutest obstinacy against the superior knowledge of Ward, and Wilkins, and Wallis. So remarkable a figure as his was the natural butt of all those who were concerned with defending the older philosophy, or were outraged by his notorious secularism. In personal characteristics perhaps as unamiable a man as ever lived, devoid of sympathetic affection, untouched by the higher graces of character, intensely and narrowly practical, and of great personal timidity, he yet, in virtue of a comprehensive intellect and an analytic power of uncommon keenness and edge, succeeded in leaving a conspicuous mark on the history not only of English, but of Continental thought. He accepts the practical scientific problem from Bacon, and hands on the psychological problem to Locke. He may almost be said to have originated moral philosophy in England, or at all events to have inspired, either by antagonism or direct influence, its most characteristic efforts and doctrines. In direct influence he lives again in much of the utilitarianism of Hume, Hartley, Bentham, Paley, and the elder and younger Mill; his characteristic selfishness is reproduced on a wider scale in the universalistic hedonism of eighteenth and nineteenth century speculation. Antagonism to his position diverged in two directions: on the one hand, it produced the rationalism of the Cambridge Platonists—Henry More

and Ralph Cudworth ; on the other, through Shaftesbury it led to the moral-sense doctrines of Hutcheson. Indeed, the whole of the next two centuries was occupied in one way or another with Hobbes, and, if any system can be called epoch making, there is none which deserves the title better than his. Philosophy, as we now understand the term, is not perhaps so much indebted to him as to Descartes, from whom sprang the line of catholic thinkers, among whom occur the illustrious names of Spinoza, and Leibnitz, and Kant. But Hobbes did more than anyone, with the possible exception of Bacon, to direct English thought into its characteristic channels, and to put before it its especial problems. Its precision, its clearness, its narrowness, its scientific tendency, its practical character—all are there. In Hobbes are represented in embryo the specific developments which we meet with in Locke and Berkeley, Hume and Mill. His countrymen may well be proud of one who concentrates in his single personality their most characteristic defects and excellences. Add to this the merits of an admirable style, and we have the picture, not only of a thinker, but also of a writer and a man of letters. Above all others he succeeds in marrying words to thought, and lights up the most abstruse exposition with the brightest gleams of wit and fancy. ‘*Vir probus et fama eruditionis domi forisque bene cognitus*’ is the simple inscription which designates his resting place in Hault Hucknall. Perhaps a happier text for his grave was suggested by the humour of one of his friends during his lifetime, ‘This is the true Philosopher’s Stone.’

ART. V.—1. *Our Home by the Adriatic.* By the Hon. MARGARET COLLIER (Madame Galletti di Cadilhac). London: 1886.

2. *Governo e Governati in Italia.* Saggio di PASQUALE TURIELLO. Bologna: 1882.

3. *Commento teorico-pratico della Legge e del Regolamento Comunale e Provinciale del Professore Avvocato* FRANCESCO BUFALINI. Turin: 1881.

THE book placed at the head of these pages has raised a storm of indignation throughout Italy. Sarcasms freely launched at each other by the several populations of the Peninsula are resented by all alike when heard from the lips of a stranger; and we doubt not that on the present occasion all the proverbial homethrusts as to Pisan traitors,* and Neapolitan thieves,† cut-throats of Brescia,‡ and assassins of Monferrat,§ are forgotten in favour of an equally familiar adage which declares the Italianised Englishman to be an incarnate fiend.||

Madame Galletti's cynical view of Italian life is in truth an amusing contrast to the idyllic vein of the ordinary tourist. The experiences of the latter have chiefly lain among the more polished rustics of the Tuscan Apennine, who hold rhyme-tournaments in their village streets, and wake their mountain echoes to Tasso's verse, while she has broken new ground among the comparatively truculent population of the Adriatic slope. Each class of travellers has told the truth as it presented itself to themselves; the mistake is made by those who try to generalise from the idiosyncrasies of one section of the Italian population to those of the remainder. The spirit of local individualism—in politics somewhat inharmoniously dubbed 'regionalism'—has its roots deep in the traditional prejudices of the people, and has hitherto prevented any general fusion of race corresponding to the national unification of Italy.

Our authoress's account of her 'Home by the Adriatic' has all the authority of a twelve years' experience. The late Lord Monkswell, with his customary kindness and liberality, purchased lands on the Adriatic, formerly the property

* 'Fiorentini ciechi, Pisani traditori.'

† 'A Roma dottori, a Napoli ladroni.' ‡ 'I Brescian tagliacantoni.'

§ 'Dove son due Monfi, due ladri e un assassin.'

|| 'Inglese Italianato è un diavolo incarnato.'

of the Church, and presented them to his daughter, who married a Piedmontese officer and settled as a resident proprietor on that 'other side of Italy' where she hoped to 'see Italian ways in all their unsullied primitiveness.' This romantic desire was certainly gratified to the utmost, and the present volume gives the public the result of her experience. Written with a vivid terseness of diction and pointed power of narration which give artistic value to its pages, it is at once a social satire, and an autobiographical record of a long struggle against the forces of local conservatism arrayed against innovation.

The inertia of the Middle Ages still weighs on society in these remote nooks of Italy, and a daughter of the nineteenth century, fresh from the culture of an English home, was a living anachronism in such a country. In Italy the compensations of natural beauty are at any rate seldom wanting, particularly on that eastern slope whence the Dalmatian highlands, dark against the dawn, suggest a vision of a further and fairer Apennine cradled in the Adriatic wave. Here, on a solitary plateau a thousand feet above the sea, and two miles from the nearest village, our authoress fixed her home in what had been originally a *capellania*, or priest's house, with the church and a peasant's dwelling attached.

'It was' (she says) 'a lovely but lonely spot, with a panoramic view bounded eastward by the sea and westward by the highest Apennines, among which the Gran Sasso d' Italia was plainly visible. A score of quaint little towns, all fortified, were perched on the neighbouring hilltops; the valleys were fertile with vines and olives, flax and corn, and some of this we could look on with the pride and pleasure of possession.'

The lady's reception by her tenantry, who held on the system termed *colonica*, otherwise *mezzeria*, based on a division of produce, was somewhat overwhelming in its demonstrativeness.

'The women flew at me and embraced me in their stalwart arms, kissing me on both cheeks; one old man also kissed me—that being, as I was informed, his mode of saluting the mother superior of a convent whose tenant he had been. Then offerings in the shape of eggs were poured into my lap, and live fowls tied together by the legs were deposited at my feet. Various compliments, of which I did not fully understand the import, were shouted into my ears, it being evidently supposed that the dialect, if spoken loud enough, must be intelligible even to a foreigner. I was then regaled with a plentiful supply of boiled eggs and with *quagliata*, which is precisely our Devonshire junket, made with ewe's instead of cow's milk, and

ciambelli—as cakes in the form of a circle are called—made of flour, sugar, oil, and wine before it has fermented.’

These Arcadian relations were of short duration, and the principal tenant proving refractory had to be evicted, with the significant result that the land in the first year yielded its owner quadruple the profit previously accounted for. Farm labourers, too, were insubordinate, occasionally leaving their work in a body; and domestic strikes, occurring with equal suddenness in the household, sometimes compelled the family to take up their quarters in the nearest hotel.

These overt acts of hostility were probably due to the purchase by a foreigner and a Protestant of Church lands, an offence to the superstitious beliefs, even more than to the religious susceptibilities, of an ignorant population. The curse of sacrilege, as in England at the time of the secularisation of the monasteries, is believed to attach to such investments; and all family misfortunes, the violent death of the head of a house, or special mortality among its children, are considered sufficiently explained if their scene be laid among the vines or olive groves of some despoiled community. Thus the periodical clearances of Madame Galletti’s establishment, ascribed by her to mere *capricci*, or whims on the part of her retainers, were doubtless due to panic on this score, and are scarcely to be counted among the ordinary incidents of Italian life. An occurrence related by herself may well have intensified the feeling—the death on the eve of his marriage by a fatal accident of the one peasant who had attached himself to his master’s interests, even abandoning his religion out of compliment to the ‘liberalism’ of the latter. Here at least was a judgement ready made to point the moral of the pious, and stimulate the fears of the timid.

It was but natural that Madame Galletti’s view of her rural neighbours should have been a little warped by their hostile attitude; and even from her own pages we can gather evidence of good qualities, to which, in her general estimate of them, she scarcely gives sufficient weight. Their industry and frugality were such as to make her wonder how they could live on the small allowance of sleep and food permitted by the *régime* described as follows:—

‘They are seldom in bed before midnight, and all through the summer are up again at three. The dinner of our labourers consisted of a hunch of bread and any fruit which might be in season—an apple, a pear, or a bunch of grapes—that was all. Wine is a rare luxury with the poorer class of peasants, and meat or eggs rarer still.’

A people so stinted of the barest necessities of life may, we think, be excused for failing in appreciation of the æsthetic beauties of wild flowers, and even for contemptuously stigmatising a bunch of maidenhair fern, gathered by the authoress, as an *erba* good neither for food nor medicine. The accusation of an absence of extensive personal ablutions might be levelled against the lower classes in all countries. Cold baths are not, we imagine, indulged in by any peasantry outside the tropics, and the workhouse tub is notoriously one of the many deterrents with which the stern benevolence of that institution repels the British tramp.

The manners of the better classes furnish Madame Galletti's satirical pen with themes for ridicule in which we can more heartily join. Among her first startling experiences was the advent of a lady visitor in the following primitive fashion:—

'She arrived on horseback—or, I should rather say, on donkey-back—and she rode astride. She announced a desire to speak with the signora, but first begged that she and her donkey-boy might be refreshed with food, as they had come a long way. The pair seated themselves at the kitchen table, and were served. I was informed, meantime, that a lady—a very great lady—was waiting in the kitchen to speak to me. Understanding that the great lady preferred the kitchen to any other room, I descended, and found a good-looking woman, well dressed in the old-fashioned style, with a black lace veil and a fan. Her manner was courteous and dignified, and I felt, when she remounted her donkey and rode away, that I had been the object of much condescension.'

A society in which company is received in a bedroom where the inmate has already retired to rest, in which the maid-servant strikes into the musical entertainment, and the man-servant occasionally belabours his mistress, furnished our countrywoman with much food for wonder and amusement. Ladies who sought to dissipate their *ennui* by lighting successive boxes of lucifer matches could scarcely have afforded her much companionship, and their attempts at conversation generally took the form of rigorous cross-examination. Hereditary feuds, which in the Middle Ages implied mutual extermination, still survive in the mitigated form of mutual avoidance, cutting off the inmates of the great gaunt *palazzi* from the resources of social intercourse.

A more pleasing survival of mediæval manners is described in the village magnate who keeps open house, not only to passing travellers, but for the decayed gentry whose families once vied with his own.

'Neighbours lower in the social scale are also admitted; these form a sort of court, and are expected to make themselves useful at a pinch—help to cook the dinner, look after the children, help to wait at table, &c. When not otherwise occupied, they keep their benefactor company—listen to his stories, laugh at his jokes, retail or invent gossip—and so earn their dinner or their supper. One day in the week bread is distributed to all who apply for it, and their name is legion. On that day the house is in a state of siege; incessant is the knocking at the door, and loud the clamours for "*pane, pane*." At Easter *ciambelli* are distributed in the same lavish manner.'

Few of the hereditary nobility are in a position to keep up this baronial state, and Madame Galletti knows one noble count who works as a bricklayer, and a second employed as a carpenter—has seen the granddaughters of a countess working in the fields, and another highborn maiden earning five francs a month in domestic service in a family inferior to her own.

The authoress found more congenial acquaintances in a singular little colony consisting of the descendants of the daughters of an English family, settled in the country for some fifty years, who have transmitted their national language and traditions through three generations. Frequent intermarriages among the scions of the original stock have maintained the distinctiveness of the race, among whom blond hair and blue eyes still bespeak an Anglo-Saxon parentage.

Brigandage is rather a tradition than a reality in this part of Italy; but a dramatic incident which occurred fifty years ago at Forlimpopoli gives an idea of its former ascendancy.

'A band of brigands surprised a theatre, and, gagging the actors and actresses behind the scenes, presented themselves on the stage before the audience, who, as yet unconscious of anything being amiss, began to applaud vociferously, until the brigand chief, stepping forward with his loaded gun pointed at the spectators, exclaimed, "The first who moves or speaks shall be shot." Dead silence immediately ensued, only broken by the commands of the bold brigand, who sent one notability after the other to go and fetch his money, leaving his wife and daughters as hostages till his return. Having made his collection, the impudent ruffian bowed low and retired, remarking that he left his guards at the door, and must request the signori to remain quietly in their places for two hours until he was safe off.'

The audacity of this hero surpassed even that of Manzi, the Fra Diavolo of our generation. He some twelve years ago not only occupied a box opposite that of the Prefect in a State performance at the theatre of Salerno, but sent his card to that dignitary next day.

Among the more sympathetically drawn figures on our authoress's entertaining pages, is that of Giuditta, the village letter carrier, introduced to us in the following vignette in words:—

'I used to think what a picturesque figure she made in the landscape, in her peasant costume, with her basket on her head, her distaff in her hand, her scarlet kerchief and blue gown turned up over a white petticoat, which scarcely reached beyond her knees, and contrasted with her shapely brown legs. She was a grand-looking woman, of majestic height and erect bearing, and seemed just the proper foreground for the landscape of oaks and olives, blue sea and sky, and snow-capped Apennines that lay behind her.'

But the plot of our heroine's troubles thickened as she and her husband, in the interests of the community, engaged in a struggle with the local authorities; and here she hits the great blot in the administrative system of Italy. Local self-government, the panacea of modern democracy for all the ills society is heir to, may be studied here in full working order, with the abuses to which it gives rise largely exemplified. The glory of the historic communes of Italy—in reality sovereign states—is believed by some of the most thoughtful writers of that country to have been the *ignis fatuus* of contemporary politicians, leading them astray in the direction of local autonomy. The attempt to reconcile the conflicting ideals of homogeneous nationality and regional individualism has resulted in the present system, under which Italy, according to the boast of the Minister Zanardelli in the Chamber in 1878, enjoys 'the greatest communal autonomy of any country in Europe.' How far this is an unmixed blessing, we shall see from Madame Galletti's narrative and other corroborative evidence.

The municipal charter of Italy is contained in the communal and provincial law (*legge comunale e provinciale*) of March 20, 1865, the first article of which is, that 'the kingdom is divided into provinces, departments, districts, and communes.'* Of these four divisions, the two intermediate ones may be neglected, the one being but a subdivision of provincial officialism, and the other a purely judicial circumscription. The commune is thus the organic unit of the body politic, which consists of an aggregation of 8,300 of these primary administrative atoms. Though varying in size between the lesser areas containing two to three hundred, and the greater numbering as many hundreds

* Il regno si divide in provincie, circondari, mandamenti e comuni.

of thousands of inhabitants, the machinery of government is in all cases the same. The number of members in the elective communal council varies, indeed, in proportion to that of the population between a minimum of fifteen for less than 3,000, and a maximum of eighty for over 250,000 inhabitants. The electoral qualification varies also between a yearly payment of 5 francs in direct taxes for the lesser, and 25 francs for the greater, communes. Renewed every five years by annual election of a fifth of its members, the functions of the council are the same for all. These are practically delegated to the *junta*, a body consisting of from four to ten of its members, assisted by from two to ten assessors, which is in constant session, and forms the working committee of the generally *fainéant* village parliament. It is supposed to control, but is more often controlled by, the syndic, or mayor, whose acts require its nominal sanction. This dignitary, at once the local magistrate and a State official, since he is nominated by the Crown, is practically the despotic chief of his microscopic realm. Neither he nor the councillors are entitled to salaries, but may claim to be indemnified for actual expenses.

The organisation of the province repeats that of the commune, a State official, the prefect, presiding over its elective council. The lesser body is nominally subordinated to the greater, the communal accounts being subject to revision, and increased taxation to the prefect's veto, on petition from a tenth of the taxpayers. These restrictions are, however, practically illusory, as Madame Galletti tells us in the following paragraph:—

‘Every deliberation must be passed by the *giunta*, which assembles once a week, approved by the council, which generally meets twice a year, and must be signed by the sub-prefect, or by the prefect of the *provincia*, occasionally even by the ministry. But the *giunta* is often composed of the mayor's particular friends, and in the little villages of the servants and dependants of the same. The council is exceedingly careless and indifferent. As for the prefect, he has the deliberations of so many communes to attend to, that he signs papers having but a vague idea of their contents; so that the elaborate system of superintendence instituted by the Government results simply in making all business matters very tedious. It is no check upon dishonesty; on the contrary, the extreme complication of all arrangements makes confusion excusable and fraud hard to discover.’

Such a system sets a premium on peculation, and in the particular case under consideration the guardians of the

public purse, described as follows, were not likely to be behindhand in availing themselves of their opportunities:—

‘He (the syndic) was connected by ties of the closest relationship with a member of the Camorra who had betrayed his associates, and who had been murdered by them; and it was rumoured that he himself was no stranger to that secret and formidable society. His assistants in municipal work appeared ill-chosen; the village magistrate (*giudice conciliatore*) could not read or write, and most of the members of the *giunta* had had the misfortune to have spent some portion of their lives in jail.’

If we turn to Signor Turiello’s pages in the work among our headings, we find that the circumstances of this commune were nowise exceptional, and it is in the south that the abuses of municipal government, like all other abuses, attain their maximum.

‘In the Neapolitan provinces (he says) those partisan struggles which were glorified in the famous historic communes by great aims or great men, are repeated at the present day on a smaller scale, and on a meaner field of action, between rival families and their clients in every little village.’

The concentration of all local authority in these cases in the hands of a clique renders the manipulation of the electorate easy, and reduces the minority to a condition of despairing impotence. In the commune of Amatrice (Abruzzi), we are told that in the summer of 1877 not one of the eight hundred communal electors went to the poll to take part in the annual election of councillors, because, according to a local paper, the public saw no remedy for the grievous economic conditions of the commune. In Corata, again, an Apulian city of thirty thousand inhabitants, there polled in 1879 but thirty voters. In this case a group of ‘progressist’ politicians had devoted their energies during a triennial rule to the destruction of public gardens and monuments.

The circle of political corruption is completed by an alliance between the municipal authorities and the parliamentary representatives, whose influence, in return for due servility, is brought to bear on the Ministry to shield them in their malpractices.

‘We have come to this’ (writes the ‘Pungolo’ of Naples, October 11, 1877), ‘that if the communal council of a municipality opposes a deputy, he puts such pressure on the Minister of the Interior that the council is dissolved.’

A docile majority, on the other hand, may, according to

Signor Turiello, be retained unchanged for twenty years by either of two very simple expedients.

'In the revision of the lists on the eve of the election, as many voters are added by the authority of the provincial council as are notoriously required to secure the return of the favoured candidates; or, if by some strange accident the council elected should prove unacceptable, the election is annulled under some pretext.'

The rural administration is such as might be expected from this confederacy of corrupt interests. In many districts—notably throughout the Calabrias and Basilicata—the communal roads, newly made at the expense of the ratepayers, are fast lapsing into ruin; while the product of excessive taxation is lavished on showy public buildings, in which each little market town seeks to rival the great capitals.

In some cases the rates are farmed out to a creature of the syndic, and the two combine to exact double or treble the amount legally due. Signor Turiello knows of one commune in which the public burdens were thus quadrupled during a period of five years, the poorer peasants who are not municipal electors being the chief sufferers. This mode of extortion, in addition to its main end of enriching the perpetrators, also serves to punish opposition. Thus in the case of a miller who was rate collector as well, the municipal taxes were mainly levied on the customers of a rival millowner, whose competition was thus successfully crushed despite a rising of the peasantry in his favour.

We read of one commune in the Basilicata where the syndic had not convoked the council for three years, during which he regularly fabricated reports of its proceedings; and of another where neither syndic nor schoolmistress could read or write, and the municipal secretary used his command of those accomplishments to alter or amend at his pleasure all official acts. We are not surprised to learn that the carriage road to this enlightened community is fast degenerating into a mule track.

The legal remedy constitutionally available is by no means sought in all cases where it is required. Yet in the first half of 1875 no fewer than 203 syndics—of whom 140 belonged to Sicily and 38 to the kingdom of Naples—were arraigned for various acts, such as peculation, forgery, and arbitrary arrests. The ruder redress of revolt is sometimes sought by the peasantry, generally to the cry of 'Long live the king!' 'Down with the municipality!' A series of such risings, leading to armed encounters with the public

forces, took place throughout South Italy in 1880-81, and some politicians have given expression to the fear that advantage might be taken of any national crisis to massacre the hated ruling class.

Individual liberty is hampered by vexatious restrictions. One syndic prescribes the date of all agricultural operations, another enacts repressive bylaws prohibiting the most innocent actions, such as partially unloading a cart by the wayside to lessen the labour of a horse in drawing it up a hill. Thus Ouida's fiction of 'A Village Commune,' though coloured by her florid imagination, is seen to be based on actual fact.

Intercommunal traffic is checked by a network of customs barriers, the *dazio di consumo* or tax on comestibles being the foundation of municipal revenue. The working of this system may be illustrated by the case of one of the Sorrentine hotels, which, being situated in the adjoining commune of Sant' Agnello, can only get its supplies duty free from the market by the stratagem of receiving them through a neighbour's garden with a back door on the right side of the frontier. Ingenious smugglers are occasionally detected in the practice of fraudulent devices, like that of a lady whose carriage when stopped at the gates of Rome was found to have a ham secreted under each of its cushions.

But it is the financial aspect of the communal system in Italy that fills her statesmen with the gravest alarm for the economic future of the country. Self-government, even on this minute scale, implies the privilege or penalty of self-taxation, and the result is that the peninsula is devoured from end to end by a triple-headed monster of accumulating indebtedness. Financial ministers declare that they 'tremble' at the number of decrees for fresh loans they are called on to present for the royal signature,* and parliamentary reports pronounce the communal and provincial budgets to be 'the darkest page of the future.'†

The rate of growth both of debt and expenditure is so prodigious as to threaten a catastrophe. While from 1863 to 1879 the State budget had grown, in round numbers, from 800 to 1,500 millions (francs), that of the communes had risen from 262 to 479 millions, and that of the provinces in a somewhat less rapid ratio. Communal indebted-

* Financial Statement of Seismit Doda, June 3, 1878.

† Report to the Budget Commission, March 1879, by Signor Corbetta.

ness, on the other hand, rose from 534 millions, due on December 31, 1873, to 701 millions at the close of 1876; and there is said to be scarcely a single commune in Italy which is not reduced to maintain by borrowing the equilibrium of income and expenditure required by law. Signor Corbetta's report, just quoted, sums up the situation by saying that the communal debt in 1877 attained the figure of 701 millions, of which 500 were owed by those communes (only twenty-one in all) with a population exceeding 50,000; that these debts are increasing at the rate of 40 millions a year; that the communes pay in interest, charges, and sinking fund, 110 millions a year; that the provinces have a debt of 90 millions; and that provinces and communes, taking into account the diminution of their incomes from alienation of their lands, close their budgets with an annual deficit of 40 to 45 millions.

These figures show that local government is a somewhat expensive luxury, and are a fresh illustration of the impotence of elective machinery as a check upon administrative prodigality and corruption. But the communes of Italy are by no means peculiar in their financial abuses. In France the vast indebtedness of the communes is a serious aggravation of the public burdens of the nation. In 1883 fifty-three departments could not balance their receipts and expenditure without assistance from the State; and in some of them the communal rates are doubled by the interest payable on the communal debt. Nor is our own country free from the same symptoms of municipal extravagances. We showed not long ago that within the last twenty years the corporations of our great towns have raised upwards of 150 millions in loans on the security of the rates. Wherever local autonomy has got possession of the public purse, there is far more disposition to spend than to save. We hold the Royal Government of Italy to be one of the wisest and ablest in Europe, especially in the management of the finances of the kingdom, which it has raised to a high pitch of credit; but it would seem that the communal administration escapes its vigilance or lies beyond its control.

Against these and other similar abuses Madame Galletti and her husband, in their '*Home by the Adriatic*,' made a gallant, and in the end successful, fight. They underwent many persecutions and annoyances, but eventually triumphed; not only was the fraudulent syndic superseded, but M. Galletti di Cadilhac was appointed in his place, with results best summed up in the authoress's own words.

‘The municipality has been freed from debt; the taxation revised; the new cemetery (the foundations of which had to be reconstructed) is finished; the schools, which before can scarcely be said to have existed, having been rearranged and provided with competent masters and mistresses, are well attended; even the evening school, constituted for the grown-up villagers who cannot read or write, counts many members; and the *asilo infantile* for children from three to six, who are provided with their dinners, washed, combed, and amused all day, is always full. All these things have not been obtained without difficulty and much personal sacrifice. There has been opposition from those for whose benefit they were devised; there have been murmurings and discontent; there have been disturbances, for the evil had left its roots behind it. But the spectacle of order, cleanliness, and comfort, in a place where so lately reigned confusion, squalor, and misery in a supreme degree, is more than sufficient reward for much labour and much suffering.’

If Madame Galletti has been the pioneer of such a reform as this, helping to remedy and make known a great and growing evil, Italians and lovers of Italy may well pardon her a few harmless shafts of ridicule in consideration of the substantial benefit she will have conferred on her adopted country.

ART. VI.—*The Douglas Book*. By WILLIAM FRASER, C.B., LL.D. In four volumes 4to. Edinburgh: 1886. (Privately printed.)

YET another of Mr. William Fraser's monumental works on Scottish family history is before us, not assuredly the least interesting or important of the series. Scotts of Buccleugh, Stewarts of Menteith, Stirlings of Keir, Mackenzies, Montgomeries, Maxwells, Colquhouns, Lennoxes and Frasers, must all yield the palm to the descendants of that ‘dark, iron grey man,’ Sholto Dhu Glass, who hovers, dimly seen, and intangible by the utmost antiquarian industry, on the confines of authentic narrative. Scarcely the unborn progeny of Æneas mustered a more imposing company in the Shades, or the predestined scions of Este in the grotto of Merlin, than the long procession of Douglasses, Black and Red, who defile across the ample pages of the gorgeous volumes we are proud and fortunate to possess. Nor is their learned author unworthy to take a place beside even such well-versed genealogists as Anchises or Melissa. It is true he professes to read, not the future, but the past; his knowledge is no ‘gift of Persephone,’ but the fruit of the toil-

some researches of a lifetime. The spirits at his command—*un gran numero eletto*—dwell in antique muniment-chests, whisper their secrets from black-letter grants and charters, own as the symbols of their bondage armorial seals, escutcheons, half-defaced inscriptions, yellow and tattered manuscripts. To his possession of the *ferrea vox* denied to the Sibyl, not the present voluminous work alone bears witness, but many others of the same class, reviewed at intervals in these pages. Already in the days of the Bruce the sexton of St. Bride's had a story to tell of Douglas deeds and heroes, too long for the patience of Sir Aymer de Valence. 'A less matter,' he protested, 'would hold a well-breathed minstrel in subject for recitation for a calendar month, Sundays and holidays included.'* Yet the House was then only in its beginnings. Six eventful centuries have since added their quota of vicissitudes to the tale.

The inheritance of the Douglas and Angus estates, which devolved upon the late Countess of Home by the death of her mother, the Dowager Lady Montagu, in January 1859, brought in its train the possession of an extensive collection of family papers. The printing of the more important among them was suggested by and entrusted to Mr. William Fraser, already distinguished as a genealogist; and much interest was taken in the progress of the work both by the Earl and Countess of Home. Its completion neither of them lived to witness; but their son, the present Earl, has spared no cost or pains in carrying out the design of his parents. He has unquestionably raised a noble monument to the best kind of family pride. Even the 'grand old gardener,' reputed more than commonly indifferent to the 'claims of long descent,' could scarcely, one would think, remain wholly unimpressed by the splendours of the Douglas ancestry thus detailed and commemorated. Towers, castles, palaces moulder into ruins; hosts of retainers drop off like withered leaves; lands can be alienated, dignities disappear, titles become extinct; but a printed book survives as long as civilisation itself; it confers a species of terrestrial immortality upon those whose deeds it records; its emergence from the press marks the beginning for them of a new kind of vicarious existence in the thoughts of others. As Shakespeare says in the 'powerful rhyme' of one of the most beautiful of his sonnets:—

* Castle Dangerous, c. ix. Referred to at p. lxxxviii of the 'Douglas Book.'

'When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
And broils root out the work of masonry,
Nor Mars his sword, nor war's quick fire shall burn
The living record of your memory.
'Gainst death and all oblivious enmity
Shall you pace forth; your praise shall still find room
Even in the eyes of all posterity
That wear this world out to the ending doom.'

Inscrutability of family origin was a traditional Douglas vaunt. 'You may see us in the stem,' they used to say, 'you cannot discover us in the root; you may see us in the stream, you cannot trace us to the fountain.' Towards the close of the twelfth century, accordingly, they abruptly present themselves before us, already possessors of Douglasdale in Lanarkshire, and already a power in the State. How they came to be what and where they were, of what ethnical ingredients their masterful natures were composed, whether the land gave its name to the lords or the lords to the land, it has proved vain to enquire, and would profit little to know. The wonder of their selection by destiny (so called) to play the part they did would be no whit the less could we trace back their pedigree in a line of unbroken descent to Japhet, and map and date the vagaries of their footsteps from the plateau of Pamir to the skirts of Cairntable. Their presence, however, if of uncertain origin, was undeniable in its effects.

'An exhaustive history of the families of Douglas and Angus,' Mr. Fraser justly remarks, 'almost includes the history of Scotland. At an early period in the annals of their country the Douglasses are found prominent in battle, in the Church, and at Court. In the national struggles for freedom and independence, their names and memories are cherished second only to those of Wallace and of Bruce. As warriors, they long held the distinguished position of leading the van of the royal armies in battle, and as senators of giving the first vote in Parliament, and also of carrying the crown at royal coronations. They thus long held the hereditary right of doing what in modern times was ascribed to one great member of another illustrious house, who was said

"To shake alike the senate and the field."

The great qualities of the race developed in the adversity of their country. Sir William Douglas, surnamed 'the Hardy,' was as good a patriot as the distracted nature of the times allowed. He did homage to Edward I., but fought under Wallace, forfeited his estates, and died a captive in the Tower of London in 1298. He appears to have given himself up on a point of honour, and was never released. Yet he was no tame gaolbird. From within his

cage, flappings of helpless furious wings are by chance audible to us. He is said to have comported himself at Berwick in a 'very savage and very abusive' fashion; and his temper is unlikely to have become mollified with the fuller persuasion of his hopeless captivity. But the Tower has closely kept the secret of his end.

The eldest son of William the Hardy was still a boy when his father's career thus came to an untimely close. His prospects were not bright. A stranger was in possession of his inheritance; Scotland lay prostrate at the tyrannous feet of the English king; his own safety and education were provided for in exile. In due time, however, he made trial of his fate. Presenting himself in the English camp before Stirling, about 1302, he demanded the restoration of his paternal estates, which had been handed over to Sir Robert Clifford. Under the lash of a stern denial, he left the royal presence in wrath which proved inextinguishable, and with that deep hatred of the Southron planted in his heart which nerved his strong arm to many a desperate deed.

'Among the many heroes,' our author writes, 'of the wars for Scottish independence whose names are cherished in the remembrance of a grateful posterity, the Good Sir James of Douglas takes rank with Wallace and the royal Bruce. Succeeding to the misfortunes of his heroic but martyred sire, and withal inheriting his dauntless and unbroken spirit, Scotland had no more successful champion for her liberties and freedom than the "doughty Douglas." Side by side with his king he laboured with unflinching fidelity and devotion amid dangers, privations, desertions, defeats, painful toilings, and hairbreadth escapes, until by a series of successes, to which he largely contributed, his country was redeemed from an alien yoke, and he had at length the satisfaction of seeing the independence of his country settled on a basis of enduring stability. No wonder he was beloved of his sovereign, and entrusted by him when dying with a most sacred mission, to bear his heart to the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, nor less wonder can it be that the story of his life and deeds of chivalry are recounted to the youth of every succeeding generation, as an example alike of pure and ardent patriotism and of heroic daring.

'So closely associated with King Robert the Bruce in all his sufferings and wanderings, as also in his victories and ultimate success, was Sir James of Douglas, that the historians of the one cannot discharge their task without in large measure detailing the history of the other. Hence in the noble epic poem of Barbour, which traces the life and battles of "The Bruce," the Good Sir James occupies a position little inferior to that of the king himself.' (Vol. i. p. 105.)

Through his exploits it was that Castle Douglas became known as the 'Adventurous Castle.' Three several times he captured the place by stratagem or surprise, burning, devas-

tating, finally razing it to the ground. It was not in his humour to stand a siege in it. He 'loved better to hear the 'lark sing than the mouse cheep.' But if he could not hold it himself, he succeeded in making it a sore holding for others. The hideous incident of the 'Douglas Larder' finds a place in every history of Scotland. The problem to be solved was how to render the enemy's stock of provisions off-hand and completely unfit for human food. Not without a shudder can the solution found for it be detailed. To endless bushels of flour and meal, grain and malt, piled up in one vast heap on the cellar floor, were added, in plenty to correspond, stove-in hogsheads of wine and ale; the carcases, still palpitating, of slaughtered sheep and oxen were flung in the midst; then, by a ghastly consummation, the prisoners of the garrison were massacred on the spot, and the reeking mass was soaked with their blood, and crowned with their corpses! Yet this was done by a pattern of chivalry!

The third capture of the stronghold had more romantic associations.

'The story is told of a wealthy heiress of noble English birth, beset with suitors, assembling them all at a festivity, and a minstrel having sung the deeds of the redoubtable Douglas in his own lands, and the danger of holding such a hazardous but honourable post as Douglas Castle, she openly declared her intention to bestow her hand upon the knight who should hold it for a year and a day in the interests of the King of England. Of all the knights who surrounded her table only one, Sir John de Wanton, was found brave enough to accept the conditions. His offers to hold the post were accepted, and he it was who at this time was in command of Douglas Castle, with a stronger garrison than any of his predecessors.

'Understanding that the castle was not over-well stocked with supplies, Douglas conceived a stratagem whereby he might draw out the governor with his troops into an ambush, and then overthrow them. On the morning of a great fair day at Lanark, after placing his men in ambush at a convenient spot, he instructed fourteen of them to fill sacks with grass, throw them over the backs of their horses, and, concealing their armour under countrymen's frocks, to drive their beasts past the castle as if they were traders on their way to market. The passage of the large cavalcade with provender so much needed by the garrison was reported to Sir John de Wanton, who at once ordered his men to start in pursuit, and rode at their head. They passed the ambuscade unheeded, and drew near their supposed prize, when suddenly the sacks were thrown away, the rustic garments followed, and Douglas's men leaping on their horses, the English were confronted with a body of well-armed and resolute warriors. Sir John de Wanton at once attempted a retreat to the castle, but only turned to find himself beset on all sides, and in the struggle which ensued the garrison

were overpowered, and nearly all slain, with their commander. On his dead body, it is said, was discovered a letter from the lady in the hope of whose hand and heart he had accepted his fatal post. Douglas next proceeded to the castle, which was yielded up to him. On their surrender he not only spared the lives of the English soldiers who had remained therein during the affray, but dismissed them with marks of kindness to their own country. On this occasion Douglas razed the castle to the ground. (Vol. i. p. 118.)

Upon these incidents Sir Walter Scott founded his novel 'Castle Dangerous,' in which Douglas figures as the 'Knight of the Tomb.' His tall spare form and swarthy complexion fitted him to go disguised as the King of Terrors; and, indeed, most of his foes would gladly have exchanged his formidable presence for that of the spectre he personated. The mere sound of his name sufficed to scare English children into good behaviour; and it is related that at the surprise of Roxburgh on Shrove Tuesday, 1314, a soldier's wife was hushing her babe to sleep with the comforting promise, 'The Black Douglas shall not get ye,' when a deep voice beside her muttered, 'You are not so sure of that,' a heavy hand was laid on her shoulder, and looking up she found herself in the dreaded presence of the nursery bogie. It is pleasant to hear that mother and child were protected amid the carnage that followed.

Sir James Douglas had true military genius. In strategy, as in prowess, he was esteemed barely inferior to the Bruce himself. Of seventy engagements fought by him, he was victorious in all save thirteen. As a divisional general in a pitched battle, his qualities were finely displayed at Bannockburn. In the conduct of border forays, he was without a rival. His ambushes and stratagems are never recorded to have miscarried. His secrets were uniformly well kept; faithful unto death himself, he was rewarded with the fidelity of others. Of him was written the line in the old allegory of 'The Howlat,' which finds a place among the stray survivals from forgotten poems:—

'O Douglas! O Douglas! tender and true!'

For, fierce and even savage as was his mode of warfare, no gentler or gayer knight trod in lady's bower once his weapons were laid aside.

A noble career was crowned by a still nobler end. King Robert, dying of leprosy, June 7, 1329, enjoined upon the friend and comrade in arms of his youth to bear his heart to the Holy Sepulchre, and the sacred trust was embraced

by Douglas with more than his accustomed ardour. But he was arrested, midway towards its accomplishment, by the inexorable consequence of his own chivalric devotion. Learning at Seville that the King of Castile was at war with the Moors, he proffered aid eagerly welcomed, and fell on the plain of Teba in Andalusia, August 25, 1330. If Barbour is to be believed, he paid his life as the price of the rescue of Sir William Sinclair of Roslyn from a swarming Saracen horde. Beneath his body, and reddened with his blood, was found the silver casket containing the Bruce's heart, and thenceforward the blazoned 'three stars' of the Douglas coat-of-arms were augmented with a 'bleeding heart.' The remains of the hero were brought home by his sorrowing followers, and deposited in St. Bride's church, where a monument was erected to him by his son, the 'Grim' Earl of Douglas. In spite of Cromwellian defacements, the dark stone effigy is still identifiable with him who was styled 'Malleus Anglorum.' The crossed legs denote the crusader; the right arm in act to draw the sword from a scabbard held by the left implies a career arrested, a hand laid to rest before it was weary.

Among the Douglas heirlooms is a sword of state said to have been a deathbed gift from the Bruce to his friend. A rude inscription, evidently of later origin, conveys in jolting rhymes the last pathetic royal command, with an eulogium upon the Douglas family premature in 1329:—

‘So many guid as of the Douglas been,
Of ane surname, were never in Scotland seen.’

Of the celebrated 'Emerald Charter,' on the other hand, only the terms have been preserved in the record of the Great Seal of Bruce. This unique document owed its distinctive title to a ring placed by the king on the finger of Douglas in token of perpetual investiture in the privileges it enumerated.

Mr. Fraser has ascertained that the 'good Sir James' was married, and left a son and heir, who was slain at Halidon Hill, July 19, 1333, while still under age. In the same battle fell his uncle, Sir Archibald Douglas, youngest son of William 'the Hardy,' by Eleanor de Ferrers, an English heiress, whom he had won for his second wife by the unceremonious courtship of forcible abduction. Sir Archibald was appointed Regent of Scotland during the minority of David II., and to his rashness in exposing his army to the 'fatal hail-shower' of English arrows was imputed a defeat

which robbed Scotland of the flower of her nobility, and sent Scottish patriots once more to the fastnesses where they were unassailable, and could remain free. Free under difficulties, and with considerable penalties of famine, pestilence, and slaughter. The sufferings of the afflicted people during the twenty-two years' struggle ensuing upon Halidon Hill are but too vividly disclosed by the one atrocious fact that cannibalism, no longer the last expedient of agonising nature, rose to the dignity of a profession in the person of 'Christian of the Cleek.'

The popular hero of the renewed guerilla warfare was the 'Knight of Liddesdale.' He was a Douglas of Lothian, and was thought to have revived the glories of his cousin, the 'good Sir James.' But not even such brilliant feats as the surprise of Edinburgh Castle could render the comparison, still less his appellation as the 'Flower of Chivalry,' appropriate. For his nature was deeply tainted with treachery, and his memory is for ever blackened by one terrible crime. Sir Alexander Ramsay, a soldier no less illustrious than himself, had fought by his side during nine years; they were friends, comrades, associates in the same hopes and in the same cause, until jealousy came between. In reward for Ramsay's gallant storming of Roxburgh Castle, the king, in an evil hour, substituted him for Douglas in the shrievalty of Teviotdale. Furious at the undesigned slight, the lord of Liddesdale thought only of revenge. His friend was kidnapped by his orders, while in the discharge of his judicial duties, carried off to his stronghold of the Hermitage, and there deliberately starved to death. His dungeon was situated beneath a granary, the gaping floor of which allowed some grains of oats to fall at the prisoner's feet; and by their means he kept death at bay for seventeen days, hoping no doubt to the last for a rescue. But the Hermitage was remote and unassailable; and outrage had in those evil times even a longer start of the crippled powers of order than when Phoenix made his mellifluous speech in the tent of Achilles. The dark vault inexorably closed on Sir Alexander Ramsay was reopened by no indignant vindicator, but by an inquisitive workman after four hundred and fifty years. What he found was some human bones mouldering beside a heap of oaten husks, a bridle, saddle, and sword.*

* The huge bit of the bridle came into Sir Walter Scott's possession, and was by him presented to the Earl of Dalhousie, lineal descendant of Sir Alexander Ramsay. (*Tales of a Grandfather*, c. xv.)

The scene was not unsuitable to the tragedy thus revealed.*

Hermitage Castle relieves with its sullen towers the monotony of a landscape as desolate as the 'glooming flats' that met the weary gaze of Mariana. It is a place of evil repute. 'Soulis, the lord of gramarye,' had his 'warlock chamber' therein. To the keeping of his familiar fiend it is notorious that he committed the keys when he went away to his ghastly doom on the 'Nine-stane Rig.' If the castle walls have stood the wear and tear of many centuries, it is only because, according to another savage tradition, its builders cemented its foundations with human blood. Yet, even so, they have notably sunk under the weight of iniquity they carry. To be sure, the soil for miles around is of a boggy nature. 'Red Ringan's' return to the castle, 'riding all alone,' as the ballad describes him, is not without significance in a question of subsidence:—

'To the gate of the tower Lord Soulis he speeds,
As he lighted at the wall,
Says—"Where did ye stable my stalwart steeds,
And where do they tarry all?"

"We stabled them sure on the Tarras Muir;
We stabled them sure," quoth he;
"Before we could cross the quaking moss,
They were all lost but me."

The slayer of Ramsay was himself slain by a kinsman. William, first Earl of Douglas, was the son of the luckless Regent Archibald. He returned from France about 1348 to find that his patrimonial estates had been freely dealt with

* In the highly interesting and picturesque work on the 'Castellated and Domestic Architecture of Scotland,' by Mr. David Macgibbon and Mr. Thomas Ross, Architects, recently published in Edinburgh, which we recommend to the notice of our readers, there is an elaborate account of Hermitage Castle, one of the most remarkable historic edifices in Scotland. The external walls are still well preserved, though the interior is a ruin. This castle, which stands about four miles from Riccarton Junction, was first built on the present site by Nicholas de Soulis in the reigns of Alexander II. and Alexander III. in the thirteenth century. William de Douglas, Knight of Liddesdale, got a grant of the castle from David II., from whom it passed to the Earls of Angus, who enlarged it in the fifteenth century. The central portion of the old structure still remains. The north-east tower contained a dungeon in which it is said that Sir Alexander Ramsay was confined and starved to death. But there is only a very small stone hatch in the vault, and no granary above it. So much for the local tradition.

during his minority. Chief among the offenders was his guardian and godfather, the 'dark knight,' who had not only appropriated the vale of the Liddel with its dreaded keep of the Hermitage, but later (as came to be known long after his death) he had purchased release from captivity in England by traitorously consenting to hold them as the vassal of Edward III. His godson waited five years for his remedy and revenge. They were of the primitive kind unhappily not yet grown wholly out of use. The disciples of the Land League still beat out the brains of poor Irish 'land-grabbers' in precisely the same spirit as that in which the head of the House of Douglas waylaid his victim while hunting in Ettrick Forest, and made a simultaneous end of his sport and of his life. The romantic colouring given to the crime in ballad literature is dissipated by Mr. Fraser's demonstration that the 'Countess of Douglas,' letting her 'tears down fall' 'for the Knight of Liddesdale,' was a purely fictitious personage. Douglas was not an earl at the time, and he was unmarried.

The murderer none the less prospered. He regained and added to his alienated territories. He was the soul of the patriotic resistance to the lawless ambition of our third Edward. The skill of his dispositions procured for the English invaders the bootless misery of a 'Burnt Candle-mas' in East Lothian. He was created Earl of Douglas January 26, 1358, and succeeded, through his wife, to the earldom of Mar in 1374. His son married the daughter of the first Stuart king, and he himself is believed (though Mr. Fraser demurs) to have been a candidate for the throne on the extinction of the male line of the Bruce in 1371. Not even the dramatic retribution of a violent death overtook him. He expired of a fever in his ancestral castle, and was buried with due pomp in Melrose Abbey in May 1384.

His son James, second Earl of Douglas, was the hero of Otterburn—a hero after the border minstrel's own heart, intrepid, chivalric, of giant strength, potent in single combat, yet a swift and skilful guerilla, and withal tinged with the prescient melancholy of the north. His raid into Northumberland in 1388 was a favourite subject for ballads both north and south of the Tweed. In the famous one of 'Chevy-Chase,'* which moved Sir Philip Sidney's heart more

* The word 'Chevy-Chase,' though connected by tradition with the Cheviot Hills, is really a corruption of *chevauchée*, Norman-French for a 'raid.' (Burton's 'History of Scotland,' vol. ii. p. 366, 2nd ed.)

than with a trumpet, the facts are varied almost beyond recognition; but several less imaginative versions have also been preserved. One of much beauty and pathos opens as follows:—

‘ It fell about the Lammas-tide,
When the muir-men win their hay,
The doughty Douglas bound him to ride
Into England to drive a prey.

‘ And he has burn’d the dales of Tyne,
And part of Bamborough shire;
And three good towers on Reidswire fells,
He left them all on fire.

‘ And he march’d up to Newcastle,
And rode it round about;
“ O wha’s the lord of this castle,
Or wha’s the lady o’t ? ” ’

There ensued a duel, in which Sir Henry Percy (Hotspur) lost his pennon, and obtained from his magnanimous foe the promise of an opportunity to recapture it, if he could, at Otterburn within three days. Douglas thereupon marched off his army, and prepared for battle in the appointed spot. His remaining there was an act of pure chivalry. There was nothing to prevent his retiring safely to Scotland with his prey. He, however, took every precaution to secure victory, and the remains of his camp, still conspicuous on the slopes of the Fawdon Hills, about thirty-two miles north-west of Newcastle, show that surprising diligence was exercised in fortifying the Scottish position. The Percys meanwhile hastily collected a force of about six hundred men-at-arms and eight thousand infantry, outnumbering the Scots twice over, and marched for Otterburn.

‘ The evening ’ (of August 12) ‘ was well advanced,’ our author relates, ‘ when the English came in sight of the camp where the Scots, not expecting an attack so late in the day, were resting, some at supper, others asleep. Yet they were not altogether unprepared, as their plan of action had been arranged in case of a sudden attack, a piece of forethought on which Froissart bestows much praise. In the hurry of arming, when the first onslaught was made, and the war cry of “ Percy ! ” rang through the camp, it is said part of Douglas’s armour was left unfastened, and the Earl of Moray fought all night without his helmet. The Scots were fortunately favoured by a mistake made by the English in their attack. Percy and his men reached the neighbourhood of the Scottish camp unnoticed in the gathering shades of evening, and halted, it is believed, on a rising ground which lay to the left of the camp, towards Newcastle, where arrangements for the

onset were made, as Hotspur resolved to lose no time, not even to rest his followers. He detached a small force under Sir Thomas Umfraville and his brother to pass on his own right to the northward of the Scots and cut off their retreat, or to attack the Scots in rear while they were engaged with Percy. Sir Henry Percy then led the main body over the rising ground, straight towards the entrance to the camp, which, as already stated, was on the eastern side, where also the plunder was piled and the servants were lodged, whose huts, in the twilight, the English mistook for those of their masters. This delayed them, for not only was the camp well fortified, but the servants made a stout defence, and as the alarm and the English war cries sounded over the camp, Douglas and his fellow leaders had time to make their dispositions for resistance.

'The first move was to despatch a body of infantry to the aid of the servants to keep the English engaged. The rest of the Scots ranged themselves under their three principal leaders, who each knew what to do. The English soon drove back the servants, but as they forced their way further into the camp they found themselves still steadily opposed. In the meantime a large body of the Scots, under the Earl of Douglas, left the camp in silence, drew off towards a rising ground on the northward, and marching rapidly round, fell suddenly on the flank of the English, with shouts of "Douglas! Douglas!" This unexpected attack, made, as Wyntown asserts, by no fewer than twelve displayed banners, disconcerted the English; but they rallied bravely, and formed into better order. The war cries of the leaders now resounded on every side, and as the moon was shining the combat increased in intensity.

'Froissart, who wrote from the account of eye-witnesses and combatants, says that at the first encounter many on both sides were struck down. The Englishmen kept well together, and fought so fiercely that the Scots were at first driven back. Then the Earl of Douglas advanced his banner, to which the banner of the Percys was soon opposed, and a severe fight raged in which the Scots had rather the worst, and even the Douglas pennon was for a time in danger. Knights and squires, says the historian, were of good courage, and both sides fought valiantly: cowards there had no place. The combatants met so closely that the archers could not use their bows, but the battle was waged by hand-to-hand conflict. The leaders especially were emulous of victory. When the weight and numbers of the English made their foes give way, the Earl of Douglas, "of great harte; and hygh of enterprise," seized his battleaxe, or, according to some, a heavy mace, with both hands, and rushed into the thick of the fight. Here he made way for himself in such manner that none dare approach him, and went forward "lyke a hardy Hector, wyllynge alone to conquere the felde, and to dyscomfyte his enemyes." He was well supported by his followers, who, inspired by the prowess of their noble leader, pressed upon and forced back the English; though fighting was difficult in the dim light. At last, the Earl was encountered by three spears at once; one struck him on the shoulder, another on the breast, "and the stroke glented downe to his belly." The third spear struck him on the thigh, and sore hurt with all three wounds, the hero

was by sheer force borne down to the ground. As he fell he was struck on the head with an axe, and round his body the press was so great that no aid could be given to him, while a large number of the English in retreat marched over him.

'Fortunately, when the Earl was struck down, his rank and identity were unrecognised by the English, or the issue of the conflict might have been very different. The English falling back, those Scottish knights who had closely followed Douglas came up to the spot where their leader had fallen. Beside him lay one of his personal attendants, Sir Robert Hart, while the Earl's chaplain, Richard Lundie, defended the body of the prostrate hero. The Earl's kinsman, Sir James Lindsay, with Sir John and Sir Walter Sinclair, were the first to reach their chief. The scene which followed is one of the most affecting in the annals of chivalry. When asked how he did, the dying Earl replied, "Right evil; yet, thank God, but few of my ancestors have "died in their beds. I am dying, for my heart grows faint, but I "pray you to avenge me. Raise my banner, which lyeth near me on "the ground; shew my state neither to friend or foe, lest mine "enemies rejoice, and my friends be discomfited." So saying, the Earl expired, with his war cry sounding in his ears, as Sir John Sinclair raised the fallen pennon, and his friends renewed the fight, first covering their leader's body with a mantle.

'Obeying the last words of the brave Douglas, his friends shouted his name with increased energy, as if he were still in the forefront of the fray. They pressed upon the foe with vigour, being reinforced by the Earl of Moray and his men, who, attracted by the shouts of "Douglas ! "Douglas !" rallied to the cry, and so stoutly did the Scots follow the banner of the slain Earl, that the English were driven back far beyond where his body lay. And this, indeed, was the last charge, and virtually decided the contest in favour of the Scots, as the English, tired with their long journey from Newcastle, though they had fought valiantly, now began to break their ranks, and in a short time were in full retreat. In another part of the field also, the strenuous efforts of the Earls of March and Moray had turned the tide of conquest, and Sir Ralph Percy was a prisoner.'

So a supposed prophecy and the Earl's 'dreary dream' were realised:—

'I saw a dead man win a fight,
And I think that man was I.'

Hence also Home's lines in the tragedy of 'Douglas':—

'Hosts have been known at that dread sound to yield,
And Douglas dead, his name hath won the field.'

'Froissart states,' Mr. Fraser continues, 'that of the English about one thousand and forty were taken or slain on the field, and upwards of eight hundred in the pursuit, while more than a thousand were wounded. The Scots, he says, had one hundred slain, and two hundred made prisoners, the latter chiefly because of their impetuosity in pursuit. The number of prisoners taken by the Scots was very great,

and the amount of their ransoms equalled 200,000 francs. But the rejoicing on this account, and because of the victory, was greatly mingled with sorrow at the death of the Earl of Douglas. His body was placed on a bier, and borne on the second day after the battle to the Abbey of Melrose. There his funeral obsequies were performed with due ceremony two days later, and he was buried under a tomb of stone, over which his banner was left to wave.'

Percy's pennon, the capture of which had such tragic results, is still preserved in the family of Douglas of Cavers, who, with the Douglasses of Drumlanrig and Dukes of Queensberry, claim an illegitimate descent from the slain victor of Otterburn.

He was succeeded in the earldom by Archibald, surnamed 'the Grim,' shown by Mr. Fraser to have been an illegitimate son of Sir James Douglas, the Bruce's friend. His *début* on the historical stage was made at Poitiers, where he met with an adventure described as follows:—

'When young Archibald, called "Blac Archibalde," son of Sir James Douglas, was taken prisoner, it was not known who he was, but as he wore very splendid armour his captors believed him to be some great lord. Late in the evening after the battle, when the prisoners met in the lodging in the town of Poitiers, Sir William Ramsay of Colluthie, seeing Douglas and desiring to effect his release, looked on him, and, as if in a great passion, exclaimed, "O treacherous rascal, why have you stolen the armour of your lord, my cousin? Cursed be the hour in which you were born; for he sought you the whole day, and not finding you in camp, going forth unarmed, was slain by a flying arrow. Come here, and pull off my boots." Douglas carried on the farce, approached in a trembling manner, and kneeling down, pulled off one boot, with which Ramsay beat him about the head. The English interposed, assuring Ramsay that Douglas was certainly the son of some great noble. "No," said he, "he is a scullion and a rascal." Then, to Douglas, he added, "Go, you villain, to the field, and search among the slain for your master's body, that it may have at least a decent burial." He then ransomed the feigned serving-man for forty shillings, and striking him again, bade him begone. Douglas bore the buffets patiently, and made his escape as quickly as possible; for, if the English had known who he was, they would certainly not have liberated him for his weight of gold.' (Vol. i. p. 322.)

It is added that he was dark, but not comely in countenance, more resembling 'a cook boy than a noble.' Yet this 'grim' Archibald, 'cook boy' though he looked, was a man of strenuous and not ignoble deeds. He owed the lordship of Galloway, granted to him by David II. in 1369, to his proved capacity for overawing the turbulent Galwegians; and the vigour of his administration is still visible

attested by the formidable ruins of Thrieve Castle, built by him on an islet in the Dee.* Conspicuous and significant above the entrance is a projecting stone, or 'gallows knob,' of which the appropriate 'tassel' was a dangling and struggling human body. By compendious methods of this kind order was restored, protection was afforded to the peaceable in consideration of certain fat heifers, punctually driven in to Thrieve; and the raiding and reiving Galwegian barons were taught to know their stern master. His prowess against the English in 1377 is thus described by Froissart:—

'Sir Archibald Douglas was a good knight, and much feared by his enemies; when near to the English, he dismounted, and wielded before him an immense sword, whose blade was two ells long, which scarcely another could have lifted from the ground, but he found no difficulty in handling it, and gave such terrible strokes that all on whom they fell were struck to the ground; and there were none so hardy among the English able to withstand his blows.' (Vol. ii. p. 225, Johnes.)

The Grim Earl left the power of his family considerably augmented. Through his wife, Joanna Moray, he became possessed of Bothwell and wide tracts in the north of Scotland; the whole of Galloway was annexed by grant or purchase; he scornfully refused a dukedom, when the title was introduced into Scotland in 1398; he successfully outbid the Earl of March for the honour of a royal alliance, his daughter Marjory becoming wife to the miserable Rothesay, and hence finding a niche in 'The Fair Maid of Perth.' He died at Thrieve on Christmas Eve, 1400, much regretted and belauded by contemporary writers. Wyntoun describes him as 'a lord of great bounty, of steadfastness and clear loyalty, of good devotion, and bearing a high character for justice.' Another monk-historian says that the 'Grim or Terrible' Earl 'surpassed other Scots of his time in worldly prudence, bravery and boldness, wealth and possessions. He was also very just, though rigorous in his judgements, and faithful to his promises. Wherever he went he was surrounded by a great company of knights and brave men. He held the servants of the Church in great honour, and

* Thrieve or Threave Castle is a lofty stronghold of the Douglasses, situated only two miles from Castle Douglas in Kirkcudbrightshire. The 'Hanging Stone' is one of the corbels projected to receive a hoarding for the defence of the gateway. It was undoubtedly built by Archibald the Grim Douglas towards the end of the fourteenth century.

‘ was not burdensome to monasteries or churches.’ (Vol. i. p. 351.)

His son and successor, another Archibald, is confounded with him in Scott’s striking portrait of a ‘ tremendous ’ Earl of Douglas, dreaded ‘ alike from the extent of his lands, ‘ from the numerous offices and jurisdictions with which he ‘ was invested, and from his personal qualities of wisdom ‘ and valour, mingled with indomitable pride and more than ‘ the feudal love of vengeance.’ *

The fourth earl married the eldest daughter of Robert III., and was thus doubly allied to the Crown, which, indeed, made but a poor figure beside his coronet. He combined with Albany to throw the heir apparent, his brother-in-law Rothesay, into prison; whose quickly ensuing death was officially decreed to have occurred ‘ by the visitation of ‘ Providence, and *not otherwise.*’ Yet the ‘ otherwise ’ thus anxiously excluded has survived as at least a dark doubt in history.

The career of this second Archibald was more splendid than fortunate. His military ill luck, in fact, procured him his surname of the ‘ Tineman,’ or Loser; since in almost every one of the many battles fought by him, he was either defeated, wounded, or taken prisoner. More than once he incurred all these mischances simultaneously. For instance, at Halidon Hill, September 14, 1402, where, his generalship showing more valour than discretion, the ‘ cloth yard long ’ English arrows made havoc of his army, and he himself, though clad in armour which had cost three years’ labour to fashion, was wounded in five places, including the loss of an eye. While the prisoner of Hotspur, he concerted with him the revolt crushed by Henry IV. at Shrewsbury. How the ‘ renowned Douglas ’ bore him on that day, Shakespeare, with something of a poet’s freedom, has told us. This time he owed his captivity to the stumbling of his horse, and it lasted nominally ten years, although during most of that time he was a prisoner only by proxy.

In the last and most brilliant episode of his life, he remained, more tragically than before, a ‘ tineman.’ In March, 1424, he landed at Rochelle at the head of ten thousand knights and foot soldiers. On April 18, he swore fealty to Charles VII. at Châtillon-sur-Indre, was by him appointed lieutenant-general of the French forces, and invested with the great duchy of Touraine. This splendid

* Fair Maid of Perth, c. ix.

gift conferred virtual sovereignty over one of the fairest regions in France. The rights reserved to the Crown affected mainly Church patronage; substantially the administration was independent within the loose limits of feudal obligations. The entry of the new duke into Tours, along streets hung with tapestry and carpeted with flowers, and his solemn reception at the cathedral by the archbishop and clergy in full canonicals, formed a gay and gorgeous pageant, such as he was little used to. But more sombre and more congenial scenes quickly claimed him. The fatal battle of Verneuil was fought August 17, 1424. It was fought on the pre-arranged terms of 'no quarter,' consequently a vast proportion of those engaged in it perished, and the Scottish allies of King Charles were all but exterminated. Among the slain were the Earl of Douglas and his second son; and their bodies, ransomed from the English, were quietly laid in one grave in the middle of the choir of the same cathedral church of Tours which they had lately entered in triumphant pomp.

To the 'Tineman' succeeded a third Archibald, already notable as the Earl of Wigtown and Longueville. Notable chiefly for a victory over the Duke of Clarence at Baugé in 1421, which won him his French title; but scarcely less so for keeping his head on his shoulders when James I. returned from his long captivity with vengeance in his heart. He appears to have steered his course both loyally and adroitly through the breakers of those troublous times; and the pre-eminence of his position was recognised, after the murder of the king in 1437, by his appointment as lieutenant-general of the kingdom. His administration was, however, short; for he died of fever, June 26, 1439. The noble Gothic monument erected to him in St. Bride's forms the subject of a beautiful illustration in the first of the volumes under review. He left two sons, and a daughter known as the 'Fair Maid of Galloway.'

After his death, the House of Douglas toppled rapidly towards its fall. William, sixth Earl of Douglas and third Duke of Touraine, was a lad under fifteen when he inherited almost regal power. Allowing for a slight stretch of rhetoric, he might have ridden on his own land from Garioch to Galloway; two-thirds of the territory south of the Forth owned his lordship, which extended besides over sundry large patches in northern counties, to say nothing of his splendid inheritance in France. No wonder, then, if his young head were turned, as it undoubtedly was. His arrogance and

ostentation were such as to excite suspicion of deeper designs, which, at the worst, can have been but in embryo. He maintained an unheard-of state and magnificence, rode abroad attended by a couple of thousand followers, dubbed knights with his own hand, appointed a council for the management of his affairs, and was altogether a rising phenomenon of a somewhat menacing aspect. Crichton, the chancellor, and Livingstone, the king's guardian, thought so, and took their precautions accordingly. The boy-Earl and his brother were enticed to Edinburgh by 'pleasant writings;' and after some days of joyous companionship with the king (then ten years old), who conceived a passionate attachment for them, an entertainment was provided, at which (according to Boece's version of the affair) a black bull's head, the wellknown token of impending death, made its ominous appearance. The doomed youths sprang to their feet and drew their swords, but were quickly overpowered. A mock trial followed, after which the brothers, amid the tears and lamentations of the young king, were hurried out to the castle yard, and there instantly beheaded. This tragedy, enacted November 24, 1440, is commemorated in the popular rhyme:—

'Edinburgh castle, toun, and tour,
God grant you sink for sin,
And that even for the black dinnour
Earl Douglas gat therein.'

The Douglas inheritance now fell to pieces. The duchy of Touraine, on the failure of heirs male of the first Duke, reverted to the French Crown; the lordship of Galloway devolved upon the sister of the slaughtered youths; while the entailed estates passed to James, Earl of Avondale, son of the 'Grim' Archibald, and himself distinguished as the 'Gross.' He enjoyed his accession of dignity but three years; and with his two sons, who in turn succeeded him, the roll-call of the Earls of Douglas comes to an end. The darkest chapter in the whole story is furnished by the life of William, the eighth Earl.

'Through his inherited position,' writes Mr. Fraser, 'and his own personal qualities, he soon rose to be not only one of the most distinguished of his great race, but the foremost peer in Scotland. During his possession of the earldom the Douglasses reached the full zenith of their power, while his untimely death was the beginning of their decline and fall. The meagre history of the reign in which he lived prevents a just estimate of his character, though, according to the chroniclers of that time, he was the most prominent figure in Scotland; but the

pictures drawn by them of this Earl are too deeply prejudiced to be altogether trustworthy. The territories of his family were the most extensive in Scotland, and the power thus placed in the Earl's hands was very great. No other Scottish noble ever gained such an independent position in the realm. The struggle between the Scottish Crown and the feudal aristocracy of Scotland may be said to have been fought between King James the Second and this Earl, and from the moment when Douglas fell by the royal dagger in Stirling Castle, and his honours and estates passed into weaker hands, the conflict was virtually decided in favour of the former.'

By his marriage with his cousin Margaret, the 'Fair Maid of Galloway,' the eighth Earl reunited that great appanage to his entailed estates, and he wielded the power thus consolidated in a way to make it formidable to every peaceable inhabitant of the realm. His haughty and overbearing temper, his fierce activity, courage, and talent, combined with vast territorial influence to place in his hands unbounded facilities for disturbance and aggrandisement. An army of 40,000 retainers was at his absolute command. In 1448 he employed it to repel and retaliate for an English invasion; but it was equally available for civil war. His operations against Crichton in 1443 received some colour of legality from his recent appointment as lieutenant-general; but he was no less ready to defy than to appropriate the royal authority.

Foremost among the outrages with which he stands charged is the murder of Maclellan, called the 'tutor of Bomby.' He appears to have been a thoroughly respectable man, whose only crime was that he continued loyal at a time when the Earl of Douglas was incensed with the king. This, however, was intolerable; the lord of Galloway was not one to brook opposition within his own domain. The castle of Bomby was accordingly assaulted, and Maclellan carried off to Thrieve, where he remained until Sir Patrick Gray, his mother's brother, came spurring in with a royal mandate for his immediate release and surrender to the messenger. It was obeyed by the delivery of his headless corpse. Douglas had taken the precaution to have his prisoner decapitated before breaking the seal.

No less audacious was the execution of Sir John Herries, in the teeth of the king's command; and the example of truculence was freely copied by retainers sure of countenance in the most villainous excesses. It is true that Mr. Fraser throws doubt on all such stories, but he avowedly takes the 'friendly' side wherever a Douglas is concerned; and the

attempt to turn the eighth Earl into a dutiful and law-abiding subject can only be described by the phrase *laterem lavare*. The brick is, so to speak, all stain. One might sooner pulverise than cleanse it.

This Earl was often at Thrieve Castle, and we are told that in his time the 'gallows knob' rarely lacked its 'tasscl.' Yet in judging such rough dealings, place and epoch have to be taken into account. In a certain limited sense we are bound to admit that crimes, like virtues, 'lie 'in the interpretation of the time.' The brutal kind of justice meted out at Thrieve was absolutely the only form of that commodity available. The Earl of Douglas was supreme justiciary within his own territory. No king's writ ran in those days in Galloway or Douglasdale.

Picturesque incidents there were, too, as well as savage ones, in the turbulent career of Earl William. Such was the tournament held at Stirling in 1449 in honour of Burgundian visitors, where Douglas appeared with a retinue of five thousand followers; and two of the three Scottish champions were members of his family. Nor was his 'pilgrimage' in the ensuing jubilee year less spectacularly effective. He travelled with a princely train, and was received with princely honours at Rome, as well as on his return by way of London, where Garter King at Arms received orders to attend him during his stay, and to conduct him to Court.

Meantime, not only were his enemies active in his rear, but his friends were ill advised, and probably worse behaved. He averted imminent disgrace by hurrying home, presenting himself unexpectedly to the king, and winning, by the charm of his manners and the apparent sincerity of his submission, amnesty for the past and the promise of future favour. Nevertheless, he was still alarmed and dissatisfied, consequently more restless and dangerous than before. The instability of his fortunes had become startlingly manifest to him; he looked anxiously about for means to secure them. An attempt to waylay and assassinate Chancellor Crichton failing, he entered into a league, offensive and defensive, with the great northern Earls of Crawford and Ross. The first of these two potentates was known as 'Earl Beardie,' or the 'Tiger;' the second was the formidable Lord of the Isles. There can be no reasonable doubt that treason, potential if not actual, lay in the terms of an alliance subversive of anything like settled government or constituted authority. Thoroughly roused, the king sent for Douglas to Stirling; and he obeyed the summons, under safe conduct,

it is true, but with haughty confidence in his personal ascendancy to bring him victoriously through the crisis.

'The king,' Mr. Fraser tells us, 'received him graciously, and invited him to dine and sup next day. Douglas found the courtiers talking of his bond with Crawford and Ross, and probably guessed the king's purpose, but accepted the invitation. After supper the king invited the Earl to a private conference, remonstrated with him against the bond, which he charged him to break, urging his duty as a subject. But Douglas, perhaps heated by wine, refused, and the interview waxing warm, the Earl defiantly declared that he would not break the confederacy. Starting to his feet, the king exclaimed, "False traitor! if you will not, I shall!" and stabbed Douglas twice with his dagger, in the neck and in the body. Ere the Earl could recover himself, Sir Patrick Gray rushed into the chamber, and struck him on the head with a poleaxe, while others in attendance also stabbed the fallen Earl, whose dead body bore no fewer than twenty-six wounds.'

His mangled body, flung carelessly out of the window, was picked up and privately interred in the Dominican church at Stirling. And thus ended, by a ferocious outbreak of kingly passion, the career of the most powerful and most unbridled of the nine Earls of Douglas.

His four brothers, of whom the eldest, James, was recognised as his successor, rushed to arms to avenge his death, and with them more than half Scotland. The array seemed invincible; James II. quailed, and was on the point of throwing up the game and flying to France, when Archbishop Kennedy encouraged him with the apologue of the bundle of sticks to try the effects of negotiation. Apart and skilfully the confederated lords were accordingly dealt with. Angus and Huntley came in at once; Crawford submitted upon defeat; Douglas himself, after much bloodshed, was brought to terms. It was, indeed, only a truce which was thus patched up; the king was fully resolved to trample down a race who had grown beyond the proportions of subjects, and had become a standing menace to the throne. 'Nec minus periculum,' Tacitus says, 'ex magna fama quam ex mala.' The end came in 1455. James collected his forces, and the ninth Earl offered but a feeble resistance. The Douglas strongholds were beleaguered and taken; the Douglas armies were defeated, notably at Arkinholme, in the valley of the Esk. The siege of Thrieve Castle was directed by the king in person; and the presence and agency in bringing about a surrender of the celebrated 'Mons Meg' are fairly well authenticated. A less reliable tradition asserts that the second shot from the 'great bom-

'bard' penetrated the massive walls, and carried off the right hand of the 'Fair Maid of Galloway' as she sat in the banqueting hall and was about to raise the winecup to her lips. In token of the truth of the story, a massive gold ring was shown, bearing the inscription 'Margaret de 'Douglas,' which, found among the ruins early in the present century, is supposed to have been blown into the rubbish-heap of crumbling masonry with the delicate hand it adorned.

It was all over now with the Black Douglasses. The last Earl was a fugitive in England; he had neither son nor successor; his brothers were slain or proscribed; his estates forfeited. Captured in a border foray in 1484, he was relegated to the Abbey of Lindores, and there died after four years of seclusion. It is said that James III., in the sore strait which led him to Sauchieburn, offered him full pardon and restoration if only the magic of his name might be lent to the royal cause; but received the melancholy answer, 'Too late.' Both king and earl were dead within the year.

There has never since been an Earl of Douglas. Three marquises of the name, one duke, and six barons, including the present Earl of Home, have succeeded each other; but the earldom has not been revived. The Earl of Morton is now the true representative of the House of Douglas.*

They were a great race, those old Douglasses, and went down, it might be said, under full sail, with royals set, with every stitch of canvas drawing, with pennon flying at the masthead. They failed because the deeper spirit of the time was against them. Their side was the side of disintegration, and centralising influences were evidently destined to prevail. All over Europe, the barons were collapsing in presence of the throne; the old chivalry was passing away; the old keen sense of local independence was growing weak; while the new monarchies were getting themselves into compact working order amid scenes and struggles such as those of the Douglas downfall.

Three great houses divided their spoils and rose on their ruins—the Hamiltons, the Scotts of Buccleugh, above all,

* The present (21st) Earl of Morton is descended in the direct male line from Sir John Douglas, younger brother of the Knight of Liddesdale. His descendant, Sir William Douglas of Lochleven, became sixth Earl of Morton on the death, without male issue, in 1588, of the eighth Earl of Angus, in whom the titles were, for the only time, combined; and the line of Morton Earls has not since been broken.

their kinsmen of Angus. The 'Red Douglasses'—so called from their fair complexions—sprang from the first Earl of Douglas. The bend sinister which crossed their shield proved no bar to their promotion. Induced to take the king's side against his outlawed relatives, the 'great Earl' of Angus was rewarded with the lordship of Douglas, and rapidly pushed himself into the front place among the magnates of Scotland. Hence the saying that 'the Red 'Douglasses swallowed up the Black.'

His son, the fifth Earl of Angus, was famous as Archibald 'Bell-the Cat.' A brutally strong man, both in mind and muscle, he was yet capable of dying of heartbreak. Under the sting of a personal affront from James IV. he rode off the field of Flodden before the battle, leaving, however, his two sons to fight and fall there. He was then advanced in years, and the stroke proved too heavy. Fulfilling his public duties to the last, though with the spring of life broken, he died after two months at St. Ninian's monastery, whence his heart was brought to Douglas. Scott's graphic portrait of him in 'Marmion' refers to a time just previous to the supreme disaster at 'dark Flodden':—

'Beside him ancient Angus stood,
Doff'd his furr'd gown and sable hood;
O'er his huge form and visage pale
He wore a cap and shirt of mail;
And lean'd his large and wrinkled hand
Upon the huge and sweeping brand
Which went of yore, in battle fray,
His foeman's limbs to shred away,
As wood knife lops the sapling spray.
He seem'd as, from the tombs around
Rising at judgment day,
Some giant Douglas may be found
In all his old array;
So pale his face, so huge his limb,
So old his arms, his look so grim.'

The above-mentioned 'huge and sweeping brand' was the same with one blow of which, in a duel with Spens of Kilspindie, he had severed his thighbone, killing him on the spot; and it was presented by his descendant, the Earl of Morton, to Lord Lindsay of the Byres when he challenged Bothwell to single combat on Carberry Hill.* The feat, however, cost him the Hermitage, which James IV. obliged him, by way of penance for slaying a royal favourite, to exchange

* Note to canto vi. of 'Marmion.'

for Bothwell. His chief stronghold was 'Tantallon vast,' crowning in immemorial strength a sheer crag on the East Lothian coast:—

'Broad, massive, high, and stretching far,
And held impregnable in war.'

It remained, in fact, a virgin fortress until, in 1651, Cromwell's great guns battered a breach in its antique walls, thus accomplishing one of the two equal impossibilities of the adage: 'To ding down Tantallon, and build a brig to 'the Bass.'

The third son of 'Bell-the-Cat' was Gavin Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld, the translator of the *Æneid*—

'whose meek and thoughtful eye
Showed little pride of prelacy,
More pleased that in a barbarous age
He gave rude Scotland Virgil's page,
Than that beneath his rule he held
The bishopric of fair Dunkeld.'

Scott points the contrast between his studious tastes and the rude manners of the rest of his family by putting into the mouth of the old Earl, his father, the remark:—

'Thanks to St. Bothan, son of mine,
Save Gawain, ne'er could pen a line.'

In which, however, he did his martial brood a wrong. Their signatures, reproduced in facsimile by Mr. Fraser, show that they were not wholly unskilled in calligraphy. Thus poetical license is bridled by antiquarian research.

A more congenial spirit to 'Bell-the-Cat' than the mild Gawain was his grandson, the bad ambitious man who married our English Margaret, widow of James IV., and was divorced by her to the discredit of all concerned. The sixth Earl of Angus gained, however, by his royal alliance, besides the opportunity of playing a conspicuously mischievous part in the history of his country, the honour of counting her present Majesty, Queen Victoria, among his descendants. The Countess of Lennox, mother of Darnley, was the only child (besides a boy who died in infancy) of his marriage with the Queen of Scotland.

The eleventh Earl was 'suspect of papistrie,' chiefly, it would seem, on the ground of a visit to Rome; for whatever leanings towards Catholicism he may have had he suppressed. Assuredly, however, the Covenant, although he signed it, had an ill savour to him; and his royalism was consoled with the title of marquis on the occasion of

Charles I.'s visit to Scotland in 1633, and chastised with imprisonment and a fine through his joining Montrose in 1645. His great-grandson was the solitary Douglas duke.

The charter conferring this added dignity was dated April 10, 1703, the new Duke being then nine years old; and his hereditary privileges of first place in voting and fighting, and of bearing the crown in solemnities, were the subject of anxious and effectual protest on the part of his guardians when the Act of Union was passed four years later. Queen Anne herself took interest in his education, though to little purpose, since his Grace grew up haughty, illiterate, and eccentric. He was indeed far from being a bad or depraved man. Much to his own discomfort, he possessed—what had been forgotten in the composition of many more personally distinguished scions of his race—a conscience. His whole life was clouded by an event which, dark and deplorable though it was, would scarcely have cost a Douglas of the good old school his dinner. The victim, Captain John Ker, was the Duke's guest at Douglas Castle, when, by some miserable chance, he slew him with his own hand. The affair was never cleared up; it is, however, most improbable that there was any deliberate intent to kill. The unhappy shedder of the blood of one to whom he is stated to have been sincerely attached, instantly quitted the country, and returned, at the age of thirty, to lead a life of unhealthy seclusion, to some extent enforced by his unpopularity, but leaving him a prey to designing persons.

Towards the close of his life, the Duke undertook the rebuilding of Douglas Castle. The plan chosen by him was that upon which the Castle of Inverary had recently been erected for the Duke of Argyll by the celebrated architect Adam; but he insisted that the Douglas pile should surpass Inverary by ten feet in each of its three dimensions. An ancient prophecy declared that as often as Douglas Castle was destroyed, it should rise again more spacious and splendid than before; but this time it remained an uncompleted fragment. The project of its restoration was too ambitious to be realised.

The Duke had meanwhile transferred his residence to Edinburgh, where he was visited by Lord Shelburne, whose character-sketch of him is worth extracting.

'In Scotland,' he writes, 'I suppose I saw the last of the feudal lords like my ancestors, in the person of the last Duke of Douglas. When I was introduced to him at Holyrood House, by appointment, he met me at the top of the stairs with his hat and sword. Lord Dunmore,

General Scot, the father of Lady Tichfield, and Mr. John Home, the poet, went with me. He (the Duke) spoke occasionally to Lord Dunmore, but not much, and did not open his lips to General Scot. When anything was said about his family, he nodded to Mr. John Home to narrate what regarded it. I happened to say something about the Highlands, which I had misapprehended or been misinformed about, at which Lord Dunmore laughed. The Duke drew up, and vindicated fully what I had said, signifying by his manner to Lord Dunmore his disapprobation. I told him that I had seen a new house he was building in the Highlands. He said he heard that the Earl of Northumberland was building a house in the north of England, the kitchen of which was as large as his whole house; upon which, the Duchess, an enterprising woman, as may be seen from the famous Douglas cause, observed that if the Douglasses were to meet the Percys once more in the field, then would the question be, whose kitchen was the largest? Upon this the Duke nodded to Mr. Home to state some of the great battles in which the Douglas family had distinguished themselves. I told him that I hoped to wait upon him in London. He said he feared not, he could be of no use there; he was not sufficiently informed to carry any weight there; he could neither read nor write without great difficulty. I told him that many of the greatest men in the history of both kingdoms could do neither, to which he assented.' (Vol. ii. p. 470.)

The Duke of Douglas died at Edinburgh, July 21, 1761, after having vainly swallowed, by way of remedy for the irremediable evil of impending dissolution, a large quantity of quicksilver. His succession gave rise to the celebrated Douglas cause.

Lady Jane Douglas, his only sister, was born March 17, 1698. Nature was as generous to her as she had been niggardly with her brother. But destiny, alas! was less kind. The graces of her mind and person, her moral worth, religious principles, and affectionate disposition, failed to procure her favour and affection from none save just those on whom the happiness of her life depended. The lover of her youth, Lord Dalkeith, afterwards Duke of Buccleugh, jilted her on the eve of their marriage—an insult which stung her with such poignant anguish that she fled to France in male attire, resolved to bury her sorrow and disgrace (as she esteemed it) in a convent. Her purpose was frustrated; but for long years she would listen to no other suitor. She accordingly lived with her mother at Merchiston Castle, near Edinburgh, until the Marchioness's death in 1736, when she set up for herself at Drumsheugh House within that city. She was still beautiful and eminently attractive, and, her straitened circumstances notwithstanding, enjoyed the highest consideration from all

classes. Not until ten years later did she determine to overcome her repugnance to matrimony. The object of her choice was Colonel Steuart, afterwards Sir John Steuart of Grandtully, Baronet, described as 'a prodigious fine figure 'of a man,' of gallant bearing and lively conversation, who had long been devotedly attached to her. The marriage was privately celebrated August 4, 1746, Colonel Steuart being then fifty-nine years of age, and Lady Jane well advanced in her forty-eighth year. The trouble in store for them was aggravated by unfortunate and reprehensible measures of secrecy.

The Duke of Douglas had in early life been warmly attached to his sister, but in 1738 his suspicious temper took umbrage at some imaginary slight from her, and the split was designedly widened into a total breach by the whisperers with whom he was surrounded. Towards Colonel Steuart his feelings were still more bitterly hostile. He detested him for his Jacobite leanings; he despised him for the inferiority of his rank. It was certain that Lady Jane's subsistence of 300*l.* a year would be withdrawn if her marriage with him became known; and since Colonel Steuart's property was wholly of the negative kind dealt with more conveniently in algebraical calculations than in the practical transactions of life, the subtraction of the only *positive* factor in their income must be averted, it seemed to them, at all hazards.

Lady Jane, accordingly, started for the Continent, accompanied by her friend Mrs. Hewit, and was in England joined by her (still unavowed) husband. It was not until after the birth of twin sons, which occurred at Paris, July 10, 1748, that she wrote to inform her brother of the change in her condition. His resentment, it was hoped, might be softened by an event so auspicious; for he was unmarried, and his sister's children were his nearest heirs. But he remained obdurate as the nether millstone. Friends and relatives interceded; Lady Jane supplicated in vain. Her allowance was revoked; her husband was driven to take refuge from his creditors within the rules of the King's Bench. Only the humanity of Mr. Pelham in obtaining for her a pension of 300*l.* saved her from utter destitution. Her difficulties and her devotion are touchingly apparent in the following letter, written to her husband from her lodgings in Chelsea:—

'Dear Mr. Steuart,—You may judge how low money matters are with me at present, by this most scurvy poor halfcrown I send you.

I'm quite ashamed of it, and to conceal it from my servants, I have enclosed it well wrapt up in the pretty little money box, which ought to contain gold; wish to heaven I could send of that useful, but rare metal with us. This poor bit of silver I send just to procure you a little rappee.

'Don't be in pain about money when the time of day rules come, for then I'll pawn my coat rather than you should want money for coming out every day, as long as these days of freedom last; keep but up your spirits as I do mine; I am perfectly content, and easy as to myself, all my distress of mind is for you, lest you should be discouraged. . . . The children are well. Mrs. Hewit sends her kind compliments. Adieu, dear Mr. Steuart, I ever am, with the tenderest affection, intirely yours,—J. D. S.' (Vol. ii. p. 500.)

A supreme effort towards reconciliation with the offended Douglas dignitary was made in April 1753, when Lady Jane presented herself, with her two little boys, a suppliant for admission at the gate of Douglas Castle. The Duke, it would seem, was disposed to yield; but the malign influence of a menial prevailed, and his sister was spurned, like a vagrant, from his door. Had he but consented to see his nephews, the calumny of their supposititious origin, sedulously instilled into his mind, must have been dissipated; for the younger, Sholto, closely resembled his mother, while Archibald's features were as unmistakably those of a Steuart.

The deep distress occasioned to her by this repulse, combined with the death of her little Sholto, broke Lady Jane's heart. She died at Edinburgh, November 22, 1753, 'very 'much emaciated and decayed,' but without recognised disease. Five years later, the Duke took what he doubtless regarded as the most effectual means for excluding her son from his inheritance, by marrying the beautiful 'Peggy' Douglas of Mains. Yet it altogether failed. They had no children; and the Duchess embraced the cause of his nephew so warmly, that a quarrel and temporary separation ensued. Eventually, however, her representations and his better nature were victorious. The Duke recognised with deep regret the injustice and cruelty of his conduct, and made for it what amends he could by altering his will in favour of his 'dear sister Janie's bairn.'

The question whether Archibald Steuart Douglas were properly so described (for this was the virtual issue) took eight years and cost probably 100,000*l.* to determine. His birth in a foreign country under obscure and even suspicious circumstances, coupled with the advanced age of his mother at the time, gave grounds for a strong case

against him, which was worked up and argued with great ability. Never before had a private cause attracted so much public attention. The spirit of mediæval faction seemed to have revived under the excitement of the pleadings. Society was torn asunder by contention and recrimination; yet no one admitted the possibility of a doubt. Absolute certainty was found on both sides. The Hamilton adherents were as fully assured that the defendant was the offspring of some ignoble 'Madame Mignon' in a slum of Paris, as the opposite party that he was the true son of Lady Jane Douglas. The trial, a contemporary relates,

'has been the prevailing topic of conversation, and has occasioned dispute and wrangling in almost every company. High and low, young and old, male and female, have interested themselves in this cause with a warmth equally unprecedented and unaccountable. The pleasure of society was for a long time embittered by altercation, and whole evenings dedicated to cheerfulness were spent in ridiculous contest.' *

Some colour of dignity was lent to these squabbles by the fact that three duchesses, all of them gifted and energetic women, marshalled the combatants. Her Grace of Douglas was the inspiring genius of the defence. After her husband's death, she devoted all her thought and time to securing the succession to his nephew. Impressive both in herself and in her surroundings, she 'was the last of the nobility' (according to a tradition preserved by our author) 'who, in paying visits, or in travelling about the country, were escorted by halberdiers,' and 'she was also accused when she visited any family to leave her dress behind her as a present.' In championing the cause of her adoption, she was equally intrepid and untiring. She kept open house for the lawyers in Paris, where witnesses had to be sought and entanglements unravelled; in Edinburgh, at Queensberry House; and in London, when the appeal came on for hearing. She directed, stimulated, and controlled the entire proceedings, and the eventual victory was beyond question largely due to her influence. The Duchess of Queensberry, celebrated as Kitty Hyde when 'beautiful, and young, and wild as colt untamed,' by Prior, Pope, and Horace Walpole, was active on the same side; while the opposing female potentate was no less a personage than the lovely Elizabeth Gunning, Duchess of Hamilton, whose son, the heir male of the Douglasses, was the principal claimant of the late Duke's estates.

* Scots Magazine, vol. xxix. p. 569.

We may here with advantage borrow Mr. Fraser's narrative.

'The judges,' he tells us, 'were equally divided in their opinions, and by the casting vote of Lord President Dundas judgment was given against Mr. Douglas. During the litigation public opinion was much divided on the questions at issue. In the Douglas district people were unanimously in favour of Mr. Douglas, while in the country of the Hamiltons opinions were naturally in their favour. The same feeling prevailed to some extent in the metropolis. Each party had their partisans there. . . . Lord Campbell says that it had almost led to a civil war between the supporters of the opposite sides, and in England had excited more interest than any question of mere private right had done before.

'The formal decret of the Court of Session was dated 15 July, 1767. It extends in manuscript to ten folio volumes, containing in all nine thousand six hundred and seventy-six pages. The adverse judgment was appealed to the House of Lords, where it was fought with as much if not greater keenness than in the Court of Session. The pleadings of counsel in the House of Lords occupied two months, January and February 1769. During the pleadings the anxiety of the Duchess of Douglas was intense. Mr. Douglas, on the other hand, was quite composed.'

Among the more exciting incidents of the trial was a duel between Thurlow, who achieved great fame as counsel for Mr. Douglas, and Mr. Andrew Stuart, agent for the Duke of Hamilton.

'This affair of honour,' our author continues, 'arose from remarks made by Mr. Thurlow in opening the case for Mr. Douglas on the conduct of Mr. Andrew Stuart, who felt aggrieved, and sent a challenge to fight next morning. Thurlow promised the desired meeting, but not until he had completed his arguments in favour of Mr. Douglas. After the hearing was concluded, the meeting took place, on the morning of Sunday, the 14th of January, 1769, in Hyde Park. Having discharged pistols at ten yards' distance without effect, they drew their swords, but the seconds interposed and put an end to the affair. Mr. Thurlow is said to have advanced and stood up to his antagonist "like an elephant." On his way to the field of battle he stopped to eat an enormous breakfast at a tavern near Hyde Park Corner.'

The Lord Chancellor (Camden) and Lord Mansfield both spoke in favour of Mr. Douglas. Lord Camden regarded the case as 'perhaps the most solemn and important ever heard' at the bar of the House of Lords. Lord Mansfield delivered himself with more earnestness than effect, notwithstanding that he fainted at the close of his oration.

'After these speeches of the two greatest of the law Lords, the House of Lords, at ten o'clock at night, reversed the judgment of the Court of

Session, and affirmed the appeal in favour of Mr. Douglas, without a division. Thus practically ended the great Douglas cause.

‘In honour of this great victory, the Duchess of Queensberry, one of the two victorious Duchesses, gave a ball on Saturday, the 11th March, 1769. It was attended by several of the royal family, including the Duke of Cumberland and the Queen’s two brothers, about 140 people, and six or seven and twenty couple of dancers. The ball was very fine. The Lord Chancellor invited himself, and seemed in very good spirits. His lady and daughter were invited. For that civility his Lordship wrote his thanks to the Duchess, adding that, if she would permit him, he would come and return his thanks in person. To which the Duchess answered in these words:—“Katherine Queensberry says, “Content upon her honour,” this being the form of assent by the Lords in the House of Peers.

‘The Duchess of Hamilton continually brought up the Douglas cause to the King and Queen whenever she had an opportunity. But their Majesties never gave her an answer, and judiciously evaded the subject. The Duchess of Douglas, on the other hand, did not go out of her house, nor solicit any of the peers for their votes. After the judgment was pronounced in favour of Mr. Douglas, the Princess Amelia expressed her satisfaction, and her belief that the King and Queen were also pleased.

‘Amongst the partisans of the Duke of Hamilton was David Hume, the historian, who displayed great keenness, through his connexion with Mr. Andrew Stuart. Contrary to his custom, Mr. Hume was much out of humour when the cause was decided by the Lords, and made several peevish remarks, which hurt him. After the final judgment, many pamphlets, including “Durando, a Spanish Tale,” and letters continued to be published by partisans on either side. One of the ablest of these productions consisted of a series of letters addressed to Lord Mansfield by Mr. Andrew Stuart, against the opinion of his Lordship. But, while ably and even calmly written upon certain points, the feelings of the disappointed litigant appear throughout.’

We rescue the following anecdote from the obscurity of a footnote (p. lxxxii) :—

‘So great was the excitement in London about the judgment in the Douglas cause, that Mr. John Home, the author of “Douglas,” attributed the want of success of his tragedy of “The Fatal Discovery,” and the thinness of audiences to hear it at the playhouses, to the absorbing interest of the Douglas cause. How different was the previously marked success of the tragedy of “Douglas,” by the same author. Crowded and enthusiastic audiences night after night were gratified with it. Amidst the applause one more than ordinarily enthusiastic Scotch admirer was heard triumphantly exclaiming, “Whaur’s “your Wullie Shakespeare noo?”

‘If such was the feeling in London’ (we return to our author’s text, vol. ii. p. 531), ‘the popular excitement and expression in Scotland were much more enthusiastic. A private letter to Sir John Steuart of

Grandtully, written when the news reached Edinburgh, says, "Your brother has carried his cause unanimously; no division of the House. God make us all thankful. . . . Send off to Ballachin instantly. This is glorious. The joy here is beyond description. The express is not in above half an hour, and the windows are mostly illuminated already." In another private letter, the popular feeling in Edinburgh is thus referred to: "An express arrived here at eight o'clock Thursday night, with the news of Mr. Douglas having prevailed, which was so agreeable to the people in general, that in a few minutes the whole houses were illuminated; all the windows to the street were broke by the mob before candles could be lighted. They began with the President's house, the Justice Clerk's, Lord Galloway's, &c., &c., upon which the military in the castle were called. Last night the mob were as numerous as ever. The houses were again illuminated last night, and it's thought the mob will continue this evening. The military continue still to patrol the streets; and, notwithstanding, I hear of no damage done except the breaking of windows, which indeed is general."

These demonstrations were directed chiefly against the judges who had given their votes in favour of the Hamilton claims; but no unfestive window was allowed to remain whole. The extent of the illuminations was hence an index to the fear of the inhabitants quite as much as to their joy.

With the consummation of his victory, the son of Lady Jane Douglas sank into useful and respectable mediocrity. He continued the rebuilding of Douglas Castle, was created in 1790 a British peer, with the title of Lord Douglas of Douglas, was twice married, and lived to the age of eighty. A writer in the 'Glasgow Gazette' in 1863 could still recall his appearance:—

'When he came into Glasgow, as he did frequently from Bothwell Castle, in his elegant carriage and four high-mettled blood horses, with their handsome outriders in their cockades, he received the most polite attention from gentle and simple, young and old. He was a hale hearty old man down to the day of his death.'

Not one of his eight sons left issue, and the estates descended through his eldest daughter, Lady Montagu of Boughton, to her grandson, the present Earl of Home.

ART. VII. *Sketches from my Life.* By the late HOBART PASHA. London: 1886.

A CONTROVERSY has gone on for nearly a century and a half as to the authenticity of the 'Memoirs of 'Captain Carleton,' a narrative now generally attributed to Daniel Defoe, and published amongst his works, but which appeared anonymously, and professed to be a record of events in which the author had taken part. The book was regarded as truth by Dr. Johnson, has been quoted as an historical authority by Lord Stanhope, and accepted as such by Lord Macaulay. But in spite of the claim of Lord Stanhope to have found amongst his ancestor's papers proof that a 'Captain Carltone' had been taken prisoner in Spain under circumstances identical with those related in Defoe's book, the controversy is not dead, and excellent authorities still doubt whether any Captain Carleton existed at all.

So closely are fact and fiction mingled in the late Hobart Pasha's 'Sketches of my Life,' that, did they remain un-separated now, the whole book might come to be classed with one of Defoe's novels, and in a few years doubts might arise as to whether there ever was such a person as the late Turkish Admiral. But a naval officer, writing in his own name and professing to relate the events of his own life, cannot, at any rate immediately, be concealed in the obscurity which now veils an imaginary Captain Carleton, who lived in the reign of Queen Anne. It is comparatively easy to obtain from the records of the navy the names of the ships in which any officer has been serving, and generally his exact position at any given date. No flights of imagination can transport him from Portsmouth to the Parana, or from the Pacific to the coast of Spain, when the hard facts officially recorded stand in the way. What strange fancy possessed an officer in the late Hobart Pasha's position to mingle the true and the false in a personal narrative to the extent he has done is a psychological problem which will have to be faced, but not to any extent at the present moment. The fact, however, remains that so much of this history melts into legendary air on the application of the simple tests above referred to, that there is not ground for accepting any statements which we cannot corroborate by separate and independent testimony. If the reader is horrified at the wretched picture of Hobart's first ship and the cruel injustice of her...

captain as painted by his own hand, let him console himself by reflecting that he is not called on to believe it to be a true one. If he is amused and excited by the romantic and terrible incidents which crowd the early chapters of the book, let him accept his gratification and surprise in the same temper and on the same grounds as he has already accepted them in turning over the pages of Lever or of Marryat. Still further, when historical events and historical personages are brought in, the reader is to understand that to an indefinite extent both are used for the purpose of making up a story.

But the tales told differ in their origin from those of the two authors spoken of. Nine-tenths of these are directly evolved from the inner consciousness of the novelists. Hardly anything in Hobart's book is entirely fiction. Almost always there is a slender thread of truth discoverable after sufficiently diligent search. But times, places, and actors are all so jumbled together as to make the unravelling of the real thread a process something like that of winding off a silken cord from a badly tangled skein. Hobart claims to have been present at scenes where it is absolutely impossible he could have been. He tells stories of incidents as happening to himself which he can only have heard related, and as to which we can safely say where and when he heard them. But alternating with these stories, and sometimes mingled with them, are relations which are true in every way; others also which are true, all but his claim to have been an eye-witness. There is nothing to mark off the fact from the fiction. Statements and narratives which on the face of them we should receive with cautious doubt are true enough. Others which we should read without the slightest suspicion are the merest dreams. The book is like a kaleidoscope which the author has taken into his hands in a certain position with the view of drawing the symmetrical forms displayed. He has given the instrument a turn, and though the materials have never varied, the picture now presented is entirely different in form and colour from that which was originally before him.

Concerning the book under review itself, it may be well to point out that it is sharply divided into three parts, omitting the sporting chapters. We have the life in her Majesty's Navy, the somewhat buccaneering experiences of a blockade runner, and what should be the graver and historically important narration which embraces the professional work of the Turkish admiral. It is the first part of the

book, containing the ' sketches ' of his life from his birth to his forty-first year, which we know most surely to possess the extraordinary characteristics we have described. It might undoubtedly be possible to pass it over with no more notice than we have already allotted to it. But then it would be impossible to speak gravely of the later chapters. How are we to say that the kaleidoscopic views of things disclosed in the first eighty-six pages are wholly abandoned throughout the remaining one hundred and forty-seven ? We must take the book as a whole. It is a strong evidence of character, and if that turns out to be a strange combination, it is all the more necessary that we should understand it. The mind which has produced this extraordinary aggregation of dream and reality actuated a person whose reputation is European. We frankly confess that the psychical question presented by the fact that the man who wrote these sketches also administered and commanded in the Turkish fleet with admirable skill and success, is to our mind by far the most interesting and important issue which the publication of the book has raised.

A younger son of the Earl of Buckinghamshire, sprung from a family not wealthy, but distinguished by its descent from no less a personage than John Hampden, the Hon. Augustus C. Hobart, in making the navy his profession, looked to it also as his livelihood ; and if we would view his career aright, we must bear this fact in mind. Slenderness of means is not a stepping-stone to success in the naval service. But slenderness of means combined with a consciousness of capacity and an impatience of subordinate situations form together a compound exceedingly hampering to naval advancement. Hobart came into the service with what in his day would have been called ' interest ' at his back, but his promotions were slow notwithstanding. He was a mate partly through his own failure, we strongly suspect—for more than four years, a lieutenant for ten years, and he did not reach his captain's rank—the ' table-land of the service '—until he had been seven years and a half a commander. This progress would hardly be called rapid even in these days of stagnation, but in Hobart's time and case the delay was remarkable—all the more so, since he had found and used the opportunity to distinguish himself very early in his career. What he represents as the most stirring scenes of his life were passed before his twenty-third year was completed, and from 1844 to 1854 there was a period of no

history which he describes as 'the usual humdrum life of a naval officer during times of profound peace.' Claudio's philosophy came to his aid at this time, and was put in practice by his marriage in 1848. The Russian war gave him a very short period of activity, and being promoted to the rank of commander towards the end of it, this man of action deliberately buried himself in a coastguard station at Dingle, and remained there for three years. Nor, when this was over, did he seek the more active service of his profession. He is found for another three years vegetating in the stationary harbour guardship at Malta. It was not till the autumn of 1861 that he assumed a command in the navy. For nineteen months only he was captain of a little gunvessel—the 'Foxhound'—in the Mediterranean, and, being promoted to the rank of captain in March 1863, quitted her for the halfpay list, and never served again in the Royal Navy. As a British naval officer, therefore, Hobart's name could not have gone down to posterity, for he never held a post important enough to carry a name with it. But the name will long be remembered, nevertheless, as a commander of the Turkish fleet; as the honest supporter of a falling cause; as the keen sportsman and hearty good fellow; and now, after the publication of these sketches, as—in feeling at least—the bold buccaneer of the Elizabethan period, who by some strange perverseness of fate was born into the Victorian.

We may safely infer that the same spirit which made Hobart the persistent slave-trade destroyer, the daring and successful blockade runner, and carried him to his honoured position as a marshal of the Turkish empire, was that which helped to bar his progress in the Royal Navy. Yet, had he found his way, like the gallant Lord Alcester, into the middle of the fighting in Burma in 1852, or into the Chinese wars of 1857–8, the world would not now be speaking of Hobart the pasha, but of Hobart the English admiral. But no doubt the *res angusta domi* pressed upon and controlled the will of him who is gone, as it did not that of him who is still with us. Beauchamp Seymour found no difficulty at all in presenting himself one fine morning at the head of a storming party in Burma, as a half-pay officer seeking fame, with an introduction from the Governor-General of India in his pocket; while poor Hobart, after some weary years as a halfpay lieutenant, was necessitated to accept the small post of chief officer of the coastguard in the vicinity of the family seat at Sidmouth. So also, while the Indian mutiny

was raging, while our ships were being defeated, and some of them destroyed, under a false estimate of Chinese skill, at the Peiho, Hobart was forgotten, lost to the world in the remotest corner of the county of Kerry.

Those, therefore, who consider that Hobart Pasha was unfortunate in not finding scope for his peculiar talents—at any rate as a British officer—have some reason on their side. In the naval service of England there is, in any moderately long series of years, opportunity for the developement of most varieties of character, and a field for their action. But undoubtedly, in the absence of naval war, there is less field for the exercise of enterprise, courage, and daring. The combination which was found in Raleigh, in whom the powers of reflection, of action, and of exhibiting the graces of life seemed blended in equal measure, is not common, and was not to be found in Hobart Pasha. The preparation which is necessary to successful action had no charms for him if it was to be at all prolonged. He could not bend himself to undertake the moral and material improvement of the navy which is the *métier* of naval energy in peace time. A Raleigh in our day would have shone wherever he was; he would have been at the head of our naval literature, and foremost in the developement of invention. He would have taken a leading part in all the movements towards that enlightened system of discipline which were inaugurated by the Sir William Martin who met with so little of Hobart's approval. But, so long as he remained in the British service, the subject of this notice was careless of the fame which comes to him who excels in the preparation for war. No man more ready to act when the necessary materials were placed in his hands, but no man less inclined to submit his thoughts to the discipline which makes them creative. Rough and ready he was from first to last, excellent in emergencies, and loving them, whether they came in the form of an infuriated wild boar, of a Federal cruiser on a dark night, or of a group of Russian torpedo boats.

His first start in life was a bad one according to his own account. He went to sea in the 'Rover,' 18, at the age of thirteen, and under the auspices of his cousin, the late Vice-Admiral Sir Charles Eden, who was then her commander. For this officer he professes to have entertained anything but cousinly affection. He writes, indeed, of his first ship with a sort of horror, which is, perhaps, not rendered less painful to us by the knowledge that it is probably wholly factitious. He thinks of his first mess place as 'a dirty little hole,'

and describes his first day on board the 'Rover' as follows :—

'At early dawn a noise all round me disturbed my slumbers; this was caused by all hands, officers and men, being called up to receive the captain, who was coming alongside to assume his command by reading his official appointment.

'I shall never forget his first words. He was a handsome young man, with fine features, darkened, however, by a deep scowl. As he stepped over the side he greeted us by saying to the first lieutenant in a loud voice, "Put all my boat's crew in irons for neglect of duty." It seems that one of them kept him waiting for a couple of minutes when he came down to embark. After giving this order our captain honoured the officers who received him with a haughty bow, read aloud his commission, and retired to his cabin, having ordered the anchor to be weighed in two hours.

'Accordingly at eight o'clock we stood out to sea, the weather being fine and the wind favourable. At eleven all hands were called to attend the punishment of the captain's boat's crew. I cannot describe the horror with which I witnessed six fine sailorlike-looking young fellows torn by the frightful cat for having kept this officer waiting a few minutes on the pier. Nor will I dwell on this illegal, sickening proceeding, as I do not write to create a sensation, and, thank goodness! such things cannot be done now.'

So far as to what he states he remembers of the sufferings of others on his first day at sea. Now as to his own :—

'I had not much time for reflection, for my turn came next. I believe I cried, or got into somebody's way, or did something to vex the tyrant; all I know is that I heard myself addressed as "you young scoundrel," and ordered to go to the "mast-head." Go to the mast-head indeed! with a freshening wind, under whose influence the ship was beginning to heel over, and an increasing sea that made her jump about like an acrobat. I had not got my sea legs, and this feat seemed an utter impossibility to me. I looked with horror up aloft; then came over me the remembrance of Marryat's story of the lad who refused to go to the mast-head, and who was hoisted up by the signal halyards. While thinking of this, another "Well, sir, why don't you "obey orders?" started me into the lower rigging, which I began with the greatest difficulty to climb, expecting at every step to go headlong overboard.

'A good-natured sailor, seeing the fix I was in, gave me a helping hand. . . . On looking down to the deck my heart bled to see the poor sailor who had helped me undergoing punishment for his kind act. I heard myself at the same time ordered to "go higher," and a little higher I did go. Then I stopped, frightened to death, and almost senseless; terror, however, seemed to give me presence of mind to cling on, and there I remained till some hours afterwards; then I was called down. On reaching the deck I fainted, and knew no more till I awoke after some time in my hammock.'

What comically malicious demon got the control of Hobart Pasha's pen when he wrote this tissue of nonsense we are not prepared to say. Whether he retained some unworthily bitter feeling against the late Sir Charles Eden, or whether he was unconscious of the weight of words, we are not ready to determine. Suffice it here to note that, according to the official records,* Hobart joined the 'Rover,' then lying alongside a hulk at Devonport, on Sunday, February 22, 1835, and that Commander Eden did not join her till February 27. Further, that the ship did *not* go to sea till Sunday afternoon, March 15, and that no flogging took place on board her till April 6, when the one culprit was a boy! But by this fancy picture, painted from figures which never had life in them, does Hobart claim to have had his whole character coloured.

'For all I had seen and suffered on that the opening day of my sea life, made me think for the first time—and I have never ceased thinking (half a century has passed since then)—how to oppose tyranny in every shape. Indeed I have always done so to such an extent as to have been frequently called by my superiors "a troublesome character," "a sea lawyer," &c.'

A self-imposed mission to oppose all that appears to our eyes the 'tyranny' of our superiors is hardly good armour for a young officer to fight the battle of naval life in. If he should start in his career with a determination to seek out and expose 'tyranny' in a way which would be perfectly justifiable in civil life, he starts with a wrong conception of his moral duties. He will certainly limit his future usefulness to the service he has chosen, and most probably bar his progress in it. And thus did Hobart. With a heart in the right place, some of the independent spirit of his great ancestor, Hampden, had passed into his own, and his youthful experience failed to bring to its control the teachings of the intellect. No doubt his service in the 'Rover' was of the ordinary kind, neither better nor worse. It was spent on the east and west coasts of South America, and it ended in July, 1838, when the ship was paid off at Plymouth.

We now come upon our first great astonishment, to which the fictions of the opening day at sea are the merest trifle.

'After enjoying a few weeks at home,' writes Hobart, 'I was appointed to the naval brigade, on service in Spain, acting with the English army, who were there by way of assisting Queen Christina against Don Carlos.'

* All the dates and details of service in this article are strictly accurate and authentic, being taken from the official records of the navy.

Then, with a wonderful assumption of *naïveté*, he goes on to describe the forces under 'Sir' de Lacy Evans as a 'rabble,' and how, very soon after he had disembarked, he received 'what is usually called' his 'baptism of fire'—that is to say, 'he' witnessed 'the first shot fired in anger'—at San Sebastian.

'The gallant marines (as usual to the front) were protecting the hill on which Lord John [Commodore Lord John Hay, who commanded the naval forces] was standing; the fire was hot and furious. I candidly admit I was in mortal fear, and when a shell dropped right in the middle of us, and was, I thought, going to burst (as it did), I fell down on my face. Lord John, who was close to me, and looking as cool as a cucumber, gave me a severe kick, saying, "Get up, you cowardly young rascal! Are you not ashamed of yourself?"

'I did get up, and was ashamed of myself. From that moment to this I have never been hard upon those who flinched at the first fire they were under. My pride helped me out of the difficulty, and I flinched no more. For an hour or so the battle raged furiously.

'By degrees all fear left me; I felt only excitement and anger, and when we (a lot I had to do with it!) drove the enemy back in the utmost confusion, wasn't I proud!'

This is all so naturally told that it would deceive anyone. Yet it is, as far as regards Hobart's share in it, fictitious. The allusion is clearly to the disastrous retreat from Hernani on San Sebastian, on March 16, 1837, when the marines alone made a successful stand against the Carlists. De Lacy Evans—not yet 'Sir'—made but one later sortie from San Sebastian—that was in May—and in June, 1837, he resigned the command of the legion. Now what are the facts as regards Hobart? First, that there was no naval brigade in Spain. Indeed, there was no 'English army' in Spain. The seamen and marines of the ships under Lord John Hay simply landed as they were wanted, and re-embarked immediately. Secondly, that, while the operations described were going on, Hobart was in the Pacific!

So far, the whole narrative, frank confession of fear, and claim to have overcome it, is absolute romance. But there is a further involvement. Hobart says: 'After serving with Lord John Hay for six or seven months I was appointed to another ship, which was ordered to my old station, South America.'

The inference which it is intended that the reader should draw is clearly that Hobart after his return to England in his first ship, the 'Rover,' was landed in Spain for six or seven months, and was then appointed to his second ship,

the 'Rose,' Commander Christie. The actual fact was, that being paid off in July, 1838, from the 'Rover,' as we have said, he remained at home until he joined the 'Rose' at Portsmouth in October. In this ship he sailed for the coast of Spain, and so far 'served with Lord John Hay' from November 9, 1838, when the 'Rose' met Lord John Hay's ship the 'North Star' at San Sebastian, until December 8, 1839, when she sailed for South America. Whether any incident occurring between these dates made the foundation for the story we have quoted, the difficulty of proving a negative prevents us from fully determining. But we have been unable to discover any mention of a landing for hostile purposes either from the 'North Star' or from the 'Rose' during the period mentioned. Whether, therefore, there is a larger thread of truth in this narrative than can be readily drawn out is a matter open to argument. Don Carlos himself was not far from San Sebastian while Hobart was on the coast, and the marines were in garrison there. Hobart writes of himself as almost a child when the episode with Lord John Hay occurred. But we have seen that he had nearly completed his seventeenth year when he first met him. Judging from Hobart's method in other cases, we should say that he combined his knowledge of Lord John Hay, of the marine battalion, and of the locality where the latter made their stand twenty months before he met them, and painted with these materials the subjective picture he has given to us.

It is in the 'Rose' that, according to Hobart's narrative, the surprising succession of his adventures begins; and probably no other man ever sat down and put together a claim to have shared in such a concourse of romantic episodes as is detailed in the next fifty-three pages. The chapter which is now before us is entitled 'Perils by Sea and Land,' and it begins by the curious example of telepathy we have noticed. Then we have the story of an attack made by a single robber on his captain and himself when riding home from a day's shooting to Monte Video. The story is capitally told; so well indeed, that, with the Spanish narrative before us, we had placed it at first in the same category. We were more especially drawn to that conclusion by the two statements that a man 'armed to the teeth' seemed after all to be only possessed of a knife; and that, intending to use a gun in Hobart's hands, which he supposed to be loaded, he diplomatised to get it fired before seizing it. We were wrong, however. Hobart did run the extreme risk he describes,

and the robber was shot dead by Commander Christie. The story about the 'Rose' firing her tompions into a French man-of-war by way of friendly salute, which has been so much doubted, is also true. So also is the narrative of the imminence of the conflict between English and French, which would have been, in Hobart's humane and just judgement, 'a shockingly cruel and inhuman thing—a cold-blooded fight under such circumstances.' Such risks of collision between the armed forces of our own and other nations in distant detachments are of no uncommon occurrence. They go no further because of the admirable self-command and judgement which find honourable paths out of a difficulty.

The rollicking, roving character in which Hobart is now desirous of presenting himself is admirably brought out in the love story which finishes the chapter, and which we assume to be classed among the 'perils by land.' The 'Rose' goes to 'Buenos Ayres, that paradise of pretty women, good cheer, and all that is nice to the sailor who is always ready for a lark.' Here, 'after the manner of seamen'—at any rate on the stage of the Adelphi Theatre where we now are—every man, from the captain downwards, proceeds incontinently to fall in love. The hero of the piece necessarily follows suit, and as dramatic exigencies demand an underplot, it is furnished by the incident of the mother of his Dulcinea falling in love with him! Naturally the girl and he ran away together to avoid a catastrophe, and equally naturally the mother ran after them and caught them up. As he could not well marry both mother and daughter, he 'contrived to get away and went on board his ship for refuge, never landing again during his stay at Buenos Ayres.'

This all may have happened as Hobart states it, for between July and November, 1840, when he was in his nineteenth year, he paid two visits to Buenos Ayres in the 'Rose,' each of them of some weeks' duration. But it is evident that dramatic force had somewhat expended itself when it arrived at so lame a *dénouement* as an escape to the ship. It was necessary that it should recover itself, which it does in the next chapter, headed 'A Tragical Affair.' It is curious to note that the plan of this chapter is like that of the last. It begins with the description of an historical event of which the writer claims, without a shadow of ground, to have been an eyewitness. It narrates a bloody private episode with such skilful use of the machinery of the melodramatist that we readily, but wrongly, set it down

as a pure fiction. We have, first, some notice of the brilliant affair of Punto Obligado from the standpoint of an actor in it; and then we have the experience of a second in a duel, where a Brazilian nobleman was shot dead in a back garden, by moonlight, to the sound of music and dancing!

In the allusion to the forcing of the Parana we miss the circumstantial detail and the hearty boyishness of the supposed participator in the affair. But we are told that the deed of the late Sir James Hope, then captain of the 'Fire-brand,' in directing the cutting of the cable which barred the advance of the French and English ships, 'though almost forgotten by the public, can never be effaced from the memory of those who saw it done.' It is further said: 'That the fight was a severe one is evident from the fact that *the vessel I belonged to* had 107 shots in her hull, and thirty-five out of seventy men killed and wounded.'

How impossible is it to grasp and cling to the undoubted fact that the man who so writes had joined the 'Rattler,' in Portsmouth harbour, nine days before the battle of Obligado was fought! This picture, then, is again wholly subjective and imaginary. Let us look at the materials which were in his mind when he wrote. First, as to the things and places. He says at the beginning of this chapter that from Buenos Ayres he visited Paraguay; and it is very possible he may have done so, though not in his ship. If he did, he probably saw the spot where the battle afterwards took place. He knew the 'Dolphin' very well as his old ship, and he knew that she was at Obligado. As to the persons, he remembered his old shipmates in the 'Dolphin,' and he served for about three years under the command of the present Right Hon. Sir Cooper Key, who, as a lieutenant, was in the thick of, and wounded at, the forcing of the Parana. From him as well as from others Hobart must have had the whole story; and again with these materials, similar to those which he had to work with for the Spanish episode, he has described himself as the hero of this adventure.

It is not to be expected that he could be quite correct. 'The ship he belonged to' previously to the battle, and which was engaged there in his absence, did indeed suffer severely, but not at all to the extent he mentions. In speaking of the number of shot in her hull, he has confused her with the French senior officer's ship, the 'San Martin,' Captain Tréhoart, which was actually struck by more than one hundred shot, and had a heavy list of killed and wounded.

But Hobart's list for the 'Dolphin' alone is more than the total English loss. Her actual casualties were severe enough in all reason, as she had five killed and eleven wounded.

We need not quote nor dwell upon the story of the moonlight duel at Rio Janeiro. It is described with great *vraisemblance*, but, as we have said, with a full use of dramatic adjuncts. Whether the picture drawn is wholly mental or not we are unable to say. It is unhappily true that a young English officer had, within the period of which Hobart is treating, some such terrible experience as he describes. The *vraisemblance* of the narrative is no guarantee that the narrator was present, as we shall soon quote one still more vividly and precisely set out, which it is quite certain is wholly a dream. We doubt if Hobart was present as he describes himself to have been, on three grounds: first, the dramatic accessories; secondly, the choice of the initial letter; and, lastly, the description of the unhappy principal in the scene. It fits admirably into the dramatic necessities, but is not true to the actual fact. If Hobart was not really present, we should expect to find, if we had the means of tracing them out, that all the required materials were in his mind, and it was only necessary to centre himself and collect them round him. A supposition exists, which it is possible may be correct, that Hobart was present at the last fatal duel in England, at Gosport, in the year 1845. If so, we have at once our clue.

The 'Sketches' pause for a moment to take note of Rio Janeiro, its scenery, its climate, life, snakes, negroes, and sharks. By way of prologue to some personal experiences which we are going to quote, he tells us how 'a well-known 'author, Mrs. B——' (whom we have not been able to identify), 'tells us a marvellous story about these snakes;' and then, with a *naïveté* which is surpassingly humorous considering what has gone before and is immediately to follow, says: 'I expect that some salt is necessary to swallow 'this tale.'

He immediately proceeds to describe how a shark nearly snapped his legs off, and how, in revenge, 'we killed thirty 'that morning.' Next:—

'The most horrid thing I know is to see, as *I have done on more than one occasion*, a man taken by a shark. You hear' [at least in Tom Cringle's Log, the Cruise of the Midge, and on other occasions when these little matters are narrated] 'a fearful scream as the poor wretch is dragged down, and nothing remains to tell the dreadful tale

excepting that the water is deeply tinged with blood on the spot where the unfortunate man disappeared.'

Then :—

'Once we caught a large shark. On opening him we found in his inside a *watch and chain quite perfect*. [And here we must say we feel ourselves defrauded—the watch is not stated to be going.] Could it have been that some poor wretch had been swallowed and digested, and the watch only remained as being indigestible?'

We should say, upon the whole, certainly. But we should have expected to find the sextant and telescope; for, of course, the watch must have belonged to some unwary sea captain who fell overboard when wholly absorbed in his official duties. The negro, though, according to our author, 'an inferior animal, whose *rôle* in this world is to attend on 'the white man,' has some special relations with the shark, and the shark is entirely aware of them. In shallow water the negro takes a knife, gets under the shark, and cuts him open. In deep water the shark gets below the negro, 'and 'if he don't take care he will eat him.'

'Shortly after the duel at Rio,' says Hobart, 'I went to 'England, but to be immediately appointed to a vessel on 'the Brazilian station.' It is not easy to connect the facts of the fictitious life with those of the real one. Hobart was in South America in three different ships, the 'Rover,' the 'Rose,' and the 'Dolphin.' In the first two he returned to England, the last he quitted in South America. To both 'Rose' and 'Dolphin' he was appointed in England. Between quitting the 'Rover' and joining the 'Rose' some months elapsed, as we have seen. Between quitting the 'Rose,' when she paid off in July, 1842, and joining the 'Dolphin,' a year elapsed, which he spent in passing his examinations at Portsmouth, and qualifying as a 'gunnery 'mate' on board the 'Excellent.'

The fact is that the incidents described in the two chapters entitled 'Slaver Hunting,' and the one chapter headed 'Love and Murder,' are referable, so far as the foundations of the stories go, not to service in a single ship, but to the whole of his service in South America. The 'period he alludes 'to' is not from 1841 to 1845 as he says, but from 1838 to 1844; and all three ships captured slavers while Hobart was on board of them. We cannot fully identify any one transaction recorded in these chapters with the real events of his life. There are statements that are true when isolated, but which are made untrue by the connexion in which they are placed. Dates, places, and circumstances are hopelessly

mingled. Direct misstatements crowd the pages, and, in one case at least, we are asked to admire the share he took, and to commiserate his sufferings from a ghastly wound he received in a deed of gallantry which was enacted in South America at a time when he was in the Channel.

Hobart rightly says that Rio Janeiro was the headquarters of the Brazilian slave trade, and it was in its vicinity that most of the captures were made. The ships engaged in suppressing the trade at the time he writes of were all sailing ships, and usually small ones. The bounties granted per ton on every slaver captured, full or empty, and the head money paid for every rescued slave, made a full slaver a very rich prize for a small vessel. But setting this aside, the sporting nature of the work, and the occasional personal risks, caused, and still causes in other parts of the world, the naval officer to enter on his duties with great zest and vigour. The practice in Brazil was for our ships, after a refit at Rio Janeiro, to issue from the port and to make a sort of head-quarter anchorage a hundred miles or so to the east or west of it. Then the boats, usually singly, were detached to watch the exits and entries at suspected points, while the ship herself cruised in the offing, chased and boarded everything which had the least sign of doubt about her. As may be supposed, there was much watching and many chasings and boardings before any satisfactory result was arrived at. Hobart's first ship, the 'Rover,' had a remarkable and entirely unexpected success in this business while he was on board her. Being ordered to England, and sailing from Rio homeward bound, she had the fortune to capture two slavers within about twelve hours of leaving the anchorage. She returned to Rio with them, her voyage to England was postponed for a month, and this was Hobart's first experience of 'slaver hunting.'

The 'Rose' arrived at Rio with Hobart on board on February 4, 1840. She was not at first employed in suppressing the slave trade specially. She spent her first year in passages between Rio, Monte Video, and Buenos Ayres, of which some of the results have been already detailed. It was not till February, 1841, that she began her slaver hunting in earnest. Bahia was then her headquarters, and at sea, in the ship, Hobart had the satisfaction of assisting in the capture of the 'Nueva Aurora,' a brig supposed to be fitted as a slaver and bound to the coast of Africa. At the end of March, the ship being then still further north, off Pernambuco, captured her second slaver, the 'Vinte-quatro de Julho.'

This ship was also fitted as a slaver and bound to Africa. It is characteristic of the confusion into which Hobart has chosen to throw the narration of all the events of his early life that he should call whatever happened on board this ship his 'last adventure while employed in the suppression of 'the slave trade' (p. 65). If what he relates happened at all, which is on the face of it doubtful, it was his first adventure, and not his last. Hobart, then a senior midshipman, was put on board the prize with a crew of seven men, ten of the slaver's crew being taken on board the 'Rose.' On April 1, off Cape St. Augustine, he quitted the company of the parent ship to make his voyage to Table Bay. We shall permit him to tell his own story of what happened on the way, only stating that he really brought his prize safe to Table Bay on May 11, 1841; that she was duly condemned and afterwards wrecked there; and that Hobart did not return to England as he states, but to Rio, and rejoined the 'Rose' at that port on July 17.

'It was the usual thing,' says Hobart, 'to send the captain of a vessel so captured [that is where the evidence of her being intended for the slave trade might bear discussion] as a prisoner on board his ship, so that he might be interrogated at the trial. In this case the master and three of his crew were sent. The prize crew consisted of myself and six men. Now the captain was an exceedingly gentleman-like man, a good sailor, and a first-rate navigator. At first I treated him as a prisoner, but by degrees he insinuated himself into my good graces to such an extent that after a while I invited him to dine with me, in fact made a friend of him, little thinking of the serpent I was nourishing.

'For several days all went well; I was as unsuspecting as a child of foul play. We lived together and worked our daily navigation together, played at cards together, in fact were quite chums. The three men who were supposed to be prisoners were allowed considerable liberty, and as they had, as I found out afterwards, a private stock of grog stowed away somewhere, which they occasionally produced and gave to my men, they managed to be pretty free to do as they wished. For all that I ordered that the three prisoners should be confined below during the night.

'As the weather was very hot, I always slept in a little place on deck called a bunk, a thing more like a dogkennel than aught else I can compare it to, excepting that the hole for entrance and exit was somewhat larger than that generally used for the canine species.

'I always slept with a pistol (revolvers were unknown in those days) under my pillow. Luckily for me that I did so, as the result will show. I had remarked (this I thought of afterwards) that the prisoner captain and some of his men had been whispering together a good deal lately; but not being in the slightest degree suspicious I thought nothing of it.

‘One evening I retired to my sleeping place as usual, after having passed a pleasant chatty evening with my prisoner. I was settling myself to sleep—in fact I think I was asleep as far as it could be called so, for I had from habit the custom of sleeping with one eye open—when I saw or felt the flash of a knife over my head. The entrance to my couch was very limited, so that my would-be murderer had some difficulty in striking the fatal blow. Instinct at once showed me my danger.

‘To draw my pistol from under my pillow was the work of a second; to fire it into the body of the man who was trying to stab me, that of another. A groan and a heavy fall on the deck told me what had happened, and springing out of my sleeping berth I found my *ci-devant* friend the captain lying on his face, dead as a doornail. In the meantime I heard a row in the forepart of the ship. On going forward I saw one of the prisoners in the act of falling overboard, and another extended at full length on the deck, while my stalwart quartermaster was flourishing a handspike, with which he had knocked one of his assailants overboard and floored the other. Now it will be asked what was the man at the wheel doing? Hereby hangs a tale. He swore that he heard or saw nothing. Considering this sufficient evidence of his guilt, I put him in irons. Shortly afterwards he confessed the whole story. I buried the captain in the sea without further ceremony; the man who fell overboard I suppose was drowned (I did not try to pick him up); the man knocked down was put in irons, and all went well for the rest of the voyage; but when I arrived at the Cape of Good Hope without the captain, the lawyers who defended the ship wanted to make out that I had murdered him, and I was very nearly sent to prison on the charge of murder.’

The difficulty of proving a negative again prevents us from positively placing the whole of this narrative amongst the dreams already classified. But we have ourselves no manner of doubt upon the matter. The very way in which it is assumed that ‘the lawyers who defended the ship’—that is, in the Vice-Admiralty Court—were the only persons concerned in an enquiry as to how it came about that one man was shot and another left to drown on the high seas by an English midshipman, appears to us conclusive, and does not want the corroboration that the Cape newspapers which announce the arrival of the ‘Twenty-fourth of July’ and report the trial of the case do not say one word of this remarkable and disastrous business. It is not without significance, in view of what we have said as to the manner in which these stories have taken form, that Hobart was at one time the messmate of an officer who had, under very remarkable and almost heroic circumstances, preserved a piratical slaver to her captors when her crew had risen to rescue her.

In the real order of events we must now narrate that a

month after Hobart's rejoining the 'Rose' at Rio in July, 1841, she was again hard at work in the forcible suppression of the slave trade. She made one or two seizures which do not appear to have been upheld in the Vice-Admiralty Court. But on April 9, 1842, her pinnace, possibly under Hobart's command, captured the 'Nove Irmaos' with no less than 280 slaves on board. We seem to connect this capture with those described by Hobart as immediately following an attack made on him by a couple of bloodhounds, of which he shot one himself, while one of his boat's crew disposed of the other. Identification is difficult because of the vagueness of the narrative, and because the incident is placed immediately before one with which Hobart had really nothing to do, and which, in any case, did not take place till more than two years later. Nothing, in fact, in all these slaver-hunting experiences is related as it occurred. Every incident is so coloured and warped that identification with the actual facts is wellnigh impossible. What is certain about the real Hobart is, that no more captures were made by him or by anyone else in the 'Rose,' which sailed for England from Rio on May 12, 1842, and was paid off at Sheerness, with Hobart on board her, early in the succeeding July.

He was at this time an acting mate, having been provisionally commissioned as such on July 22, 1841. There were now examinations to be passed at the Naval College and on board the 'Excellent' at Portsmouth. Having passed these, not, we fear, without difficulty and loss of seniority as a consequence, Hobart remained in the 'Excellent' to qualify as what was then called a 'gunnery mate.' So qualified, he joined the 'Dolphin' at Cork, as we have already stated, and began again the 'slaver hunting' business in South America in November, 1843. Success almost immediately attended these efforts. Being at anchor near St. Ann's Island, some 150 miles east from Rio, the boats were in continual chase. At half-past nine on the morning of November 11, boats were sent after a very suspicious stranger making for the land. The stranger did things which rendered her more suspicious. The ship weighed after her. Presently a still more suspicious ship crossed the scent. The ship made for her; she varied her course towards a passage between the mainland at Cape Busios and an island off it. The 'Dolphin' gave her a gun. The stranger marked it not. The 'Dolphin' gave her more guns, round shot, grape, and canister. But the stranger, for reasons of her own, took no heed. At half-past five the

stranger ran herself on shore with the probable intention of landing that precious commodity wherewith she was laden. But the 'Dolphin' was too close on her heels; her boats were on board the 'Anna' before one of the 569 slaves she carried could be got out of her. The next day the slaver herself was hove off the shore, and was sent to Rio in charge of Mr. Haswell, a mate. Hobart apparently says nothing of this capture, but three statements show that he has mixed it up with the last capture in the 'Rose,' and spoken of two incidents, quite different from each other and with years between them, as one. The 'Nove Irmaos' was captured by the pinnace of the 'Rose' with no mention of her having run on shore, and this agrees with Hobart's account. Hobart says he found 'about six hundred slaves' on board his prize, and this agrees with the 'Anna.' He says the prize was sent into Rio in charge of a brother midshipman, and we have seen that the 'Anna' was sent to Rio in charge of a brother mate. Next he says that 'shortly after' his ship was 'joined by another man-of-war cruiser,' whose captain was senior to his own. This was the 'Frolic' brig, Commander Willis, which did join the 'Dolphin' a fortnight or so after the capture of the 'Anna,' and after the former ship had touched at Rio, and had proceeded to the westward of that port.

And now we come upon another of these extraordinary interweavings of fact and fiction in which he claims to have acted in circumstances which by no possibility could he have had any knowledge of except by the ear. He begins with perfect truth :—

'As the officer in command of this vessel [the Frolic] was of senior rank to my commander, he naturally took upon himself to organise another boat expedition, placing one of his own officers in command.'

But now :—

'With this expedition I was allowed to go, taking with me my old boats and their crews, with orders to place myself under the direction of Lieutenant A. C. [Arthur Cumming, the present Admiral], the officer chosen by the senior in command.'

'So we started with five boats provisioned and otherwise prepared for a cruise of twenty days. . . . One fine morning we saw a large brig, evidently a slaver, running in towards the shore with a fresh breeze. Our boats were painted like fishing boats, and our men disguised as fishermen, as usual; so, apparently occupied with our pretended business, we gradually approached the slave vessel. My orders were strictly to follow the movements or action of my

superior. Then I witnessed a gallant act, such as I have not seen surpassed during forty years of active service that I have gone through since that time. Lieutenant A. C. (Arthur Cumming), who was in the leading boat, a large twelve-oared cutter, edged pretty near to the advancing vessel, and when quite close under her bows, one man seemed to me to spring like a chamois on board. I saw the boat from which the man jumped make an ineffectual attempt to get alongside the vessel that was going at the rate of six miles an hour, and then drop astern. I heard a pistol shot, and suddenly the vessel was thrown up in the wind with all her sails aback, thus entirely stopping her way (sailors will understand this). Not knowing precisely what had happened, we pulled like maniacs alongside the slaver. To do this was, now that the vessel's way was stopped, comparatively easy. We dashed on board, and after a slight resistance on the part of the slaver's crew, in which two or three more men, myself amongst the number, were wounded, we took possession of the brig. There we found our lieutenant standing calmly at the helm, which was a long wooden tiller. He it was who had jumped on board alone, shot the man at the helm, put the said helm down with his leg, while in his hand he held his other pistol, with which he threatened to shoot anyone who dared to touch him.

'I fancy that his cool pluck had caused a panic among the undisciplined crew, a panic that our rapid approach tended much to increase. What astonished me was that nobody on board thought of shooting him before he got to the helm, in which case we never could have got on board the vessel, considering the speed she was going through the water. What he did was a glorious piece of pluck that in these days would have been rewarded with the Victoria Cross, as the least recompense they could have given so gallant an officer. Poor fellow! all the reward he got, beyond the intense admiration of those who saw him, was a bad attack of small-pox from the diseased animals (there is no other name for negroes in the state they were in) on board the slave vessel, which somewhat injured the face of one of the handsomest men I ever saw. He is now an admiral, has done many gallant acts since then, but none could beat what he did on that memorable morning.

'I have said that I was among those who were wounded on this occasion. What my friend A. C. did so far outshone anything that I had accomplished, that it is hardly worth while speaking of my share in the fray. However, as I am writing sketches from my life, I will not omit to describe the way in which I was wounded. We were, as I have said, making a rush to assist our gallant leader, who was alone on board the slaver. The reader will have seen that our business was boarding and fighting our enemy hand to hand. As I was making a jump on board, I saw the white of the eye of a great black man turned on me; he brandished a huge axe, which I had a sort of presentiment was intended for me. I sprang as it were straight at my destiny, for as I grasped the gunnel, down came the axe, and I received the full edge of the beastly thing across the back of my hand. I fell into the water, but was picked up by my sailors, and managed to get on board again. Had it not been for a clever young

assistant-surgeon, who bound up the wound in a most scientific manner, I should probably have quite lost the use of my hand; the mark remains across my knuckles to this day.'

It is impossible to deal with this story in the light way we have dealt with some of the others. It is a distinct claim to have shared in a well-known act of gallantry by a living officer, whose identity is so pointed out as to admit of no mistake. And yet there is not a word of truth in the claim. Admiral Arthur Cumming's fine display of presence of mind and courage took place off Campos, in South America, on September 6, 1843, a date when Hobart, on board the 'Dolphin,' was but four days' sail from Plymouth!

But it is striking to recognise the same principle governing the combination of elements out of which the subjective scene is constructed. He knew the spot where the occurrence took place. He had passed it in the 'Rose,' and had been near it, if not on it, in the 'Dolphin' a few weeks before he met the 'Frolic.' He knew the boat with which Cumming attacked the slaver: she was being towed astern of the 'Frolic' the very day the 'Dolphin' met her. The occurrence was then less than two months old, and poor Cumming was apparently suffering from the terrible attack of small pox, which, as Hobart rightly says, was the only reward he got. Subsequently he knew Admiral Cumming very well, and no doubt had heard the story not only from him but from others who were eyewitnesses. Lastly, though the boats of the 'Frolic' and 'Dolphin' were never at this time detached in company, they were actually detached, and with about a hundred miles between them. It is evident that these materials are very much more complete than any we have yet had to deal with. We cannot but observe that the story itself is proportionately vivid and precise.

We have known the history of Cumming's gallantry for more years than we care to mention. It has never yet had the public record it deserves, and we think that, as Hobart has left behind him a record which is very incorrect, we ought to give a correct one.

Arthur Cumming, being then a junior lieutenant of the 'Frolic,' found himself detached in the ship's pinnace, lying in wait for slavers, under the land near Campos. Movement was observed in three large native boats near at hand. Armed men were getting into them, and they were preparing to put to sea. There was a fresh breeze blowing in upon the land and raising a sea which made it impossible for the small gig, also under Cumming's command, to accompany the

pinnacle. Cumming had surmised that the stir in the native boats indicated that from the high cliffs above an expected slaver had been seen running in, and that the intention was to warn her, and, if necessary, to defend her till her cargo was landed. Cumming was beforehand. He had already, as Hobart truly says, so disguised his boat as to make her appear like an ordinary coasting craft. He instantly weighed, and, with his oars to help him, got an offing in advance of the three native armed boats following. A brigantine was soon seen running in at great speed, and Cumming's disguise was so efficient that she at first stood for him, supposing him to be a friend with timely information which might conduce to the safe running of the cargo. Before long she perceived the trap into which she had fallen, and, seeing no other way of escaping from it, she made straight for the 'Frolic's' pinnacle with the intention of running her down. It was seen that the slaver had a numerous crew—some thirty men fully armed. Cumming got in the bows of his boat with his pistols, his men took to their muskets with orders to fire a volley and board the instant the stem of the slaver should strike the boat. But just a moment or two before the expected contact the heart of the slaver's captain failed him. He suddenly hauled his wind on the starboard tack to pass away to the left of the man-of-war's boat. He was in the act of securing the peak halyards—a rope keeping in its place the after sail which was necessary for the manœuvre he was now putting in force—when a bullet from Lieutenant Cumming killed him. Down came the peak of the mainsail as the unfastened rope slipped from his hands. As a consequence, the vessel's speed through the water was for a moment checked, and Cumming, followed by a marine with a cutlass, scrambled on board. The pinnacle, however, failed, between the sea and the speed of the vessel, to secure her hold, and she drifted astern, leaving Cumming and his marine face to face with the full-armed crew. The threat of his pistol was for the moment enough to enable him to put the helm down, and to let go the lee head braces, by which means she was thrown in the wind and the pinnacle got alongside, and his men came to his support. The crew for a few moments maintained their threatening attitude. But presently collapse came. They threw themselves down the hatchways, and the prize was secured. The whole transaction was prompt and complete. Had it not been so, the native armed boats were close at hand, and their arrival on the scene would have made the capture impossible.

The capture of the 'Zulmira' in Doas Rios Bay, west of Rio Janeiro, on December 21, 1843, was the last of the real Hobart's slaver-hunting adventures. We connect the real incident with the more or less coloured description of the capture of the 'Lightning' at p. 47. The real incidents are that on December 11 Hobart was detached in the 'Dolphin's' cutter near the island of Georgi Gregg, opposite the bay. The 'Dolphin' then sailed away to the westward. Early in the morning of the 21st Hobart returned to the ship and reported that three of his men had deserted, but that he had chased a brigantine into Doas Rios Bay and captured her, but not until the slaves had landed, and that, in consequence of the light winds and the heavy surf rolling into the bay, there had been several contretemps. The boat had once been swamped and stores lost, and the prize had gone ashore on the beach, where she then lay. Mr. Hobart was sent back with his cutter and a smaller boat to retain possession of the slaver. On the 22nd December the ship herself followed into Doas Rios Bay, where, after two days' work, she managed to drag the prize off into deep water. On the 27th the ship and her prize endeavoured to get out of the bay; but the prize failed, lost her own anchors and one of the 'Dolphin's,' and very nearly became wrecked. All, however, at length went well, and on the 1st January, 1844, Hobart in his prize made sail for Rio, and then, subsequently, for Demerara. Comparing the actual facts with the narrative, and assuming that the one forms the base of the other, we may say that Hobart went away with one boat and not with three, as he has it. He very likely did anchor under the island (Georgi Gregg) as he states, and may have pursued and ultimately got on board the vessel as he describes. But when he declares that 'a constant fire' was kept up by the natives 'from the neighbouring heights,' and that 'a few rounds of grape soon cleared the neighbourhood' of his assailants, then we say this is artistic finish. The ship certainly never fired a shot, nor does there appear in the official record, penned at the moment, a single sign of hostile action.

But Hobart states that on his way to Rio he captured another slaver with 460 Africans on board, and tells terrible stories of their condition. The real truth about the slave trade is bad enough, but we wish we could get some evidence to show us that this 'schooner' was ever out of the land of dreams. On December 30, while Hobart was on board the 'Zulmira,' beside the 'Dolphin,' one of her boats made prize

of the 'Maria di Gloria,' which had just landed a cargo of slaves and was in a very filthy state. This vessel was sent to Rio with the 'Zulmira,' and with her was duly advertised in the 'Gazette' as lawful prize to the 'Dolphin.' But there is no mention of any other prize to the 'Dolphin' until the following May. Nor was there advertised, for any ship in which Hobart served, a vessel which would answer to his 'schooner.'

In the 'Zulmira' Hobart went to Demerara, and was there in May, 1844. If the incidents he describes took place at all, they did so then. He went on board the mail steamer to return to England on May 8, and it will be noticed that this fixes the date of his story exactly. He says that he fell in love with the daughter of the Governor of Demerara; that being insulted by one of his rivals, who threw his cards in his face, he called him out and 'put a ball 'into his ankle.' It is, no doubt, possible that this may have happened, although the Governor of Demerara at that time was neither a general nor a K.C.B., as Hobart makes him. The days of duelling were not then over. Fawcett had met Munroe with fatal results the year before, and Hawkey killed Seton the year after at Gosport. But it remains improbable that such a thing could have happened without its being known; and considering the late Prince Consort's views on the subject, it is in the highest degree unlikely that an officer who had fought a duel in May would have been appointed to the Queen's yacht in August.

From the Queen's yacht Hobart was promoted to the rank of lieutenant in September, 1845, and shortly afterwards joined, as we have already said, the 'Rattler,' screw sloop, Captain H. Smith, where he remained for a year and a half. Then he went to the Mediterranean, and for about three years served as lieutenant of the 'Bulldog,' Commander (now Admiral Sir Cooper) Key. Hobart's real service in this ship may be to some extent gathered from the pages of Admiral Phillimore's 'Life of Sir William Parker.' What the 'Bulldog' did in the troublous times when 'Viva Pio 'Nono, e basso Metternich!' was the refrain of most of the Italian street songs, and later, is a very good example of the immensely important State duties which may at any moment devolve on even the junior naval officer. It is a grievous misfortune that Hobart has chosen to draw so largely on his imagination in a case where the truth could not have failed to be of interest. All these descriptions of interviews with the Pope and Cardinal Antonelli, all the goings to and fro

between Garibaldi and Oudinot (when, by the way, Roselli was the officer in communication with Oudinot), with a red scarf on his arm which did not save him from being 'generally fired at,' seem to be the merest figments of the brain. Commander Key had interviews with the Pope, and may have described them to Hobart, but down to the description of the Pope's escape to Gaeta—which was by land in the Bavarian Minister's carriage, and not by sea in a French ship as he has it—Hobart is wholly in the air. There is good reason to believe that he never saw the Pope at Rome, and very probably he never once acted as messenger between Garibaldi and Oudinot. Any such duties would have been prominent enough to have found mention in some of Sir William Parker's letters or despatches, and there was every claim to such mention had the opportunity occurred, for Lord Auckland had mentioned the young officer to Sir William as having 'always been full of zeal.'*

In the Baltic, when the Russian war broke out, Hobart was first lieutenant of his old ship, the 'Bulldog,' now commanded by Commander (the late Admiral Sir William) Hall. For about a fortnight in August, 1854, he was acting in command of the 'Driver,' during which time, as he truly says, he was engaged in the reduction of the forts at Bomarsund, and in the reconnaissance at Abo. He is mistaken, however, in supposing that he was 'honourably mentioned' in the Bomarsund despatches. His ship was mentioned twice as doing good service, but he was not named. For Abo, however, he was twice commended by Captain Francis Scott, who headed the reconnaissance, for 'ability, zeal, and great exertion.' He next passed to the Duke of Wellington, the flagship of Dundas in the Baltic campaign of 1855. At the bombardment of Sweaborg he was in command of the mortar boats, was specially mentioned in the despatches, and was promoted to the rank of commander. It is not the least of the singularities of a singular book that Hobart should have written it down as a casual observation that 'our losses were small on board the squadron of mortar boats. . . . Some fifty-eight men *hors de combat*,' when the actual casualty reported was one man with a 'lacerated finger.'

Immediately upon this follows the gratuitously wild assertion that he was 'appointed to a vessel in the Mediterranean which formed part of the fleet off Sebastopol,' where he 'unfortunately arrived too late to see much service.' We

* Life of Sir William Parker, iii. 323.

have already shown that he joined the coastguard at Dingle, in Kerry, immediately after his promotion. There was not in fact six weeks' interval between his discharge from the Duke of Wellington and his appointment to the coastguard.

Some kind genius should have stayed poor Hobart's hand when, following up the series of statements which on ordinary grounds there is so little to excuse, it led him to leave on record such bitter sneers against Admiral Sir William Martin. Possibly no two men could be more opposite in character than Hobart and Martin. But naval officers at least will not lightly regard an attack by the one upon the other. It must here be clearly and publicly stated that whatever Sir William Martin's methods were, it is to those, to his exertions as a military commander and as a civil administrator, that the navy owes the admirable system of internal organisation which now graces its ships, and the greater part of the enlightened and mild plans of discipline which have told with such excellent effect on its men. The whole navy to this day looks back with a sense of pride to the time of the 'Marlborough' in the Mediterranean as its great awakening. The ship is still held to have been the model and exemplar of what a man-of-war should be, and the methods of the admiral and his immediate supporters were followed with a sort of enthusiastic admiration by the fleet. When these things were so, we can but again express the wish that some kind genius had stayed this wayward hand.

Space does not permit us to dwell to the extent we could have wished on Hobart's blockade-running experiences. The six chapters detailing them form a reprint with very slight alteration from a little book written under the pseudonym of 'Captain Roberts,' and published in 1867. Its title was 'Never Caught,' and it purported to be 'personal adventures connected with twelve successful trips in blockade running during the American civil war, 1863-4.' Were it not for all that has gone before, we should have no difficulty in accepting the adventures of 'Captain Roberts' in the 'Don' as an entirely true relation. We hope it is. At least one good American authority accepts and confirms much of the story told in 'Never Caught,' and, if we may follow him, we have evidence that there was in Hobart much of the spirit which would have led its possessor to considerable success in war, and this his conduct in the Turkish navy confirms. There were caution, resource, and great decision, as well as great daring and presence of mind. To have made twelve

successful trips through the beleaguering Federal squadrons was a thing to be proud of unquestionably, and if the gains were considerable, so must have been the anxiety, the risk, and perhaps, in cases, the personal danger. What the nature of the service was may be stated in few words. Bermuda, and Nassau in the Island of New Providence, formed the advanced depôts and the bases from which the blockade runners worked. The one was at a mean distance of 750 miles, and the other of 530 miles, from the ports of entry, Wilmington, Charleston, and Savannah. Innocent merchant steamers took general cargoes to these depôts, transferred them to the specially built blockade runners, and received in return the cargoes of cotton which these had carried from the Southern ports. The blockade runner was a swift, low, light, and almost mastless steamer of 400 or 500 tons. The dangerous run from the base to the blockaded port was a matter of two or three days only, but there was the chance of capture or destruction by Federal cruisers at any moment. The voyage had to be timed exactly so as to reach the bar of the port at the moment when a moonless night and high water gave the maximum chances of avoiding observation and accidental grounding. Confederate fortresses guarded the entrances to the harbours, and once under the guns of these, the entering blockade runner was safe. But before she could gain this haven of rest she had to run the gauntlet of an outer and an inner Federal squadron who were bent on preventing ingress, if by capture, well; if by destruction, well also. The blockade runner, in fact, had to expect the freest use of the ram and the gun against him, without the satisfaction of making any return. It is easy to see that while the successful run out or in was over like a flash, he who conducted it had need of immense self-control, presence of mind, and coolness. The slightest yielding to the intense excitement of the moment might produce, as its least consequence, absolute failure. It was necessary to feel the even balance of the chances for and against success, and to choose the right course under pressure, as if there had been none. The blockade runner, either in or out, had to pass from the calm of loneliness on the sea, or in the harbour, into the storm of rockets, guns, and muskets, which announced that he was seen and attacked; and he had to act through it all as though the calm of sea or harbour still remained. It is plain to be seen that most of that which makes a leader shine in war was an absolute necessity to the successful blockade runner, and there can be no question at all that Hobart,

in spite of the doubt he has himself thrown out, possessed it in abundance.

We cannot dwell long on the circumstances under which, towards the close of the year 1867, Hobart finally threw in his lot with the Turkish navy, but they were characteristic and amusing in the highest degree. They form an instance of his general objection to control. With a considerable prize before him, he ran the blockade of considerations of naval propriety in pretty much the same style as he had been accustomed to do that of the Federal fleet. It was a dash, short, sharp, and severe, but it placed him at once in a more prominent position than he could ever have attained in his own country in time of peace. Crete had long been in a state of insurrection, openly supported with men and material direct from Greece. The failure of the Turks to destroy this traffic was the subject of lament in Parliament, and the Greeks had become so audacious as to arm their blockade runners, and in cases to offer battle to the Turkish warships. The great want of Turkey was, in fact, some man of sufficient genius to counterplot the Greek audacity. For many decades of years an English naval officer had been, with the full consent of his Government, the adviser of the Sultan on all matters relating to the fleet. The appointment was supposed to be civil, not military, and much stress was laid on this fact. The post being vacant, the Admiralty had nominated Sir William Wiseman to fill it, but, in compliance with the wish of Parliament, the actual appointment was suspended during the complications arising from the Cretan insurrection. While Ministers were gravely assuring the country that no English officer would proceed to Constantinople till Parliament had given its voice on the subject, the audacious Hobart had slipped into the post, made his own terms, and was prepared, as a military commander, to put in force against the Greek blockade runners the lessons he had learnt as one of their craft in the days gone by. Even on international grounds it was impossible that Hobart could retain his places in the British and Turkish navies simultaneously, but the open defiance of the Admiralty put a seal upon the matter. Hobart must resign either post, and he chose to give up his English one.

‘Luckily,’ he says, in the youthful language, and with the school-boy’s disregard of after-thought, which everywhere flashes out from these pages, ‘I could afford by the arrangement I had made with the Turkish Government to be in the Admiralty’s bad books, and even the frowns of the English Ambassador did not affect me a bit. I believe

they called me "adventurer," "artful dodger," &c., but it must be remembered that I was in every way as much entitled to this position as the Admiralty "pet," whoever he may have been.'

It was evident that the life of the Cretan insurrection was the Greek support, kept up by means of the blockade runners, who carried both men and material. The Turks had hitherto been vainly attempting to put a check on this at the ports of entry—that is, to guard efficiently the whole coast of Crete. Hobart saw that the points of egress were the true positions to act upon. He made for Syra almost immediately. Outside the neutral zone he was free to act; but, as luck would have it, off the port the Greek blockade runner 'Enossis' put herself out of court by firing on Hobart's flagship, as the 'Arkadi' had on one of the Turkish ships on a previous occasion. Blockade running was one thing, an act of war by a ship not duly commissioned was another, and Hobart was fully aware that he had the whip hand of the whole business. His action, in fact, largely influenced the mind of the Greek Government, and very possibly the minds of the European powers, while the entire collapse of the Cretan insurrection, in December 1868, showed that the success of Hobart's blockade was fatal to its continuance.

After this Hobart was employed in some delicate negotiations relative to the Syrian Christians, which were so well concluded that he was decorated by both the French and Austrian Governments. He was in the same year raised to the rank of full admiral in the Turkish service. But probably the greatest gratification he received was his Queen's permission to wear the Order of the Medjidieh in 1871. His country in some sort had condoned the evil he had done in view of the good which had come of it. And this was but a step to full forgiveness. On a memorial to Lord Derby, setting forth his services towards the preservation of the peace of Europe, the endeavour he had made to maintain in Turkey the character of an Englishman, and the manner in which he had advanced the efficiency of the Turkish navy, he was in 1874 restored to the list of retired captains in the royal navy.

From the conclusion of the Cretan insurrection until some time after the outbreak of the Russo-Turkish war in 1877, Hobart appears to have fallen back into the civil and purely administrative position which Lord Stanley in the House of Commons had ascribed to him. His position at the outbreak of the war was this. The Turkish navy was managed

on principles somewhat similar to those established in our own country. There was a Minister of Marine, and under him a President and Vice-President of Council. Hobart's place came next as the chairman of a board or staff composed of six post-captains, an engineer, and a torpedo officer. This board really did all the work that was done, and of Hobart's part it was said that it placed the Turkish navy 'more or less under his influence.' This was precisely his difficulty throughout. According to the strength of the intrigues against him he got 'more or less' of his way. The War Minister, Redif Pasha, was no friend to Hobart, and he found means to interfere in all things, small and great, which affected the navy and Hobart's position in it. Hobart was up the Danube when the war broke out, and on its eve he addressed to the 'Times' and to Mr. Gladstone some letters which show how loyal and enthusiastic he was in the cause he had adopted, and the master he had elected to serve. Elected, for it was impossible that an English naval officer should serve in one country against another when both were at peace with our own, and Hobart's name disappeared for the second time from the pages of the navy list.

When the war began, the Turkish ships, sixteen of which were armoured, were divided into four commands, taking their orders direct from the Admiralty. There was the Danube squadron of seven ironclads and other smaller vessels, that on the western and that on the eastern shores of the Black Sea, and a squadron in the Mediterranean to meet anything which the Russians might send from the Baltic. At first none of these were placed under Hobart's orders. He was kept, as it was said, 'dangling about the 'Golden Horn' when his heart was with the sea-going fleets.

Serdar Ekrem, an octogenarian, who was at Rustchuk in command of the Danube flotilla, pointblank refused Hobart's advice as to its management and its provision with proper stores. He was ordered to attend to his own business, and as Galatz was in the hands of the Russians, who were supposed to have thoroughly mined the Danube at this point, he was told to leave his swift yacht and proceed to Varna by rail. But Hobart had already begun to doubt about torpedoes. He had no wish that his vessel should fall into the hands of the advancing Russian columns, and a little of the old sort of blockade running would restore a spirit jaded with what he calls the 'pig-headed obstinacy and the grossest 'ignorance' on the part of the commander on the Danube. Did space permit, we should have been glad to quote his

story of the run past the Galatz batteries. Suffice it here to say that, bearding the lion in his den, he ran by night so close under the Russian batteries that the words of command within them could be heard. Rushing at the rate of twenty miles an hour, he was past and away almost before the Russians were aware of what he was doing. But he could not resist the temptation of dropping a solitary shell into their camp *pour prendre congé*.

The entire failure of the Turkish navy to do anything worth speaking of in the way of hindering the crossing of the Russian armies is well known. The ships fell into disorder. One was blown up by the carelessness of its own crew; another fell a victim to a plucky torpedo attack—with the spar torpedo—by two young Russian officers: an attack which could not have succeeded had ordinary precautions been adopted. Had Hobart's advice been taken, and had he been placed in what was beyond measure the most important command, the Russians could never have had the facilities which were offered for the passage of the Danube.

Later on in the war Hobart appears to have commanded first the eastern and then the western Black Sea squadrons. The precautions ordered by him saved the latter from a daring torpedo attack on the night of June 9. It was on this occasion that the torpedo boat was upset by Hobart's obstructions, and Lieutenant Pustchin taken prisoner. It is characteristic of the Admiral's kindness of heart that his first thought was to telegraph to the young Russian's sister at St. Petersburg to assure her of his safety.

Little was done by the Turkish fleet in the Black Sea because there was little to do. It is pleasant to be reminded, in reading over the correspondence of the day, that the abstention from bombardment of unfortified towns and villages was known to be, as it truly was, due to Hobart's influence. Where the Turks entirely failed was in blockading power. The Russian ships seem to have been pretty free to come and go as they wished in the Black Sea; and it is a little surprising to recollect that the Turks were more prominently engaged in defending themselves from Russian torpedo attacks than in making attacks, though they were nominally in complete command of the sea. On the other hand, the Russians never had the enterprise to try their Popoffkas against any of the Turkish ships.

Hobart Pasha acquired a great contempt for torpedoes. He repeats in this book the views he had already put forward last year in 'Blackwood's Magazine.' It is much to his credit that he should lean rather on the inefficiency of the

weapon as such than on the skilful arrangement of his own defences. It is quite true that every Russian attack on the Black Sea ships failed, whether the weapon was the spar or the Whitehead, and that the destruction of the 'Lufti Djelil' in the Danube was entirely due to neglect of ordinary precautions. But we cannot go the whole way with the late Turkish Admiral. The torpedo is not a weapon to be entirely despised and taken no account of. It must continue to have a powerful influence on all organisations for future naval war. It may very possibly not be destined to take the foremost place which some enthusiasts have claimed for it; but neither is it destined, in view of the most recent experiments, to fall into desuetude. No doubt its true position has yet to be ascertained, but it is improbable that it will be found to be a low one.

To the Sultan of Turkey at least Hobart Pasha had shown himself, from first to last, a loyal and—he uses the word himself—an 'affectionate' servant. His position in that potentate's esteem continually grew. His downright straightness of purpose had won its way through the marvellous network of intrigue which always surrounded him, and there was no sort of reward which the sovereign was not ready to confer on him. His restoration to his position in the English navy could not be withheld, from the moment that international proprieties permitted it. So, when Hobart Pasha died at Milan last June, he was an admiral and a marshal in the Turkish service, and a vice-admiral in the English.

The portrait of the Pasha which appears in this book does him scant justice. Though not what would be called a handsome man, he had a pleasant well-featured face. In figure he was perhaps below the middle size, and was remarkable for the smallness of his hands and feet. His frame was thick set, firm, and wiry, but with nothing bulky about it—had there been, it would have been carried off by the scrupulous neatness of his dress. Wherever he went, Hobart was a favourite. He was that sort of man who impressed all his acquaintances with his humour and *bonhomie*. His equals were always ready to help him in emergencies, and though no disciplinarian, his inferiors both in the English and Turkish services were glad to obey his lightest behests. Perhaps he falsified the adage, but he certainly did not care to obey himself. He undoubtedly lived a strange and eventful life. But no one can read these sketches and apply any tests to the earlier ones, without experiencing the wonder we have expressed at the beginning of this article. Why should he, when the true record of his life had in it such ample ma-

terials, have preferred to import into it such wholesale fictions? We venture to think that there is no other existing book which, purporting to be a true relation, has borrowed so largely from the land of shadows. It is the strangeness of finding ourselves comparing the earlier pages of this article with the later, and feeling that both are fully justified, and in fact unavoidable, which dwells on our mind as we conclude it. A naval officer sitting down to write the events of his life must be conscious of a position which can be occupied by no one else. He cannot forget for a moment that every brother officer knows him, and all about him. Any half-dozen contemporaries talking of him can collect and set out all the leading events of his life in a few minutes. He could not, in any moderately large naval company, assert his presence at any particular occurrence without being immediately corrected if the fact were not so. It is so impossible for us to believe that the late Hobart Pasha can have been oblivious of these things, that we cannot suppose that what he has done was consciously done. We fall back on one of two explanations. Either his mind was in such a state that the recollections of what he had seen and what he had heard were equally vivid; or else he had had the intention, while so mixing them together, to point out that the sketches were in no proper sense 'sketches from his life.' In our dilemma we choose the first alternative, but then we shall have to say that to the many curious and striking acts of Hobart Pasha's life we must add his last, and believe him to be the author of a literary curiosity.

It is not without regret that we have made these remarks, for unquestionably the author has bequeathed to the public one of the most amusing books of the day—a book, too, calculated to awaken and stimulate that noble passion of naval enterprise which is the glory and the safeguard of the nation. We cordially recognise Hobart Pasha's high spirit, courage, and resource; but we wish that his memory had been more accurate or his imagination less lively. In justice to him, however, it must be said that these reminiscences were hastily written down when he was in declining health; he was too ill to revise the sheets as they came from the press, and before the volume was ready for publication the author was no more. These are extenuating circumstances, and although we hold it to be the duty of criticism to verify facts related in the form of an autobiography, we have done so in this instance without the slightest feeling of asperity or ill-will towards a writer who has afforded us so much 'entertainment.'

ART. VIII.—*The Greville Memoirs* (Third Part). A Journal of the Reign of Queen Victoria, from 1852 to 1860. By the late C. F. GREVILLE, Clerk of the Council. In two volumes. London: 1887.

WITHIN eighteen months from the appearance of the second part of these memoirs Mr. Reeve is enabled to present us with the third and concluding instalment of the work. It appeared, as he tells us in his preface, 'to be unnecessary and inexpedient to delay the publication of the last portion of these papers, which contain some record of the events occurring between 1852 and the close of the year 1860, a period already remote from the present time, and relating almost exclusively to men of the last generation.' A perusal of the diary will confirm Mr. Reeve's statement. Mr. Gladstone is the only prominent statesman still living whose policy and whose principles are discussed at any length in these pages; and we may, therefore, congratulate our readers on the publication of the concluding portion of a work which has already excited considerable public interest.

In noticing these volumes, it is impossible to avoid offering a few general remarks on Mr. Greville's diary as a whole. The first entry in it was made on June 7, 1818, the last on November 13, 1860. It extends over a period of more than forty-two years; and it is not too much to say that it furnishes us with far the best picture that has ever been published of the inner political history of England during the whole of that time. It would, indeed, be idle to expect that the diary of a young man, twenty-four years old, should correspond with the journal of an old man of sixty. A narrative of this character, if it be worth anything at all, must show traces of the gradual evolution of the writer's mind. But the value of this diary consists in the circumstance that, throughout the whole period which it covers, the author was in intimate and confidential communication with the leading men of the day; that, on many important occasions, he was not merely the confidant but the adviser of statesmen; and that he consequently both acquired a knowledge of, and exerted an influence on, events which it is given to few men either to enjoy or to obtain.

The opportunities which Mr. Greville possessed were due both to his birth and his position. His father a Greville, his mother a Bentinck, he was thrown at the very outset of his career into society. His grandfather's influence provided him

with the reversion to an office—the clerkship of the Council—which brings its holder into occasional contact with the Crown, and into close intercourse with the Ministers of the day. In addition to the emoluments of this office, he drew the salary of a lucrative appointment in the West Indies, whose duties he discharged by deputy. Thus endowed—in accordance with the bad customs of those days—with a liberal income, he had not to make his career, which was already marked out for him. He had none of the incentives to exertion which poverty supplies to other men; and he devoted himself to the routine duties of his office, and to the diversions of society, contented in his leisure hours with recording the history which his abilities might have qualified him to help in making.

During the earlier years of his life he probably reflected little on the opportunities which he missed. But, as his age increased and his health decayed, he was lamentably conscious that he might have turned both his time and his abilities to better account. As the friends of his youth dropped one after another away, he had fewer temptations for social intercourse. Never married, he had not the consolations which marriage affords; he had private anxieties to endure, which, if they found no place in his diary, may perhaps be traced in its tone. If, in short, he had been spared the struggles of youth, he had his full share of the regrets of old age.

In the first part of Mr. Greville's diary Mr. Reeve gave us the journal of

‘a young man of fashion and of pleasure, plunged, as was not inconsistent with his age and his social position, in the dissipation and the amusements of the day; but he was beginning to get tired of them. In the second part he enters with all the energy of which he was capable, though shackled by his official position, upon the great political struggles of the time—the earnest advocate of peace, of moderation, of justice, and of liberal principles.’ (Preface.)

In the third part, which is now before us, we find the advance of years and the increase of infirmities withdrawing him ‘more and more from society, and depriving him of many ‘of those sources of intelligence which had been so freely ‘opened to him.’ So early as 1856 he declared (though his readers will hardly share his conclusion), ‘It is impossible to ‘find anything of the least interest to write about, and my ‘journal is in danger of dying of starvation or of atrophy.’

A year afterwards, in 1857, he wrote:—

‘I have read over the few preceding pages, and am disgusted to

find how barren they are of interest and how little worth preserving. They show how entirely my social relations have ceased with all those friends and acquaintances from whom I have been in the habit of drawing the information which the earlier parts of this journal contain, and consequently my total ignorance of all political subjects. There was a time when I should have had a great deal to say upon passing events of interest or importance, but all that is gone by.' (Vol. ii. p. 117.)

While finally, in November 1860, a year and a half after he had retired from his office, he brought his labours to a conclusion with this emphatic entry :—

' At the end of three months since I last wrote anything in this book, I take my pen in hand to record my determination to bring this journal (which is no journal at all) to an end. I have long seen that it is useless to attempt to carry it on, for I am entirely out of the way of hearing anything of the slightest interest beyond what is known to all the world. I therefore close this record without any intention or expectation of renewing it, with a full consciousness of the smallness of its value or interest, and with great regret that I did not make better use of the opportunities I have had of recording something more worth reading.' (Vol. ii. p. 309.)

Remarks of this kind in reality testify not to any deficiency in the writer's narrative or in his matter, but to his growing reluctance to write at all. The reader is gradually prepared for the conclusion by noticing longer and longer intervals between the entries in the journal, and by observing that Mr. Greville himself ascribes his neglect to continue his work to an apathy which was probably attributable to his growing ill-health. The gloomy feelings, which were due to illness, equally account for the unfavourable judgement which the writer passes on his own work. Public opinion has long been pronounced on the value and interest of Mr. Greville's *Memoirs*; and, as his editor rightly states, if he ever 'entertained a hope that he might contribute some pages to the record of his time and the literature of his country, that hope was not altogether vain.'

The most depreciatory critic of Mr. Greville's journal is, then, Mr. Greville himself; and other readers are not likely to affirm the judgement which the author pronounced on his work. The section of it which is now before us, like that which was published in 1885, is remarkable, not merely for the light which it throws on the political history of the time, but for the carefully finished portraits which it contains of some of the more remarkable of Mr. Greville's contemporaries. There is, indeed, no character in these volumes quite equal to the

finished likeness which the second part of these *Memoirs* gave us of Lord Melbourne. That sketch was, and is, Mr. Greville's *chef d'œuvre*. But the portraits which these volumes contain of Lord Ellesmere, Lord Macaulay, Madame de Lieven, Miss Berry, Lady Ashburton, and of others, if not quite equal to the description of Lord Melbourne, are well worthy of being hung in the same gallery. It is remarkable, too, that, in his character of Lord Macaulay, Mr. Greville noticed a trait which did not strike his other contemporaries.

'I have mentioned the circumstance of my first meeting him, after which we became rather intimate in a general way, and he used frequently to invite me to those breakfasts in the Albany at which he used to collect small miscellaneous parties, generally including some remarkable people, and at which he loved to pour forth all those stores of his mind, and accumulations of his memory, to which his humbler guests, like myself, used to listen with delighted admiration, and enjoy as the choicest of intellectual feasts. I don't think he was ever so entirely agreeable as at his own breakfast table, though I shall remember as long as I live the pleasant days I have spent in his society at Bowood, Holland House, and elsewhere. Nothing was more remarkable in Macaulay than the natural way in which he talked, never for the sake of display or to manifest his superior powers and knowledge. On the contrary, he was free from any assumption of superiority over others, and seemed to be impressed with the notion that those he conversed with knew as much as himself, and he was always quite as ready to listen as to talk.' (Vol. ii. p. 278.)

The famous flashes of silence evidently seemed much more frequent to the man who came to listen than to the man who came to talk.

Literary criticism, moreover, is in these days so crude, and critics are so fond of pointing out the little blots which they detect, instead of dwelling on the merits which they ignore, that we cannot resist copying the remarks with which Mr. Greville sums up a short and discriminating verdict on Lord Macaulay's *History*.

'Macaulay's *History* is the best ethical study for forming the mind and character of a young man, for it is replete with maxims of the highest practical value. It holds up in every page to hatred and scorn all the vices which can stain, and to admiration and emulation all the virtues which can adorn, a public career. It is impossible for anyone to study that great work without sentiments of profound admiration for the lessons it inculcates, and they who become thoroughly imbued with its spirit, no matter whether they coincide or not with his opinions, will be strengthened in a profound veneration for truth and justice, for public and private integrity and honour, and in a genuine patriotism and desire for the freedom, prosperity, and glory of their country.' (Vol. ii. p. 280.)

Mr. Froude has given the present generation a new interest in the character of the late Lady Ashburton. Mr. Carlyle, it may be recollected, considered that 'she was the greatest lady of rank' he ever saw; and, in some difficulty to reconcile her life with his own precepts, he declared, in one of his most singular verdicts, that 'her work—call it her grand and noble 'endurance of want of work—is all done.' Here is Mr. Greville's account of this lady:—

'Lady Ashburton was perhaps, on the whole, the most conspicuous woman in the society of the present day. She was undoubtedly very intelligent, with much quickness and vivacity in conversation, and by dint of a good deal of desultory reading and social intercourse with men more or less distinguished, she had improved her mind, and made herself a very agreeable woman, and had acquired no small reputation for ability and wit. It is never difficult for a woman in a great position and with some talent for conversation to attract a large society around her, and to have a number of admirers and devoted *habitués*. Lady Ashburton laid herself out for this, and while she exercised hospitality on a great scale, she was more of a *Précieuse* than any woman I have known. She was, or affected to be, extremely intimate with many men whose literary celebrity or talents constituted their only attraction, and while they were gratified by the attentions of the great lady, her vanity was flattered by the homage of such men, of whom Carlyle was the principal. It is only justice to her to say that she treated her literary friends with constant kindness and the most unselfish attentions. They, their wives and children (when they had any), were received at her house in the country, and entertained there for weeks without any airs of patronage, and with a spirit of genuine benevolence as well as hospitality. She was in her youth tall and commanding in person, but without any pretension to good looks; still she was not altogether destitute of sentiment and coquetry, or incapable of both feeling and inspiring a certain amount of passion. The only man with whom she was ever what could be called *in love* was Clarendon, and that feeling was never entirely extinct, and the recollection of it kept up a sort of undefined relation between them to the end of her life. Two men were certainly in love with her, both distinguished in different ways. One was John Mill, who was sentimentally attached to her, and for a long time was devoted to her society. She was pleased and flattered by his devotion, but as she did not in the slightest degree return his passion, though she admired his abilities, he at last came to resent her indifference, and ended by estranging himself from her entirely, and proved the strength of his feeling by his obstinate refusal to continue even his acquaintance with her. Her other admirer was Charles Buller, with whom she was extremely intimate, but without ever reciprocating his love. Curiously enough, they were very like each other in person, as well as in their mental accomplishments. They had both the same spirits and cleverness in conversation, and the same quickness and drollery in repartee. I remember Allen well describing them, when he said that their talk was like that in the polite conver-

sation between Never Out and Miss Notable. Her faults appeared to be caprice and a disposition to quarrels and *tracasseries* about nothing, which, however common amongst ordinary women, were unworthy of her superior understanding. But during her last illness all that was bad and hard in her nature seemed to be improved and softened, and she became full of charity, good-will, and the milk of human kindness. Her brother and her sister-in-law, who, forgetting former estrangements, hastened to her sick bed, were received by her with overflowing tenderness, and all selfish and unamiable feelings seemed to be entirely subdued within her. Had she recovered she would probably have lived a better and a happier woman, and as it is she has died in charity with all the world, and has left behind her corresponding sentiments of affection and regret for her memory.' (Vol. ii. pp. 107-9.)

But the most finished portrait in these volumes is that of Madame de Lieven; and, though it is too long to reproduce as a whole, we shall make no apology for making lengthy extracts from an admirable account of an accomplished woman.

'Madame de Lieven came to this country at the end of 1812 or beginning of 1813 on the war breaking out between Russia and France. She was at that time young, at least in the prime of life, and though without any pretensions to beauty, and indeed with some personal defects, she had so fine an air and manner, and a countenance so pretty and so full of intelligence, as to be on the whole a very striking and attractive person. . . . People here were not slow to acknowledge her merits and social excellence, and she almost immediately took her place in the cream of the cream of English society, forming close intimacies with the most conspicuous women in it, and assiduously cultivating relations with the most remarkable men of all parties. . . . The Regent, afterwards George IV., delighted in her company, and she was a frequent guest at the Pavilion, and on very intimate terms with Lady Conyngham, for although Madame de Lieven was not very tolerant of mediocrity, and social and colloquial superiority was necessary to her existence, she always made great allowances for Royalty and those immediately connected with it. She used to be a great deal at Oatlands, and was one of the few intimate friends of the Duchess of York, herself very intelligent, and who therefore had in the eyes of Madame de Lieven the double charm of her position and her agreeableness. It was her duty as well as her inclination to cultivate the members of all the successive Cabinets which passed before her, and she became the friend of Lord Castlereagh, of Canning, the Duke of Wellington, Lord Grey, Lord Palmerston, John Russell, Aberdeen, and many others of inferior note, and she was likewise one of the *habitués* of Holland House, which was always more or less neutral ground, even when Lord Holland was himself a member of the government. When Talleyrand came over here as Ambassador, there was for some time a sort of antagonism between the two embassies, and particularly between the ladies of each, but Madame de Dino (now

Duchesse de Sagan) was so clever, and old Talleyrand himself so remarkable and so agreeable, that Madame de Lieven was irresistibly drawn towards them, and for the last year or two of their being in England they became extremely intimate. But her greatest friend in England was Lady Cowper, afterwards Lady Palmerston, and through her she was also the friend of Palmerston, who was also well affected towards Russia, till his jealous and suspicious mind was inflamed by his absurd notion of her intention to attack us in India, a crotchet which led us into the folly and disaster of the Afghan war. . . .

‘I do not know at what exact period it was that she made the acquaintance of M. Guizot, but their intimacy no doubt was established after he had begun to play a great political part, for his literary and philosophical celebrity would not alone have had much charm for her. They were, however, already great friends at the time of his embassy to England, and she took that opportunity of coming here to pay a visit to her old friends. The fall of Thiers’ Government and Guizot’s becoming Minister for Foreign Affairs of course drew Madame de Lieven still more closely to him, and during the whole of his administration their alliance continued to be of the closest and most intimate character. It was an immense object to her to possess the entire confidence of the French Minister for Foreign Affairs, who kept her *au courant* of all that was going on in the political world, while it is not surprising that he should be irresistibly attracted by a woman immensely superior to any other of his acquaintance, who was fully able to comprehend and willing to interest herself about all the grand and important subjects which he had to handle and manage, and who associated herself with a complete sympathy in all his political interests. Their *liaison*, which some people consider mysterious, but which I believe to have been entirely social and political, grew constantly more close, and every moment that Guizot could snatch from the Foreign Office and the Chamber he devoted to Madame de Lieven. . . .

‘The revolution of 1848 dispersed her friends, broke up her salon, and terrified her into making a rather ludicrous, but as it turned out wholly unnecessary, escape. She came to England, where she remained till affairs appeared to be settled in France and all danger of disturbance at an end. She then returned to Paris, where she remained, not without fear and trembling, during the period of peril and vicissitude which at length ended, much to her satisfaction, with the *coup d’état* and the Empire. . . .

‘Nothing could exceed the charm of her conversation or her grace, ease, and tact in society. She had a nice and accurate judgement, and an exquisite taste in the choice of her associates and friends; but though taking an ardent pleasure in agreeableness, and peculiarly susceptible of being bored, she was not fastidious, full of politeness and good breeding, and possessed the faculty of turning every one to account, and eliciting something either of entertainment or information from the least important of her acquaintance. It has been the fashion here, and the habit of the vulgar and ignorant press, to stigmatise Madame de Lieven as a mischievous intriguer, who was constantly occupied in schemes and designs hostile to the interests of our country.

I firmly believe such charges to be utterly unfounded. She had resided for above twenty years, the happiest of her life, in England, and had imbibed a deep attachment to the country, where she had formed many more intimacies and friendships than she possessed anywhere else, and to the last day of her life she continued to cherish the remembrance of her past connexion, to cultivate the society of English people, and to evince without disguise her predilection for their country. . . . Russia was the country of her birth, France the country of her adopted abode, but England was the country of her predilection. With this cosmopolite character she dreaded everything which might produce hostile collision between any two of these countries. She was greatly annoyed when the question of the Spanish marriages embittered the relations between France and England, but infinitely more so at the Turkish quarrel, and the war which it produced. Those who fulminated against her intrigues were, as I believe, provoked at the efforts she made, so far as she had any power or influence, to bring about the restoration of peace, an unpardonable offence in the eyes of all who were bent on the continuation of the war. She lived to see peace restored, and closed her eyes almost at the moment that the last seal was put to it by the Conference of Paris. Her last illness was sudden and short. Her health had always been delicate, and she was very nervous about herself; an attack of bronchitis brought on fever, which rapidly consumed her strength, and brought her, fully conscious, within sight of death; that consummation, which at a distance she had always dreaded, she saw arrive with perfect calmness and resignation, and all the virtues and qualities for which the smallest credit was given her seem to have shone forth with unexpected lustre on her deathbed. Her faculties were bright and unclouded to the last, her courage and presence of mind were unshaken, she evinced a tender consideration for the feelings of those who were lamenting around her bed, and she complied with the religious obligations prescribed by the Church of which she was a member with a devotion the sincerity of which we have no right to question. She made her son Paul and Guizot leave her room a few hours before she died, that they might be spared the agony of witnessing her actual dissolution, and only three or four hours before the supreme moment, she mustered strength to write a note in pencil to Guizot with these words: "Merci pour vingt années d'amitié et de bonheur; ne m'oubliez pas, adieu, adieu!" It was given to him after her death.'

These descriptions will show that Mr. Greville retained in his old age the capacity of word-painting which he cultivated in his maturity. But, admirable as these extracts are, the characters from which they are taken do not form the most important portions of this journal. The historian will consult these pages less for the sake of obtaining Mr. Greville's opinions of persons than with the object of gaining a clearer insight into affairs with whose inner history Mr. Greville had so intimate an acquaintance.

In one sense, indeed, the domestic history of this country from 1852 to 1860 is singularly uninteresting. Perhaps the magnitude and gravity of events abroad, such as the Crimean War, the Indian Mutiny, and the war in Italy, lulled the minor conflicts of the House of Commons. It was a period of transition or preparation, unmarked by any great legislative achievements, or by any sharp rivalry between public men. In reading the political history of England during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, the student is impressed by the struggles between Sir Robert Walpole and Lord Bolingbroke; between Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox; between Mr. Canning and Lord Castlereagh; and between Sir Robert Peel and Lord John Russell. But no such contest continued after the death of Sir Robert Peel. The future gladiators—Mr. Disraeli and Mr. Gladstone—were only sharpening their weapons and gradually falling into the places which they were ultimately to assume in the arena; and, in the interim, Lord Palmerston gradually obtained an almost undisputed predominance in the House of Commons.

The influence which Lord Palmerston thus acquired was, no doubt, in the first instance, due to the general belief that he was the most active member of the Cabinet, both in resisting the designs of Russia in the East, and in pushing the operations in the Crimea to a successful issue. The Crimean war is, in fact, the central subject in the first of these volumes; and Mr. Greville writes on it with a knowledge which must command attention. For, during most of the period, he was in close and confidential communication with Lord Clarendon; and from February 1853 till after the Peace of Paris Lord Clarendon presided over the British Foreign Office. It must not be supposed, indeed, that Mr. Greville, in enjoying Lord Clarendon's confidence, adopted his opinions. On the contrary, his views on the subject bore a much closer resemblance to those which are identified with Mr. Cobden and Mr. Bright than with those which Lord Clarendon himself entertained. But the importance of Mr. Greville's diary is not due to his opinions but his facts, and so, though his conclusions are opposed to the views which have been constantly advocated in our own pages, we shall not hesitate to avail ourselves of his testimony.

The first occasion on which Mr. Greville derived any important knowledge of the progress of affairs at Constantinople was on March 24, 1853. Lord Clarendon, who had

then been a few weeks at the Foreign Office, showed him the remarkable despatch from Sir G. H. Seymour—‘giving an account of a long conversation he had had with the Emperor Nicholas about Turkey and her prospects and her condition.’* It is worth while observing that Mr. Greville regarded the emperor’s opinions and intentions, though they contemplated the dissolution of the Turkish Empire, as ‘amicable towards us, and very wise and moderate in themselves.’

At the time of this conversation between Mr. Greville and Lord Clarendon, the Ministry was aware that Prince Menschikoff had arrived at Constantinople; that the late Lord Strathnairn, then Colonel Rose and British *chargé d'affaires* at the Porte, alarmed at the prince’s proceedings, had summoned the English fleet to the Dardanelles; and that Admiral Dundas had refused to comply with Colonel Rose’s invitation. Lord Clarendon went on, in fact, to inform Mr. Greville that—

‘It was on Saturday night that the courier arrived with Rose’s and Dundas’s despatches, and a few of the Cabinet met on Sunday at the Admiralty to talk the matter over. Clarendon sent for John Russell from Richmond, and he thought it advisable to summon Palmerston to this conciliabule, to keep him in good humour, which it had the effect of doing. There were himself, Palmerston, John Russell, Aberdeen, and Graham. He had written to Lord John on Saturday night, and sent him the despatches; he got an answer from him, full of very wild talk of strong measures to be taken, and a fleet sent to the Baltic to make peremptory demands on the Emperor of Russia. This, however, he took no notice of, and did not say one word to Aberdeen about it, quietly letting it drop, and accordingly he heard no more about it, nobody, he said, but myself, knowing what Lord John had proposed. I asked him what were Palmerston’s views. He replied that he did not say much, and acquiesced in his and Aberdeen’s prudent and reserved intentions, but he could see, from a few words that casually escaped him, that he would have been ready to join in more stringent and violent measures if they had been proposed.’ (Vol. i. p. 55.)

Though, however, in these early days there was this evident difference among the members of the Cabinet, they arrived at an ostensible agreement.

‘They disapproved Rose’s proceedings and have approved Dundas’s, at the same time ordering him not to move without express orders

* This, of course, is the famous despatch whose publication, a year after Mr. Greville had seen it, occasioned so much excitement in this country.

from home; and moreover Clarendon refused to give Stratford Canning any discretionary authority to send for the fleet (though it was afterwards given), which he had asked to be entrusted with.' (Ibid. p. 53.)

Prince Menschikoff's conduct at Constantinople, unfortunately, did not increase the prospects of a peaceful settlement. To strengthen the Porte, the French and English fleets were moved up to the Dardanelles; while the Emperor of Russia, angry at the refusal of his demands, occupied the Principalities. Lord Clarendon, in the meanwhile, had the difficult task of reconciling the opposite policies of two sections of the Cabinet.

'He told me again what a task his is in the Cabinet, standing between and mediating between Aberdeen and Palmerston, whose ancient and habitual ideas of foreign policy are brought by this business into antagonism. . . . He is therefore obliged to take a great deal upon himself, in order to prevent any collision between Palmerston and Aberdeen. It appears that Palmerston proposed on Saturday last that the entrance of the Russians into the Principalities should be considered a *casus belli*, in which, however, he was overruled and gave way. The Cabinet did not come to a vote upon it, but the general sentiment went with Aberdeen and Clarendon, and against Palmerston.' (Ibid. p. 71.)

Some prospect was soon afterwards afforded of a settlement of the dispute. The Emperor of Russia offered to accept the famous Vienna Note:—

'August 9.—At Court yesterday Aberdeen was quite confident of the settlement of the Eastern affair, and Brunnow, who was there with the Duchess of Leuchtenberg to see the Queen, very smiling. . . . The Government are in high spirits at the prospect of winding up this prosperous Session with the settlement of the Eastern Question: nothing else is wanting to their success.' (Ibid. p. 80.)

This confidence, however, was not shared by the Foreign Minister:—

'August 11.—I saw Clarendon yesterday. Nothing new, but he said he fully expected Stratford Canning would play some trick at Constantinople, and throw obstacles in the way of settlement. This seems to me hardly possible, unless he behaves foolishly as well as dishonestly, and it can hardly be believed that his temper and Russian antipathies will betray him into such extravagant conduct. It is, however, impossible to consider the affair as "*settled*." (Ibid. p. 80.)

Lord Clarendon's fears proved but too well founded. The Porte refused to accept the Note, and war ultimately ensued in consequence of its refusal. We have no intention in this article of entering on the question how far Lord Stratford de Redcliffe was responsible for the Porte's action;

we simply desire to give Mr. Greville's opinion on the subject. Mr. Greville wrote on September 3:—

‘Clarendon thinks that Stratford has encouraged the resistance of the Divan to the proposals of the Conference, and that he might have persuaded the Turks to accept the terms if he had chosen to do so and set about it in a proper manner; but Clarendon says that he has lived there so long, and is animated with such a personal hatred of the Emperor, that he is full of the Turkish spirit; and this and his temper together have made him take a part directly contrary to the wishes and instructions of his Government. He thinks he wishes to be recalled, that he may make a grievance of it, and come home to do all the mischief he can. Westmorland wrote word the other day that Stratford's language was very hostile to his Government; and the Ministers of all the other Powers at Constantinople thought he had actually resigned, and reported the fact to Vienna.’

It will occur to most persons that, if this was Lord Clarendon's opinion, the remedy was in his own hands; he might have recalled Lord Stratford. But Mr. Greville, on December 31, 1854, gave the Minister's reasons for not taking this step:—

‘With regard to the Vienna Note, Clarendon said Stratford never would have let the Turks sign it, and if they had recalled him the Cabinet here would have been broken up, Palmerston would have gone out, Stratford would have come home frantic and have proclaimed to the whole country that the Turks had been sacrificed and betrayed, and the uproar would have been so great that it would have been impossible to carry out the intention.’ (*Ibid.* p. 216.)

And, in another passage, he not merely repeats his unfavourable opinion of Lord Stratford's conduct, but he ascribes a personal motive to his policy:—

‘They all think that, if he had been sincere in his desire for peace, and for an accommodation with Russia, he might have accomplished it; but on the contrary he was bent on bringing on war. He said as much to Lord Bath, who was at Constantinople. Lord Bath told him he had witnessed the fleets sailing into the Black Sea, when he replied, “You have brought some good news, for that is *war*.” The Emperor “of Russia chose to make it a personal quarrel with me, and now I “am revenged.” This Lord Bath wrote to Lady Ashburton, who told Clarendon.’ (*Ibid.* pp. 139, 140.)

Whatever truth there may be in this story, there can be no doubt that Mr. Greville correctly reported Lord Bath, for Lord Malmesbury has already made exactly the same statement. ‘Lord Bath,’ he wrote in his diary of February 25, 1854, ‘has come back from Constantinople, and says ‘that Lord Stratford openly boasts having got his personal ‘revenge against the Czar by fomenting the war.’ It is

only fair to add that, if these things were said by cool-judging Englishmen, some Russian statesmen were equally indignant at Prince Menschikoff's conduct. We find Mr. Greville writing on March 1, 1856:—

‘Orloff spoke very frankly about the war, and the conduct of the late Emperor, which he had always regarded as insane in sending Menschikoff to Constantinople. If he had sent him, Orloff, instead, he would answer for it, there would have been no war.’ (Vol. ii. p. 24.)

In October 1853, Turkey demanded the evacuation of the Principalities, and war between her and Russia ensued. Some members of the British Cabinet, however, still hoped that their own country might not be led into hostilities. On October 6, Mr. Greville tells us:—

‘Delane was sent for by Lord Aberdeen the night before last, when they had a long conversation on the state of affairs, and Aberdeen told him that he was resolved to be no party to a war with Russia on such grounds as the present, and he was prepared to resign rather than incur such responsibility.’ (Vol. i. pp. 94, 95.)

But, in the following month, an event occurred which shook Lord Aberdeen's resolution, and stimulated Lord Clarendon to stronger action. The Russian fleet in the Black Sea attacked and destroyed the Turkish squadron at Sinope:—

‘The news of the Turkish disaster in the Black Sea is believed, but Government will do nothing about it till they receive authentic intelligence and detailed accounts of the occurrence. So Clarendon told Reeve on Monday, but he is disposed to take a decisive part if it all turns out to be true; and yesterday Delane had a long conversation with Aberdeen, who owned that if the Russians (as they suppose) attacked a convoy of transports at anchor, it is a very strong case, and he thought war much more probable than it was a few days ago, and he did not speak as if he was determined in no case to declare it. This does not surprise me, in spite of his previous tone; for he has gone so far that he may be compelled in common consistency to go farther.’ (Ibid. p. 111.)

It is evident that the chances of war had been largely increased by the incident and the sensation which it provoked; and that Lord Aberdeen was slowly, and Lord Clarendon more rapidly, modifying their previous opinions:—

‘Clarendon is now very hot on this war, which he fancies is to produce great and un contemplated effects. He says for very many years past Russia has been the great incubus on European improvement, and the real cause of half the calamities that have afflicted the world, and he thinks a great opportunity now presents itself of extinguishing her pernicious influence, and by liberating other countries from it, the march of improvement and better government will of necessity be

developed and accelerated, and in this way civilisation itself may be the gainer by this contest.' (Ibid. p. 142.)

Thenceforward Lord Clarendon was not merely the mouth-piece of the Cabinet, but the consistent supporter of its war-like policy.

The Ministry, however, hardly foresaw the difficulties to which the war would lead. In the following September, 'so certain are they of taking Sebastopol that they have 'already begun to discuss what they shall do with it when 'they have got it.' (Ibid. p. 185.) And a week afterwards, though men were already clamouring against the commanders of the British fleets both in the Baltic and the Euxine, the certainty of success in the Crimea seemed to provide a remedy for every difficulty :—

'The clamour against Dundas in the fleet is prodigious, and the desire for his recall universal, but he will stay out his time now, which will be up in December. It is the same thing against Napier in the Baltic; he will come away as soon as the ice sets in, and next year Lyons will be sent in his place, as the war will then be principally carried on in the north.' (Ibid. p. 189.)

Mr. Greville, indeed, did not share either the opinions or the confidence of his friends :—

'The more I reflect on the nature of the contest, its object, and the degree to which we are committed in it, the more uneasy I feel about it, and the more lively my apprehensions are of our finding ourselves in a very serious dilemma, and being involved in great embarrassments of various sorts.' (Ibid. p. 150.)

'There is no news,' he wrote at the end of August, while the troops were still at Varna, 'but dreadful accounts of the health of both armies and of the prevalence of cholera both abroad and at home. The French particularly, who have lost the most, are said to be completely demoralised and disheartened, and to abhor the war, which they always disliked from the beginning. My present impression is that we shall come to grief in this contest; not that we shall be beaten in the field by the Russians, but that between the unhealthy climate, the inaccessibility of the country, and the distance of our resources, Russia will be able to keep us at bay, and baffle our attempts to reduce her to submission.' (Ibid. p. 182.)

The terrible sufferings which the army experienced in the following winter seemed to confirm Mr. Greville's opinions; and he was disposed to join both Ministry and public in throwing the responsibility of failure on the gallant officer who commanded our army in the field :—

'I sat next to Charles Wood at dinner yesterday. He talked much about Raglan, and said that the Government had been placed in the

most unfair position possible, it being impossible to throw the blame of anything that had occurred on him, or even to tell the truth, which was that, so far from his making any exertions to repair the evils so loudly complained of, and sending away inefficient men, he never admitted there were any evils at all, or that any of his people were inefficient, or anything but perfect; and he said that Raglan had never asked for anything the want of which had not been anticipated by the Government here, and in no instance was anything required by him which had not been supplied a month or more before the requisition came. Palmerston, too, said to me that nothing could exceed the helplessness of the military authorities there; that they seemed unable to devise anything for their own assistance, and they exhibited the most striking contrast to the navy, who, on all emergencies, set to work and managed to find resources of all sorts to supply their necessities or extricate themselves from danger.' (Ibid. pp. 244, 245.)

Mr. Greville never altered the opinion which he had formed of the war, which remained with him 'this odious 'war' (vol. ii. p. 226) to the last. But he reconsidered the hasty judgement which he had passed on Lord Raglan. After relating, on Sir Edmund Lyons' authority, several anecdotes respecting him, which we have no space to quote, he added:—

'Everything that Lyons said, and it may be added all one hears in every way, tends to the honour and the credit of Raglan, and I am glad to record this because I have always had an impression that much of the difficulty and distress of the army in 1854 was owing to his want of energy and management. He was not a Wellington certainly, and probably he might have done more and better than he did, but he was unquestionably, on the whole, the first man in the army.' (Vol. ii. p. 38.)

In the meanwhile, the losses and the sufferings of the army in the Crimea had the indirect effect of breaking up the Aberdeen Administration. That Ministry, which perhaps contained a larger share of ability than any Cabinet of the century, never possessed the harmony of opinion which can alone give force to a Government. Lord John Russell had been reluctantly persuaded to take office, and had been ultimately induced to do so on an implied understanding that Lord Aberdeen would, in the course of time, make way for him. The leader of the Whig party in the Cabinet was, therefore, from the first discontented with his position; and the Whigs themselves were 'excessively 'dissatisfied with the share of places allotted to them, and 'complain that every Peelite without exception has been 'provided for, while half the Whigs are excluded.' (Vol. i. p. 23.) Before the Ministry had lasted many weeks, Lord

John retired from the Foreign Office, which had been allotted to him, retaining, however, the lead of the House of Commons. The Queen, it seems, had been ‘all along considerably annoyed at the arrangement made about his taking the Foreign Office only to quit it, and his leading the House of Commons without any office, which she fancies is unconstitutional, and the arrangement was announced in the newspapers without any proper communication to her. The consequence has been some little soreness on both sides, but this has now been all removed by explanations and amicable communication.’ (Ibid. p. 43.)

At the very outset, therefore, difficulties of a personal nature embarrassed the Ministry. Towards the close of the Session of 1853 Lord John Russell considered that the time was ripe for the fulfilment of the original compact—that Lord Aberdeen should make way in his favour. But this transaction is so much more clearly narrated by Mr. Greville than it has ever been told before that we shall transcribe the account of it in his own words.

‘According to Clarendon, Lord John went to Lord Aberdeen before Parliament was up, and told him he could not consent to go on in his present position, to which Aberdeen replied, “Very well, you only meet my own wishes, and you know I always told you that I should be at any time ready to resign my place to you.”

‘Nothing more seems to have taken place at that time, nor till lately, when Lord John went again to Aberdeen, and repeated his determination not to go on; but this time the communication does not seem to have been received by Aberdeen with the same ready acquiescence in the proposed change, and some plain speaking took place between them. I infer, but as Clarendon did not expressly say so I put it dubiously, that Aberdeen had spoken to Gladstone and ascertained that he would by no means agree to the substitution of John Russell, and should go with Aberdeen if he retired. At all events, while Aberdeen told him that he was prepared, if he wished it, to brouch the matter to his colleagues, he intimated to him that it was evident he wanted to turn him out, and put himself in his place, but that he (Aberdeen) could not agree to retire at this moment, and before Parliament met, and that Lord John had better well consider the step he was about to take, as it would in all probability break up the Government. . . . He asked him if he was secure of Palmerston’s concurrence in the change he proposed, and he replied that he did not expect to find any difficulty in that quarter. This was the substance of what passed between them, Aberdeen being evidently a good deal nettled, and thinking Lord John is behaving very ill. This is Clarendon’s opinion also, and he thinks, if Lord John persists, the Government will be inevitably broken up, for a considerable part of the Cabinet will certainly not consent to have Lord John again placed at

the head of the Government. Clarendon does not believe a word of Palmerston's being a party to it, and he knows that both Gladstone and Newcastle would resign. Graham he is not sure of, but inclines to think he would retire with Aberdeen, especially if Aberdeen has any compulsion or ill-usage to complain of. For the moment, however, this storm has blown over, as Lord John has signified to Aberdeen that he does not mean to press the matter again for the present. The Queen, when it was mentioned to her, was anything but approving of or consenting to the change.

The storm, however, had hardly ceased, when a new depression crossed the political atmosphere. Lord John Russell, resuming his seat in the Cabinet, addressed himself to the congenial task of preparing a new Reform Bill; and Lord Palmerston, unable to agree with the principles of the proposed measure, resigned his office. It has always been doubtful how far the ostensible cause of Lord Palmerston's resignation was the real cause. It was thought at the time, and it is still felt now, that a Minister whose whole thoughts were occupied with Eastern politics was not likely to withdraw from his sovereign's council-chamber because his colleagues were in favour of making a slight reduction in the franchise. Mr. Greville tells a very characteristic story to show how completely Lord Palmerston was engrossed at the time with Eastern affairs.

'Her Majesty has been much interested in and alarmed at the strikes and troubles in the North, and asked Palmerston for details about them, when she found he knew nothing at all. One morning, after previous inquiries, she said to him, "Pray, Lord Palmerston, have you any news?" To which he replied, "No, Madam, I have heard nothing, but it seems certain *the Turks have crossed the Danube.*"' (Vol. i. p. 106.)

And he assures us that Lord Aberdeen ascribed Lord Palmerston's resignation to considerations of foreign policy.

'Delane went to Aberdeen, and asked him for his version of the affair, when he said at once he had no hesitation in saying that the Eastern Question was the cause and the sole cause of Palmerston's resignation; that he had all along been opposing what was done, and might have resigned upon it any time for months past, and that but for that question he would have swallowed the Reform Bill.' (Ibid. p. 114.)

Whether this be or be not the correct explanation of a circumstance which has never been thoroughly unravelled, there can be no doubt that Lord Palmerston's resignation and his return to office had the effect of increasing his influence in the Cabinet. In the course, however, of the following

summer, Lord John Russell's position and claims again occasioned considerable embarrassment. For more than a year he had led the House of Commons, and from February 1853 he had been without office and emoluments. In June 1854, his colleagues hoped that the separation of the War Office from the Colonial Office would enable them to satisfy his claims, and to place him in the position of Secretary of State. Lord John Russell, however, insisted on receiving the Presidency of the Council. There was a double objection to this arrangement. In the first place the Council office had been invariably held by a peer; and in the next place the office, at that time, was filled by Lord Granville, one of Lord John's closest adherents and friends.

'Nothing can be more ungracious than the air of the whole proceeding; he turns out Granville to make room for himself, and turns out Sturt to make room for Granville. . . I have been amazed at his indelicacy and want of consideration towards Granville, who deserved better treatment at his hands. Granville has always been his steady and stout adherent, defending his Reform Bill, holding himself his especial follower in the Coalition Cabinet, and ready to support him or go out with him if necessary. It was therefore particularly odious to insist on foisting himself into Granville's place, and inflicting on him the mortification of going downstairs. Granville behaved very well about it, with great good humour, only anxious to do whatever was best for the general interest, and putting aside every personal consideration and feeling; and his conduct is the more meritorious, because he dislikes the arrangement of all things. Aberdeen behaved very kindly to him, and told him, if he objected to the change, he would not consent to it, and, cost what it might, would tell John Russell he could not and should not have the place. (Pp. 163, 164.)

Perhaps, six months afterwards, Lord Aberdeen may have wished that he had not sacrificed Lord Granville for the sake of satisfying Lord John Russell's wishes. In October the latter was telling Lord Clarendon that:—

'if we were fortunate enough to obtain a complete success in the Crimea, he did not see why he should not be at liberty to retire from this, which he thought the very worst Government he had ever known. Of course, if there was any failure, he must remain to bear his share of the responsibility of it.' (Ibid. p. 190.)

And, when the failure came, and a motion attacking the Government was threatened in the House of Commons, Lord John Russell, instead of remaining to bear his share of the responsibility, at once resigned his office, and by so doing broke up the Administration.

On all these complicated transactions, Mr. Greville had the

advantage of receiving information at first hand. In intimate communication with both Lord Clarendon and the Duke of Bedford, he was acquainted with many of them before they were even related to the Cabinet; and he formed, and did not scruple to express, a very unfavourable opinion of Lord John Russell's conduct.

'The whole affair, as it is gradually evolved, places John Russell in a disgracetul and odious light, and ought to demolish him as a public man, for he has shown himself to be actuated by motives of pique, personal ambition, and mortified vanity, and to have been insincere, vacillating, uncandid, and untruthful. (*Ibid.* p. 234.)

We suspect that Mr. Greville, though he retained this opinion on his pages, must afterwards have altered his judgement of a Minister who, whatever faults he may have committed, was undoubtedly one of the greatest statesmen of the nineteenth century.

Upon the fall of the Aberdeen administration Lord Palmerston formed the remarkable ministry which—with a short interval in 1858–59—practically endured till his death, nearly ten years afterwards. In 1855 few people foresaw, or could have foreseen, the career which was still open to him. More than two years before, Mr. Greville had said of him, with apparent truth: 'Palmerston is sixty-nine years old, and it is too late for him to look out for fresh political combinations and other connexions.' Soon afterwards, indeed, when Lord Palmerston objected to entering into new changes in the franchise at his time of life, Lord Clarendon told Mr. Greville that it was the first time that he had ever heard him 'acknowledge that he had a time of life.' But, though years sat lightly on the veteran Minister, no one could imagine that he would retain his powers almost undimmed for another eleven years. Though, too, the public were clamouring for his appointment, the Queen, recollecting the circumstances under which she had been forced to part from him in 1851, hesitated to entrust him with the first place in her councils. She was persuaded to do so by Lord Clarendon, whose admirable conduct on this occasion, as well as at other times, appears in a clear light in Mr. Greville's pages:—

'When Clarendon went to the Queen and explained his own conduct to her, and she expressed to him the embarrassment which she felt, and asked him what she could do, he at once said, "Send for Lord Palmerston, who is the only man, in the present temper of the people and state of affairs, who can form a Government that has a chance of standing. Send for him at once, place yourself entirely in his hands,

"give him your entire confidence, and I will answer for his conduct "being all that you can desire." The Queen took the advice, and has had no reason to repent of it, and Clarendon told me he had done everything in his power, and seized every available opportunity to reconcile them to each other, to promote a good feeling and understanding, and to soften any little asperities which might have made their intercourse less smooth, and the consequence is that Palmerston gets on with her very well, and his good sense as well as Clarendon's exhortations make him see of what importance it is to him for the easy working of his Government and his own ease to be on good and cordial terms with the Queen. It is therefore really to Clarendon that Palmerston is indebted in great measure, if not entirely, for being in his present position, but Clarendon has too much tact ever to remind him of it.' (Vol. ii. p. 64.)

Some time, indeed, passed before Lord Palmerston obtained that mastery of the House of Commons which characterised his administration.

'Palmerston's Government does not seem to take root or gain much strength; every day seems to prove the more clearly that he is unfit for the task he has taken on himself. He inspires neither respect nor confidence, and is totally unable to manage the House of Commons; his speeches are feeble and bad, and he is not always prudent and conciliatory, but, on the contrary, pettish and almost offensive.' (Vol. i. p. 219.)

It seems strange that this should have been the same Minister of whom Mr. Greville wrote only two years afterwards:—

'Never had Minister such a peaceful and undisturbed reign as Palmerston's. There is something almost alarming in his prodigious felicity and success. Everything prospers with him. In the House of Commons there is scarcely a semblance of opposition to anything he proposes.' (Vol. ii. p. 109.)

Our readers will not be surprised, after what we have already quoted, to find that Mr. Greville approved the conditions on which Lord John Russell and M. Drouyn de Lhuys were ready to conclude peace at Vienna in 1855. But he brings out the curious fact, which, we believe, has never been made public before, that Napoleon III. was disposed to accept these terms, and that he was only prevented doing so by the arguments of Lord Cowley, the British Minister at Paris.

'This was told to John (Lord J. Russell) by Baudin; and one of the things he complains of is that the Cabinet never was informed of what had passed, and its members were allowed to suppose, like the public, that the Emperor's rejection had been spontaneous, instead of having been suggested and urged upon him by us.' (Vol. i. p. 285.)

We have thought it desirable to make these various extracts, because they relate to transactions which are of the highest interest and importance, and on which Mr. Greville has, as it seems to us, been able to throw additional light. But we now proceed to less disputatious matter. Whatever else the Crimean war may have done, it at least had the merit of drawing the Courts and people of France and England into closer intimacy, and, by promoting the goodfellowship to which intercourse leads, of providing additional security for peace. The Emperor paid the Queen a visit in 1855. Her Majesty returned his visit later in the year, while Mr. Greville was himself in Paris both in that year and in 1856. Each of the royal visits proved a great success. Lord Clarendon told Mr. Greville that

‘the Queen was delighted with everything and especially with the Emperor himself, who, with perfect knowledge of women, had taken the surest way to ingratiate himself with her. This it seems he began when he was in England, and followed it up at Paris. After his visit the Queen talked it all over with Clarendon, and said, “It is very odd; but the Emperor knows everything I have done and where I have been ever since I was twelve years old; he even recollects how I was dressed, and a thousand little details it is extraordinary he should be acquainted with.” She has never before been on such a social footing with anybody, and he has approached her with the familiarity of their equal positions, and with all the experience and knowledge of womankind he has acquired during his long life, passed in the world and in mixing with every sort of society. She seems to have played her part throughout with great propriety and success.” (Vol. i. pp. 283, 284.)

The Prince of Wales enjoyed himself as much as the Queen.

‘When the visit was drawing to a close, the Prince said to the Empress that he and his sister were both very reluctant to leave Paris, and asked her if she could not get leave for them to stay there a little longer. The Empress said she was afraid this would not be possible, as the Queen and the Prince would not be able to do without them; to which the boy replied, “Not do without us! don’t fancy that, for there are six more of us at home, and they don’t want us.”’ (Ibid. p. 286.)

We are glad to think that Mr. Greville himself, on the occasion of both his visits, enjoyed himself as much as her Majesty and his Royal Highness. The Emperor, soon after his arrival at Paris in 1855, sent him an invitation to dinner.

‘As we walked in he said to me, “L’Impératrice sera bien fâchée de ne vous avoir pas vu.” At dinner, which did not last above twenty-five minutes, he talked (a sort of dropping conversation) on different subjects, and I found him so easy to get on with that I ven-

tured to start topics myself. After dinner we returned to the room we had left, and after coffee, seeing me staring about me at the portraits, he said all his family were there, and he told me who they all were and the history of these portraits, which, he said, had made the tour of the world.

'After this he asked me to sit down, which I did at a round table by his side, and M. Visconti on the other side of me, and then we had a conversation which lasted at least an hour and a half on every imaginable subject. It was impossible not to be struck with his simplicity, his being so natural and totally without any air or assumption of greatness, though not undignified, but perfectly *comme il faut*, with excellent manners, and easy, pleasant, fluent conversation. I was struck with his air of truth and frankness, and though of course I could not expect in my position and at this first interview with him that he should be particularly expansive, yet he gave me the idea of being not only not reserved but as if, when intimate, he would have a great deal of *abandon*. It was difficult to bring away all the subjects he discussed, and I do not know that he said anything wonderfully striking, but he made a very favourable impression on me, and made me wish to know more of him, which I am never likely to do.' (Ibid. pp. 265, 266.)

On the occasion of his second visit to Paris, in 1856, the Conference was actually sitting which brought the Crimean War to a termination. Lord Cowley, whose guest Mr. Greville was, talked

'over the state of affairs, and the peace we are going to make, about which his grief and disappointment are overflowing. He says the Emperor had the best intentions, but has been beset with men who were determined on peace for their own ends, and whom he could not resist. What he blames him for is not having at once said that he would go so far with us and no further, and not have allowed us to delude ourselves with expectations of support from him that were not to be realised. He says it is now all over, the matter decided, it will proceed rapidly, and all be finished by Easter.' (Vol. ii. p. 27.)

Mr. Greville did not share his host's opinion of peace.

'The Emperor is certainly very anxious to make peace, and when he is bent upon a thing he generally does it, and my own opinion and hope is that he will refuse to give way to us *now* as he did last May. It is universally admitted that every man in France desires peace ardently.' (Vol. i. p. 299.)

With these opinions Mr. Greville had no regrets to mar the pleasure of his visit. Living at the embassy, in constant contact with every one at Paris worth knowing, he passed three very pleasant weeks, the account of which is contained in some of the most lively pages in these volumes.

The peace, which was practically concluded while Mr.

Greville was still in Paris, left Lord Palmerston in a position of singular predominance.

'Party politics seem to be extinct, the country cares about nobody, desires no changes, and only wishes to go on and prosper. There is not a public man to whom public opinion turns, and no great questions are aloft to agitate and divide the country, or around the standards of which different opinions, principles, or passions can flock. Palmerston may remain Minister as long as he lives, if he does not commit any gross faults either of commission or of omission, or unless something may occur, which nobody can foresee or imagine, to rouse the nation from its apathy.' (Vol. ii. p. 55.)

Yet nothing is so certain as the unforeseen. At the commencement of the next session a dispute with China led to the defeat of the Government. A few days before the division, Mr. Greville wrote :—

'If the Government should be beaten on the pending question, they will . . . appeal to the country, and this appeal they will make not on this or that question, but on the great one of all, whether the country desires that Palmerston should continue to be its Minister, and on this it is impossible to doubt what will be the reply. His popularity is a fact beyond all doubt or cavil, and it is the more decisive, because not only is there no rival popularity, but every one of the other public men who have been, are, or might be his rivals are absolutely unpopular. Nobody cares any longer for John Russell; everybody detests Gladstone; Disraeli has no influence in the country, and a very doubtful position with his own party. . . . Palmerston's popularity does not extend to his colleagues, for not one of whom does anybody care a straw. It is purely personal, and I do not think he would strengthen himself by any other alliance he could form. This fact of his popularity just at the end of his strange and chequered career is most remarkable and not a little unaccountable; but innumerable circumstances prove this to be the undoubted truth, and that it is manifested more decidedly out of the House than in it, for in the House of Commons it does not amount to a certainty of his having always a majority.' (Vol. ii. p. 94.)

Mr. Greville's anticipations were exactly fulfilled. The Ministry was dissolved; Lord Palmerston's personal popularity proved a powerful element in the elections which ensued; and many of the men who had voted against him, on both sides of the House, were defeated at the polling booths. 'After that' (Lord John Russell's victory in London) 'the most interesting events were the defeats of the Manchester men, and generally, though not universally, of the voters for Cobden's motion, Bright and Milner Gibson, Cobden, Ricardo, Layard, all defeated.'

It is probable that the historian of the future, moralising

over these circumstances and the sober policy which Lord Palmerston pursued in the closing decade of his life, will regard the general election of 1857 as affording proof of the Conservatism of the country. Mr. Greville was no Conservative, but he viewed the result in a different way. 'The returns so far as they have gone are frightful, and a deluge of Radicalism and violence will burst out in the House of Commons.' Yet this was the same House of which Mr. Cobden declared that 'its tone is subservient even to sycophancy.'

Mr. Cobden's dictum, indeed, proved as inaccurate as Mr. Greville's. The House of Commons of 1857, notwithstanding the 'deluge of Radicalism,' steadily supported Lord Palmerston's Conservatism in domestic matters; and, notwithstanding its sycophancy, turned out the Ministry in 1858 because its tone was too subservient to France. Its action in that year led to the formation of the second Derby Administration. Mr. Greville had not a high opinion of the late Lord Derby, 'of all men, the one to whom I have felt the greatest political repugnance' (vol. ii. p. 179), and he had a very low opinion of Mr. Disraeli. He said of the latter statesman in 1852,* 'He never seems to have given a thought to any consideration of political morality, honesty, or truth, in all that he said.' (Vol. i. p. 34.) He wrote of his speech on the Address in 1853, as 'of devilish malignity, quite reckless and shamelessly profligate' (ibid. p. 42), and he was thoroughly aware of the 'hatred and distrust' (vol. ii. p. 296) with which Mr. Disraeli was regarded by his own supporters. But he soon arrived at the conclusion that the Ministry was deserving of support, and was ready to go out of his way to assist it.

'I wish this Government to be fairly tried, especially as it appears to me quite as good as any other we are likely to have; disposed to work hard and promote good measures, and to be unable, even if they were disposed, to do any harm.' (Vol. ii. p. 179.)

We have no space to enter, in this article, into the history of the second Derby Administration. Internal differences ultimately prepared the way for its defeat; and though its

* Mr. Greville relates a curious story that Mr. Disraeli in 1852 had made a bargain with the Irish Brigade, by whose aid he had hoped to carry his Budget. We suspect that this alleged bargain was made without the knowledge of his colleagues; just as the overtures to Mr. Cobden, which, Mr. Morley has shown us, were made at the same time, were (we have reason to believe) never communicated to them.

fall was postponed, it was not averted, by a fresh dissolution. Oddly enough, indeed, the same cause which led to the fall of Lord Palmerston in 1858 was the indirect means of securing his return to power in 1859. In the former year, the French colonels, irritated at the diabolical attempt on the Emperor's life by Orsini, indulged in most unjustifiable language against this country. In the latter year, the Emperor, alarmed at the attack on his life, entered on the Italian policy which led to the Franco-Austrian war. In 1858 the country drove Lord Palmerston from power because he had not sufficiently resented the language of the French; and in 1859 it replaced him in office because it concluded that its honour, while war lasted, would be safer in his hands than in Lord Malmesbury's keeping. By a tactical error, Mr. Disraeli contributed to his own fall: for declining to publish his colleague's despatches in time for the final debate, he deprived Lord Malmesbury of the opportunity of making the adequate defence of his policy which would otherwise have been open to him.

The Franco-Austrian war, which then broke out, occupies a considerable position in the second of these volumes. It led Mr. Greville, like many other Englishmen, to alter the opinion which he had formed of the Emperor Napoleon; and he certainly did not think it necessary to imitate the 'extreme caution and reserve' which characterised the language of statesmen in Parliament. He wrote of a debate in the House of Commons:—

'Not one word of blame of the Emperor of the French; no more about him, his sayings and doings, than about the Emperor of Russia, or than if he had had nothing whatever to do with the present state of things. This was probably politic, but it was lamentable and disgraceful that we should be obliged, or think ourselves obliged, to abstain from speaking the truth, for fear of offending this rascally adventurer, who by the egregious folly and cowardice of the French nation has been invested with such an awful power of mischief, and whom neither fear nor shame deters from pursuing his own wicked ends at the expense of any amount of misery and desolation which he may inflict upon mankind. One cannot help contrasting the extreme delicacy and forbearance exhibited towards him with the violence and abuse which were directed against the Emperor Nicholas in 1854.' (Vol. ii. p. 242.)

In language which was very unusual with him, Mr. Greville deplored shortly afterwards the 'senseless and disgraceful' clamour against Austria, and expressed his regret that the sacrifices which the Indian Mutiny had involved

had crippled our power and prevented us from playing the part which he evidently wished this country to take.

‘We can never trust the Emperor again, and must take measures for our own security as best we may; but unhappily the Indian war has so materially diminished our power and absorbed our resources, and France has so enormously gained upon us in point of naval strength, that we are not in a condition to hold the language and play the part that befit the dignity and the honour of the country. We can revile Austria with impunity, for we know that we are in no danger of an attack from her, but, on the contrary, that she has so much need of our goodwill that she will endure our taunts and reproaches, and not quarrel with us even in words.’ (Vol. ii. p. 244.)

The events of the war, indeed, and its rapid conclusion, induced him to modify, to a certain extent, his opinion.

‘There is no denying that the Emperor Napoleon has played a magnificent part, and whatever we may think of his conduct, and the springs of his actions, he appears before the world as a very great character. Though he can lay no claim to the genius and intellectual powers of the first Napoleon, he is a wiser and a soberer man, with a command over himself and a power of self-restraint, and consequently of moderation in pursuit of objects, which the other did not possess, and therefore while the towering genius of the uncle led him on through magnificent achievements and stupendous vicissitudes to his ruin, it appears highly probable that the better regulated mind and the habitual prudence of the nephew will preserve him from the commission of similar errors, and render his career somewhat less splendid, but more durable and infinitely more beneficial to his country.’ (Vol. ii. pp. 258-9.)

But the praise which he thus accords to the Emperor’s conduct did not induce him to alter his view of his character. The discreditable manner in which Savoy was annexed by France increased his distrust of the Imperial ruler.

‘The affair of Savoy has been summarily settled by the will of the Emperor and the connivance of Cavour. The whole affair now appears to have been a concerted villainy between these worthies, which, as the plot has been developed, excites here the most intense disgust and indignation. The feeling is the stronger because we have no choice but that of sulky and grumbling acquiescence.’ (Vol. ii. p. 296.)

In these passages Mr. Greville undoubtedly showed that he was affected by the considerations which swayed the judgement of many of his fellow-countrymen; that he imperfectly appreciated the strength of the great movement which was preparing the consolidation of a United Italy; and that he misunderstood or ignored the influence which this country through some of its Ministers and diplomatists was exerting. Mr. Greville had not much opinion of one of the chief actors

in the drama. When Victor Emmanuel visited this country in 1855 he wrote :—

‘His Majesty appears to be frightful in person, but a great, strong, burly, athletic man, brusque in his manners, unrefined in his conversation, very loose in his conduct, and very eccentric in his habits. When he was at Paris his talk in society amused or terrified every body, but here he seems to have been more guarded. It was amusing to see all the religious societies hastening with their addresses to him, totally forgetting that he is the most debauched and dissolute fellow in the world; but the fact of his being excommunicated by the Pope and his waging war with the ecclesiastical power in his own country covers every sin against morality, and he is a great hero with the Low Church people and Exeter Hall. My brother-in-law said that he looked at Windsor more like a chief of the Heruli or Longobardi than a modern Italian prince, and the Duchess of Sutherland declared that, of all the Knights of the Garter she had seen, he was the only one who seemed as if he would have the best of it with the Dragon.’ (Vol. i. p. 303.)

Mr. Greville had still less sympathy with the steps which Sir James Hudson at Turin, and some members of the Ministry at home, were taking in Victor Emmanuel’s interest. He tells us that in 1860 Count Cavour said to Lord Cowley :

“So you are going to have a Congress.” “Yes,” said Cowley, “thanks to you and all you have been doing in Italy.” “Thanks to me,” cried Cavour; “I like that. Why don’t you say thanks to your own Minister at Turin, to Sir James Hudson, who has done ten times more than ever I did?” (Vol. ii. p. 282.)

And he adds almost immediately afterwards :—

‘Clarendon writes to me: “Cowley dined here on Saturday. . . . He is on very good terms with John Russell, but hardly understands what he would be at, and for the good reason probably that Johnny does not know himself. There is a Ministerial crisis going on at this moment about Italy, the three confederates wanting of course to do more than the sober-minded majority can agree to.” I suppose it will be decided at the Cabinet to-day, and that some middle course will be discovered, as I shall not believe, till it is a *fait accompli*, that Palmerston will allow the Government to break up on a question which will not carry the country with him. The people dislike Austria and wish well to the Italians, but they want not to interfere in the affairs of either, and I doubt if they would give a man or a shilling to help Palmerston in blotting Austria out of the map of Europe and giving Sardinia a much larger slice of the map. That twofold object amounts to monomania now with Palmerston, and I believe he would sacrifice office to attain it, which is the highest test of his sincerity. The three confederates are Palmerston, John Russell, and Gladstone.’

The ‘three confederates,’ of course, had their way. Sar-

dinia's 'slice of the map' was largely increased; and Italian statesmen admitted, what the Italian people still gratefully recollect, that Italy owed as much to the moral support of this country as to the armed assistance of France.

The circumstance that, in 1860, British statesmen and diplomatists were actively supporting the policy which had prompted the Italian war of 1859, seemed to partially justify the conduct of Napoleon. Many persons, who could not defend, were prepared to condone, his attack upon Austria. The informal negotiation of Mr. Cobden, moreover, which resulted in the Commercial Treaty of 1860 with France, gave the people of this country a fresh interest in the French Emperor. We have already made so many extracts from Mr. Greville's pages, that we have only space for citing a few passages respecting this famous Treaty, and the debates to which it gave rise.

Mr. Greville clearly shows that Free Trade was no new object with the Emperor.

'Clarendon said that when he was at Paris four years ago for the Congress, the Emperor one day said to him, 'I know you are a great "Free Trader, and I suppose you mean to take this opportunity of "advancing Free Trade principles here as far as you can." Clarendon said certainly such was his intention, when the Emperor said he was happy to be able to take the initiative with him on this subject, and that he would tell him that it had just been settled in the Council of State that a great change in their commercial and prohibitive system should be proposed to the Chambers, which it was his intention to carry out as soon as possible. But not long after the Emperor renewed the subject, and told him he found the opposition so strong to his contemplated measures, and the difficulties so great, that he had been obliged to abandon them for the present.' (Ibid. p. 285.)

Mr. Cobden, therefore, found in the Emperor a ready disciple; and the chief difficulty in carrying the Treaty arose from the reluctance of the French people. Perhaps, too, their objections were not unnaturally increased by observing the veil of mystery with which the Emperor thought proper to shroud the whole negotiation.

'The French Protectionists are more impatient and have begun to pour out their complaints and indignation without waiting to see the obnoxious Convention. Thiers is said to be furious. So far from any Commercial Treaty like this cementing the alliance, and rendering war between the two countries more difficult, it is much more likely to inflame the popular antipathy in France, to make the alliance itself odious, and render the chances of war between the two countries more probable. In maturing his scheme Louis Napoleon has given it all the appearance of a conspiracy, which is in accordance with his

character and his tastes. The whole thing was carried on with the most profound secrecy, and the secret was confined to a very few people, viz. the Emperor himself, Fould, Rouher (Minister of Commerce), Michel Chevalier, and Cobden. All the documents were copied by Madame Rouher, and Rouher was so afraid that some guesses might be made if he was known to be consulting books and returns that were preserved in the Library of the Council of State, that he never would look at any of them, and made Chevalier borrow all that he had occasion to refer to. Now the Emperor springs this Treaty upon his reluctant Chambers and the indignant Protectionist interest. His manner of doing the thing, which he thinks is the only way by which it can be done at all, naturally adds to the resentment the measure excites.' (Ibid. pp. 287, 288.)

It was not, however, only in France that the treaty was unpopular. In this country

'many inveighed bitterly against the Treaty, and looked forward with great alarm and aversion to the Budget. Clarendon shook his head, Overstone pronounced against the Treaty, the "Times" thundered against it, and there is little doubt that it was unpopular, and becoming more so every day. Then came Gladstone's unlucky illness, which compelled him to put off his *exposé*, and made it doubtful whether he would not be physically disabled from doing justice to the subject. His doctor says he ought to have taken two months' rest, instead of two days'. However, at the end of his two days' delay he came forth, and *consensu omnium* achieved one of the greatest triumphs that the House of Commons ever witnessed.' (Ibid. p. 289.)

And the triumph was soon repeated. A few nights afterwards

'a battle took place in the House of Commons, in which Gladstone signally defeated Disraeli, and Government got so good a majority that it looks like the harbinger of complete success for their Treaty and their Budget. Everybody agrees that nothing could be more brilliant and complete than Gladstone's triumph, which did not seem to be matter of much grief to many of the Conservative party. . . . and Derby himself, when he heard how his colleague had been demolished, did not seem to care much about it. (Ibid. p. 292.)

While a little later still :—

'On Friday night Gladstone had another great triumph. He made a splendid speech, and obtained a majority of 116, which puts an end to the contest. He is now *the* great man of the day.' (Ibid.)

Yet even at that time Mr. Gladstone, while exciting enthusiasm and winning applause, was alarming Liberal statesmen of the old Whig school. Lord Clarendon told Mr. Greville that Mr. Gladstone 'is an audacious innovator, because he has an insatiable desire for popularity, and in his notions of government he is a far more sincere republican

‘ than Bright, for his ungratified personal vanity makes him
‘ wish to subvert the institutions and the classes that stand
‘ in the way of his ambition. The two are converging from
‘ different points to the same end.’

We must now bring these numerous extracts to a close. We have reproduced them to show that Mr. Greville retained to the close of his life the power of word-portraiture which he developed in the beginning of it; and that his interest in affairs was as keen and that his criticisms on men and things were as pungent as ever. We have, indeed, noticed with regret that, as the weight of years and the burden of increasing infirmity bore more and more heavily upon him, he was filled occasionally with despondency and distrust. He predicted failure in the Crimean war; the loss of India during the Indian Mutiny; and, though he had worked hard in his youth to secure the passage by the Lords of the great Reform Act of 1832, he was alarmed at the Radical consequences of the numerous little Reform Bills which were introduced into Parliament between 1852 and 1860. In such opinions he was not, of course, singular. In a progressive age men naturally become more and more conservative as they grow older. The reforms which they contemplated in their youth have perhaps all been accomplished, and they imagine that, because everything is done which they commenced life with desiring, nothing remains to do. Lord John Russell is not the only statesman of the century who, in the hour of his victory, has wished to rest and be thankful; and, instead of reproaching Mr. Greville for dreading the consequences of fresh reforms in the closing decade of his life, we have much more pleasure in recollecting that, throughout most of his long career, he did his utmost to support almost every one of the liberal measures for which the forty years of his public life will be always memorable.

There is one other observation on the extracts which we have made which we ought, perhaps, to add before we conclude this article. Mr. Greville's readers should always recollect that his work is, what it professes to be, a journal; that it is given to the public in the shape in which it was originally written; and that, as we think we can infer from internal evidence, the concluding volumes escaped even the slight revision to which the earlier portions of the diary were subjected. The great importance which attaches to the work as a whole undoubtedly arises from this circumstance. It is the evidence of a shrewd observer, given at first hand, and uncorrected after subsequent reflection. Men, however,

whose opinions are strong, and whose interests are keen, do not write with the judicial calmness which historians are expected to possess. Their impressions of men and things are moulded by the surrounding circumstances, and their judgements are swayed by their wishes and their passions. It is to Mr. Greville's credit that, in summing up the characters of many public men whose actions he had criticised, he always succeeded in disembarassing himself from the opinions which he had previously given, and in doing ample justice both to those from whom he had differed, and to those with whom he had agreed. But Mr. Greville had no opportunity of drawing the characters of the men who happened to survive him, and some of them consequently appear in his pages as the objects of exaggerated blame. It is impossible to doubt that, if Mr. Greville had been able to give us an elaborate portrait of Lord John Russell, for instance, he would have reconsidered much of the censure which he applied to that eminent statesman. He would possibly have adhered to the opinion which he formed of his conduct under Lord Aberdeen; but he would have recognised that a statesman's character and policy deserve to be reviewed as a whole, and that a Minister's reputation does not solely depend on the least defensible incidents of his career.

Those, then, who think that Mr. Greville's judgements are occasionally harsh, should recollect that they are contemporary criticisms affected by the feelings and the passions of the time. There are probably few persons alive now who could be trusted to give us a really impartial portrait of the leading statesmen on either side of Parliament, and, if there is anyone competent to do so, he would not certainly be found among the persons who are taking the most active interest in party politics. Mr. Greville was no more free than other politicians from the animosities which political struggles occasionally provoke; and it is well, therefore, to recollect that in the heat of the moment he now and then indulged in language which subsequent reflection might have induced him to modify.

If, however, Mr. Greville on some occasions applied terms of unnecessary harshness to such men as Lord Derby on one side of the question, and Lord Russell on the other, there was one eminent statesman whose conduct he always judged with calmness, and whose reputation will be materially raised by the publication of these volumes. It is not the least advantage which the public will derive from them that it will gain, as we confess that we ourselves have gained, a

clearer knowledge of Lord Clarendon's services. We knew him, indeed, as an admirable Viceroy of Ireland, and as a competent Foreign Minister ; but we had previously no conception of the value of what we may call his extra-official services to his Queen and his country. He appears in these pages as one of the best and wisest of her Majesty's confidential servants, and as the most disinterested among them all. We have already quoted the admirable advice which he gave to the Queen in the middle of the Ministerial crisis of 1855. Throughout Lord Palmerston's administration he seems to have steadily impressed on her the supreme importance of bestowing 'her whole confidence on Palmerston.' But his conduct comes out in still brighter and clearer light on the formation of Lord Palmerston's second administration, in 1859. Lord Clarendon naturally desired to return to the Foreign Office, which he had filled with such marked ability from 1853 to 1858. He had claims for this office which could not be disregarded ; and he had no aptitude and no desire for any other situation. But in 1859 Lord Palmerston's first object was to satisfy Lord John Russell, and Lord John Russell insisted on receiving the seals of the Foreign Office himself.

'Palmerston at first said he should certainly insist on Clarendon's not being put aside to please Lord John, but in the end Clarendon persuaded him not to adhere to that resolution. After all was settled there was a small gathering at Cambridge House, when Palmerston told Clarendon that he might have the choice of any other office, but Clarendon replied that he was not conversant with Colonial, Indian, or War affairs, and he would not take an office for which there would be many candidates, while he much preferred being out, and Palmerston would not have half offices enough to satisfy the demands for them. Palmerston said he would not take this as his last word, and the next day the Queen sent for Clarendon, by Palmerston's own desire, to try and persuade him to take office. He went to Buckingham Palace and had an audience, or rather interview, of three hours with her Majesty and the Prince, in which she treated him with the most touching kindness and confidence, and exhausted all her powers of persuasion to induce him to join the Government, but he was firm and would not. She then said, in the event of a vacancy of the Foreign Office, "You must promise me you will take it," to which he replied, "Your Majesty knows I would do anything in the world for your service ; but you must allow me, in any case which may occur, to exercise my own discretion under the circumstances, and to rest assured that I shall in every case be actuated solely by a desire to do what is best for your Majesty, and most conducive to your pleasure and interest." (Vol. ii. p. 256.)

With this pleasant extract we take leave of two volumes which will be of value and importance to the future historian. Perhaps, indeed, only those who have had occasion to use Mr. Greville's diary to help them in their own labours can have any idea of the extent, variety, and accuracy of the writer's information, and of the assistance which his journal affords to the historical enquirer. In these respects the present volumes are as serviceable as those which have gone before; and we regret to think that the time must be long in coming, and perhaps will never come, when the historian of the years which succeed 1860 will find an equally capable and equally pleasant companion to lighten his toil, to guide his researches, and to illustrate his narrative.

ART. IX.—*The Works of G. F. Handel.* Published by the German Handel Society. Edited by Dr. F. CHRYSANDER. Leipzig: 1858–86.

IN the year 1784 a festival in honour of the centenary of Handel's birth was celebrated in Westminster Abbey, with a pomp and circumstance till then unknown in musical history. He had then been laid a quarter of a century among the poets and heroes of his adopted country. His memory was still fresh among us. Many were living who had seen and known him, who had heard him at the organ conducting his oratorios, and who kept alive, amid a younger generation of musicians, the traditions of his style and the recollections of his fame. No great figure had in the meanwhile risen to fill the space left empty in the world of music by his death. It is true that a musical revolution was in progress, that old things were passing away, and that the first promise of new artistic developements, undreamed of in the first half of the eighteenth century, might be detected by discerning eyes. But it was the first promise only. In 1784 Haydn had not visited England, nor, indeed, produced his most considerable work outside the limits of chamber music. Mozart was known here chiefly as a youthful prodigy; the sun of Beethoven had not yet risen above the horizon; Bach, who had never been known in England, was for a space forgotten even in Germany; and Handel's music represented to the majority of our countrymen the culminating point to which the art had as yet reached or could, perhaps, be expected to attain.

Since that day a hundred years and more have passed,

years fertile in masterpieces of musical creation. Fashions have changed; tastes have altered. In music, not less than in poetry and painting, each generation desires to have, and insists on having, that which best suits its moods—which most effectually appeals to the special quality of its emotions—and this universal principle of change, which makes it necessary that the artistic productions of every age, be they better or be they worse, shall at least be different from those of the preceding one, has been in the case of music combined with other causes which have made the process of alteration one not of change merely, but also of growth. For music alone among her sister arts has profited by the material growth of society and the progress of mechanical invention; music alone has been able in any important respect to multiply the methods by which she moves the imagination of mankind. In poetry and in painting the work of every age and of every man of genius will doubtless be distinguished by its characteristic note. Yet, however differently used, the artistic resources of a poet or a painter to-day are not materially greater than those which a poet or a painter of the sixteenth or seventeenth century had at his command. We cannot flatter ourselves that we know more of colouring than Titian, or of versification than Milton. We could not teach drawing to Michael Angelo, nor rhythm to Shakespeare: In music the case is otherwise. Since the death of Handel there has not only been a remarkable expansion of musical form, an increased freedom in the use of harmonic resources, and a prodigious growth in the art of instrumentation and in the variety of instruments, but the modern musician has at his command far better players, far larger orchestras, and far more powerful choirs than his predecessors; so that the pettiest composer of the year eighteen hundred and eighty-seven is able to produce effects of which Handel and Bach never dreamed, and may employ methods of which they were utterly ignorant.

Thus it comes about that we are divided from the great musical creations of bygone times by more than the inevitable veil which, talk as we may of the immortality of genius, does always somewhat alter, and must, in some cases, dim our perception of the artistic work of the generations which have preceded us. Whatever be the language in which these may speak, whether that of poetry, of painting, or of music, their voices come to us across the centuries with something, be it ever so little, of a foreign accent. But in the case of music their language has not merely a somewhat unfamiliar

turn, it is in certain important respects imperfectly developed; and the ideas it expresses are necessarily limited with its limitations. Hence the man of average musical cultivation is incomparably more dependent on modern productions than the man of average literary cultivation. Go back a century and a quarter, and take the year 1760, the one which followed Handel's death: how poverty-stricken would our libraries be if all the literary works of imagination which appeared before that date were suddenly destroyed—if our earliest playwright was Sheridan, our earliest poet Goldsmith, our earliest master of prose Dr. Johnson! It is not merely the student who would suffer by such a catastrophe; the whole educated world would lose an important fraction of its daily literary food. But with music the case is otherwise. The largest portion of the works of even the great musicians before the date named have either perished beyond hope of recovery, or slumber in their original manuscript undisturbed on the shelves of our libraries and museums. And it would be rash to say that, with the exception of Handel and Bach, there is a single composer whose more considerable works are the familiar companions of the ordinary musical amateur. Now, therefore, that we have just celebrated the bicentenary of Handel's birth with more than the magnificence which distinguished the celebration of the centenary, it is a fitting time to ask how far the musical experience of the century—which is thus, as we have shown, relatively of far greater importance than a similar experience in the case of letters or painting—has modified the verdict which our great-grandfathers passed on their adopted countryman. It is worth enquiring what is the amount of our debt to him; what it is that he did which none had done before him; and how far what he has done has been better done by those who have come after.

Before going into this question, it may be worth while to remind the reader of the principal dates in Handel's artistic career. Handel, born in 1685 in Lower Saxony, was the son of a doctor already past middle life. The father knew nothing, and cared nothing, for music. The child showed that early and irresistible inclination towards it which has distinguished so many great composers. He was designed for the law, but in the conflict which ensued between the plans of the father and the tastes of the son the latter finally prevailed, and the young Handel commenced his musical education at the age of seven, under Zechaun, organist of Halle Cathedral. Here he acquired all that was to be learned in the great

Organ School, and there was even a moment when he appears to have contemplated taking an organist's place at Lübeck, in which case Bach might have had a rival on his own ground. According to the story, he was prepared to accept all the conditions attaching to the post except that of marrying his predecessor's daughter; and, if this anecdote be true, it is perhaps owing to the absence of charm in this young lady that he has left us opera and oratorio instead of organ music and cantata.

As events actually turned out, Italy (which he visited after an important stay at Hamburg) was destined to have nearly as large a share in the formation of his style as Germany. He visited it in 1706; was received with open arms in Rome, Naples, and Venice; made acquaintances with Corelli and A. Scarlatti; composed two oratorios and two operas; and learned all that was taught in what was still the great centre of art education in Europe.

Strong in this combination of Italian and German art, Handel came to England in 1710, and a few weeks afterwards produced the opera 'Rinaldo,' which has never been surpassed, either by its author or anyone else, in the particular style of opera composition which prevailed in the first half of the eighteenth century. A composer of operas he remained in the main for more than twenty-five years, but he early showed his genius for that peculiar form of art in which he has never been excelled, i.e. writing for chorus. The Utrecht and other 'Te Deums,' the Utrecht 'Jubilate' (1713), the Chandos Anthems (1718), 'Esther' (1719), and 'Acis and Galatea' (1720) contain the promise, and more than the promise, of what he was destined ultimately to accomplish. These last works were composed while Handel was acting as organist to the Duke of Chandos. It is interesting, by the way, to note the extraordinary liberality with which musical artists, especially in England, were treated in the earlier part of the last century. Handel received in pensions from the Crown no less a sum than 500*l.* a year. For the composition of 'Esther' he received 2,000*l.* Buononcini, in like manner, received a pension of 500*l.* from Henrietta, Duchess of Marlborough. Eighty years later, Beethoven, the spoiled darling of the Austrian aristocracy, received, at the height of his fame, a pension of about 140*l.*, and 50*l.* for the greatest of his symphonies. The fact is not less striking if we compare the treatment received respectively by men of letters during the same period and by musicians. In Handel's time, as we all know, literature, not less than

art, depended as much on the patronage of the great as on the favour of the public; yet we cannot recall any instance in which a man of letters, however distinguished, received either from the Crown, or from the nobility, anything at all approaching the sums which were lavished upon Handel and upon Buononcini.

In 1720 was started a society destined profoundly to affect the future of Handel's career. The Royal Academy of Music was founded in order to promote, on the most magnificent scale, the performances of Italian opera. Handel was appointed its conductor; Buononcini and Ariosti aided him in the work of composition. For some time matters went smoothly enough; but the jealousies which arose between the society and its conductor, between the rival composers, and between the rival singers, soon produced a degree of discord fatal to that unity of action without which continuous success was impossible. Handel broke with the society, and set up, first in 1729, in partnership with Heidegger; afterwards (in 1734) on his own account. The results of such a proceeding are what might easily have been anticipated. Few have been the places, and brief the periods, in which the opera has been able to support itself on any considerable scale in entire independence either of private munificence or state subvention. London, as readers of Colley Cibber's 'Apology' are aware, could with difficulty in the early part of the last century support two playhouses. A scheme, therefore, which required that it should support two opera-houses was foredoomed from the first to disastrous failure. It did not require the unprecedented success of the 'Beggars' Opera' to destroy its exotic rival; that rival was predestined to destruction, had Gay never written nor Pepusch composed. Handel became bankrupt in 1737, and in the same year was stricken down by paralysis. Health and fortune alike deserted him, and so low had he sunk that to rise again might have seemed impossible. But, in truth, what appeared to be the end of his career was, so far as posterity was concerned, almost the beginning of it. He had before this period composed at intervals three oratorios, besides 'Acis and Galatea' and 'Alexander's Feast.' To oratorio he now almost exclusively devoted himself. In the fourteen years succeeding his bankruptcy he produced the whole of that immortal series (with the exception of 'Esther,' 'Deborah,' and 'Athalia') by which his name is for ever rendered illustrious; and although he did little in the way of original compositions after he was attacked by cataract

in 1752, his musical activity never ceased. He continued, amid growing fame and increasing prosperity, to conduct his oratorios until the very end. The end came in 1759, only a week after he had attended a performance of the 'Messiah.' He died on the day before Easter Sunday at his house in Brook Street, at the age of seventy-four.

So lived and so died this great artist. That his life was one of ceaseless production—that he contributed, more than any musician of his time, to the delight of his generation—is praise that will be grudged him by none. But what is impartial criticism to say of his work in its larger aspects? How far did he improve upon the art of his predecessors? How far did he smooth the path of progress for those who were to come after him? Has he, for an age familiar with the masterpieces of Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Schumann, and Wagner, any but an historic interest?

In answer to these questions it must be admitted, in the first place, that he cannot be said to have aided the advance of music in the same degree, or even in the same sense, as some other of the great composers we have named. We can assert with confidence that without Haydn we should not have the Mozart we know; that without Mozart we should not have the Beethoven we know; and that without Beethoven the whole musical history of the nineteenth century would have been utterly different from what it is. No such proposition can be advanced respecting Handel. In England he left behind him some humble imitators, who were more successful in stealing his phrases than in catching his inspiration, but he left no school. On the Continent he did even less. His works form, as it were, a monument, solitary and colossal, raised at the end of some blind avenue from which the true path of advance has already branched, and which, stately and splendid though it be, is not the vestibule through which art has passed to the discovery and exploration of new forms of beauty.

Intimately connected with this peculiarity is another, deserving of notice in the same connexion. Handel was not, as regards the technical method of producing musical effects, in any sense a great innovator; as regards form, he rather exhausted the possibilities of those already in use than added to their number. Consider, for example, his overtures. Delightful and spirited as these are, admirably as they are contrived—not, indeed, like modern overtures, to give a kind of foretaste of the drama which is to follow, but—to attune the minds of the audience to its opening scenes,

they are, with rare exceptions, framed on one unvarying model. For more than fifty years he was content to preface opera and oratorio alike with the kind of introduction that was in fashion when, as a youth of nineteen, he wrote his first opera at Hamburg; and the overtures to the 'Messiah' and to 'Samson,' however in other respects superior, did not differ in form from those with which, two generations previously, Lulli had delighted the Court of Louis XIV.

Similar observations may be made respecting his operas. They were, no doubt, by very much the best works of their kind which had ever been produced. Many of the airs which they contain are still familiar to us; many more deserve to be so; and, even when divorced from their dramatic setting, may continue to give exquisite delight. But on the whole it would be true to say that after expending for more than thirty years his time, his money, his health, and his unequalled genius on the cultivation of the Italian opera, he left it richer, indeed, by innumerable masterpieces, but in other respects very much where he found it—fettered, that is, by endless conditions imposed, not so much to satisfy the requirements of dramatic propriety as to moderate the rivalries of competing singers.

It seems at first sight strange that any man of genius should have patiently submitted to rules which, from the point of view of art, were perfectly arbitrary. The explanation is, no doubt, to be found in the circumstance that up to the middle of the eighteenth century (speaking very roughly) the orchestra was a mere adjunct to the voice, and that the revolution, which seems in these later times to have made the voice a mere adjunct to the orchestra, had not even begun. The modern composer for the stage sometimes writes as if singers were a necessary evil to be endured, no doubt, in order to carry on the dramatic dialogue, but which need to be treated with no sort of consideration. If this be a fault in one direction, the early composers of Italian opera fell, or were driven, into the opposite one. They lived at a time when the powers of execution possessed by performers on every instrument (except, it is said, the trumpet) were very inferior to those which are now common, but when the voice was cultivated with an assiduity and a success which have never since been rivalled. The composers could thus command inimitable technical skill in their singers; but the singers required in their turn a degree and a kind of consideration which has never before or since been

asked or received by the interpreters of a work of genius from its creator.

Thus Handel, in most of his operas, not only observed the elaborate system of rules which were contrived to ensure that, while each singer should have sufficient scope to display his talent, no singer should have too much, but wrote his music with a special view to the particular aptitudes of the various members of his staff. It is, we believe, possible to discover, by a mere examination of his score, not only what was the compass of each performer, but what was his peculiar excellence or weakness, and in what part of the register lay his best and most effective notes. We are told that when Cuzzoni and Faustina were performing together at his theatre—when all London was divided as to their merit; when the strife so engendered rose to a pitch of bitterness which, even in the age of Walpole and Pulteney, surpassed the rage of political factions—the composer so nicely balanced the *rôles* of the competing singers, contrived with so much skill to give to each exactly equal opportunities for display, and, even when he caused them to sing together in a duet, managed to provide them with parts so precisely alike in prominence and interest, that even the jealousy of rival artists and rival women could not accuse him of partiality. But however much we may admire the ease with which art so trammelled could move, we can no longer be seduced by the voice of a Farinelli or a Faustina into forgetting that the trammels are there. Therefore it is that the Italian opera of Handel's time is dead beyond all hope of revival, even in this age of revivals. No modern audience would tolerate it, even if modern singers could be found to render it; and this, be it observed, not because the music is old-fashioned, not because our ears are tuned to richer orchestration or a different flow of melody, though these things be true, but because the composers of that day were compelled by the tyranny of circumstances to cast their thoughts in a shape which even a genius like Handel's could not render immortal.

For this it would be unfair to blame the composer. The greatest works which the world has seen have not been dedicated to an unknown posterity, but have been produced to satisfy the daily needs of their age, and have, therefore, of necessity conformed to the tastes, and usually to the fashion and the prejudices, of the period which gave them birth. So it was with Handel's operas; and, without doubt, but for two accidental circumstances, it is to the production of

operas that he would have mainly devoted himself, to the infinite loss of posterity, even to the very end of his career. These two circumstances were the rivalries and quarrels already adverted to, which made it impossible profitably to perform operas, and the observance of Lent, which made it possible profitably to perform oratorios. The debt which all the arts owe to the Church is infinite; but, perhaps, the heaviest liabilities have been incurred by music. It was the liturgies of the Church which supplied the inspiration of all the gravest compositions down to comparatively recent times; it was Church choirs which supplied the musical training; it was Church funds which supplied the necessary endowments. Slight indeed would be our musical heritage if all was subtracted from it which had been written for the Church, or by those whom the Church had helped to teach or to support. These benefits to art were due to the *positive* action of the Church. That Handel devoted himself exclusively in his later years to oratorio is due to its *negative* action. During Lent operas were discontinued, and it was mainly through the accidental advantage thus given to oratorio, in the 'struggle for existence,' that they were able to contend successfully against its more showy rivals. We owe, therefore, 'Israel in Egypt,' the 'Messiah,' 'Semele,' and 'Hercules' to liturgical observance less directly, but not less really, than the 'Missa Papæ Marcelli,' the 'Passion,' according to St. Matthew, or the 'Mass in D.'

Judging by the light of posthumous criticism, it may seem strange that Handel should not have left the opera till the opera had to all intents and purposes left him, and that he did not devote himself to oratorio till his theatrical speculations had finally broken down. It is no doubt true that nowhere in Europe had the experiment of oratorio, i.e. of dramatic pieces without dramatic action, been tried as a commercial undertaking; that it would have been folly to embark on such a speculation without full assurance of its success; and that Handel seems to have embarked on it as soon as, by repeated experiment, he was convinced that such assurance had been obtained. But it must be acknowledged that he was not easily convinced. Note the stages through which these experiments passed. 'Esther,' the first English oratorio, was written for a private patron, and for private performance. 'Acis' had the same origin about the same time. Both were written at a period when there was no Italian opera in London, and when, therefore, Handel

had no other outlet for his dramatic talents. For more than ten years after this the composer, entirely occupied with operas, neither added to the number of his oratorios nor caused those which he had already finished to be performed. And even then, though sinking to the lowest ebb of fortune, it was due to external influences rather than to his own spontaneous impulse that he began slowly and cautiously to turn his creative energies in what now seems to us their natural direction. The first incident which led to this were some private performances of 'Esther' by the children of the Chapel Royal, *with action and scenery*. This led to a desire for a representation of the same oratorio, by the same performers and in the same way, at the Opera House. But here, fortunately, the Bishop of London stepped in. He was ready to allow the children of the chapel to sing, but not to act. In so doing he no doubt conceived himself to be furthering the interests of propriety, if not of morality; but he was, in reality, furthering with far more decisive effect the interests of art. It is not wholly impossible that, but for his intervention, Handel would have aimed at the production of a form of oratorio which, in accordance with tradition, would differ little from opera, except in the choice of subject, somewhat greater freedom in construction, and in the greater prominence given to chorus. In so doing he would, as we shall presently show, have forfeited his deep claim to our gratitude as a musical innovator. His later works would have borne to his earlier very much the same relation that Racine's 'Athalie' bears to his 'Iphigénie.' They would have been more edifying, but not in any artistic quality essentially different or superior. How slowly Handel reconciled himself to the idea of oratorio, as he himself has taught us to understand the term, is further proved, if further proof be wanting, by the fact that the first public performance of 'Acis' (not given, it may be noted, until Handel was driven to it in order to forestall an impudent attempt at musical piracy) was represented without action indeed, but with appropriate scenery, costumes, and decorations. This, however, was a theatrical hybrid that necessarily remained barren. It was a compromise which could not last, and accordingly, in the next year, we see him in 'Deborah' and 'Athaliah,' finally accepting the perfected oratorio as a form of entertainment by which he might appeal to the public as he had before appealed to them by opera.

Such were the slow gradations of success by which Handel was, as it were, reluctantly forced to devote the full strength

of his matured genius to the exclusive production of that class of works which are for ever connected with his name, and of which he was, perhaps, as much the inventor as, in this world of slow developement, anyone is the inventor of anything. Antiquarians, it is true, trace the pedigree of the oratorio to the year 1600. They tell us that the first oratorio was composed by Cavaliere, that the name originated in the accidental circumstance that the first performance took place in the oratory of St. Maria in Vallicella, and they further define this particular form of art for us as a sacred poem, of a dramatic or allegoric character, sung by voices in solo and chorus with orchestral accompaniment.

All this is true, is interesting, and is important. But there is a certain danger that in laying stress on this particular set of historical facts we may forget circumstances not less true, not less interesting, and even more important to the proper comprehension of what was artistically new in Handel's work. In this case, as in others, we have to be careful lest the history of the name should divert our attention from the history of the thing.

Now, what distinguished the oratorio of the early seventeenth century from the opera of the same date was not the character of the music, but the character of the subject. Both were sung, and both were acted; both consisted of the same succession of airs and recitative, occasionally varied in the same way by slight choruses. The difference between them lay in the fact that the theme of one was sacred, that of the other secular, and it consisted in this fact alone. But this is not a circumstance of the slightest interest, artistically speaking, nor does it in the slightest degree indicate the real difference between Handel's English oratorios and his Italian operas. If anyone entertains a doubt on the point, let him consider in what categories he would respectively place Handel's Italian work, '*Resurrezione*,' and his English work '*Heracles*.' The first is indistinguishable in form from '*Rinaldo*;' the second is indistinguishable in form from '*Samson*.' But the first is sacred, the second is secular. The first, therefore, would, and the second would not, be usually called an oratorio. This terminology, however much in accordance with usage, lays stress upon the wrong set of facts. It draws attention to the subject of the words, not to the character of the music—to the theme selected by the librettist, and not to its treatment by the composer. Now, whether it be worth while to depart from the ordinary usage of words or not, we shall do well to bear in mind that while

the oratorio was, no doubt, in its inception essentially sacred, secular dramas have been successfully treated after the manner of oratorios ; and that while the first oratorios were intended to be acted, the vital characteristic of the perfected oratorio is that it is neither acted nor is, indeed, in most cases, by any possibility capable of being acted.

If in opera the music impaired the verisimilitude of the acting, it is not less true that acting limited the variety of the music. Before the instrumental revolution of the last hundred years the most powerful musical effects, without comparison, which the musician could command were produced by the chorus ; but the use of choruses was strictly limited both by dramatic convention and by stage necessities. So that in Handel's case we have the extraordinary absurdity of the greatest master of choral effect the world has ever seen, arbitrarily confined to the composition of recitatives and airs, only here and there relieved by the meagre and trifling choruses permitted by the rules and practice of the Italian stage.

In giving up the attempt to combine dramatic music with dramatic representation, the oratorio freed itself at once from all these absurdities and all these limitations. It ceased to be acting marred by singing ; it became recitative glorified by music ; and this gave it another advantage, of which it is necessary to take note. The story of a drama written for the stage, or framed on the model of those that are so written, is necessarily given in the words of the various *dramatis personæ*, in this respect differing from a piece written in the epic, narrative, or descriptive form. But this difference, vital as it is when we are dealing with plays or poems, loses much of its importance in the case of oratorios. It is superfluous to distinguish an oratorio like 'Samson,' in which everything is sung by personages in the story—Dalilah, Manoah, Israelitish women, and so forth—from one like 'Israel in Egypt,' in which there are no personages at all, but only a series of descriptions. You may, if you please, call one dramatic and the other epic, but the distinction is here almost immaterial. Both consist essentially of a connected series of incidents stated in words and interpreted by music. And provided the incidents be of a kind which lend themselves to such interpretation—provided they be sufficiently connected to give unity, sufficiently contrasted to give variety, and at the same time fairly co-ordinated into an artistic whole—the librettist need trouble himself no more about the possibilities

of stage representation than he need about the unities of time and place.

But the superiority of the oratorio over its dramatic rival as an 'art form' is not more decisive than its superiority over its Church rivals, the Passion and the Mass. We must not be misled in this matter by the splendour of the music associated with these names; for it is not the music we are discussing, but the use to which the music has been put, the 'poetic form' to which it has been wedded. Now the libretto of a Passion music was simply a mediæval miracle play born out of due season. It had all the limitations which arise from the fact that it dealt with only one subject in only one way, added to all the limitations due to the circumstance that its object was not æsthetic, but devotional—that it was intended to promote, not pleasure, but edification. It is impossible but that the music with which it was associated should suffer from these disadvantages, and that the world has been of this opinion may be safely inferred from the fact that the Passion play has been (comparatively speaking) seldom set by musicians of genius, that of all the settings there is but one in which posterity takes much interest, while to do full justice to this one we must judge it not simply as a work of art external to the audience, but as a religious ceremony in which they are expected to take part.

Observations not wholly dissimilar may be made respecting the Mass as a theme for musical treatment. If intended for use in church, it can only be regarded as an accessory to the most solemn act of Christian worship, and must necessarily be interrupted by those parts of the service which are not sung by the choir. If intended for the concert-room, it can only be considered as a sacred cantata on a somewhat extended scale, of which the succession of ideas, however consecrated by usage, has been determined by liturgical and not by artistic considerations.

The oratorio, then, stands pre-eminent, at least in the infancy of orchestration, among all the modes in which music may be wedded to dramatic poetry. It, and it alone, gives the musician the utmost latitude in the choice of his subject and in the employment of his resources. It is Handel's glory to have perceived its capabilities, and to have developed them in a manner undreamed of by his predecessors, and unsurpassed by even the greatest of his successors. He brought to this task a peculiar combination of gifts. His long connexion with the operatic stage had brought to perfection the dramatic genius and the in-

exhaustible flow of melody which he inherited from Nature. He was able to combine this with a power of choral composition already exercised in the great series of 'Chandos 'Anthems,' in the various settings of the 'Te Deum,' and in other compositions for the Church, and which, in its kind, has never since been approached. All that was great in opera, all that was great in Church music, together with much that stage limitations excluded from the first, and religious feeling from the second, thus united to adorn dramatic narratives, which, however indifferent as literature, were seldom deficient in powerful situations well fitted for musical treatment.*

It is not necessary here to dwell at length on the characteristics which, as we are told so often and so truly, distinguish his style, especially in choruses. The grandeur, the contrapuntal learning, the ingenuity with which that learning is concealed, the melodious smoothness of the part-writing, and the extreme simplicity of the means often employed to produce the most striking effects—all these are familiar qualities of a familiar composer, on which it would be wearisome to dilate, unless with an amount of technical discussion and illustration wholly out of place in this article.

But, in spite of our unqualified admiration and love for Handel, we hasten to acknowledge that if, as is probable, some of our readers are only restrained by the respect inspired by a great name from saying that Handel is not unfrequently simple even to the verge, or beyond the verge, of commonplace, we agree with them, even though to us he is never tame. If they think that Handel was frequently

* Handel was, indeed, on the whole, fortunate in the pieces he set to music. Some of them were by the most distinguished men of letters of his own and the preceding age, not to mention the cantatas composed to words by Milton and Dryden. Pope is said to have written 'Esther;' Gay wrote 'Acis;' Congreve wrote 'Semele;' 'Athalia' was based on Racine; and the text of 'Samson' is Milton spoiled. From names like these it is something of a descent to go to Mr. Jennens and Dr. Morell. But even Mr. Jennens, and Dr. Morell, and a clergyman of the name of Miller, who surpassed even these in the art of sinking in poetry, though they were far from being either tolerable versifiers or tolerable playwrights, knew something of their business. They supplied a certain number of incidents, described in a certain quantity of doggerel, wisely leaving it to the composer to furnish the genius and the imagination. Accordingly they produced not unsuccessful librettos, when better men might, perhaps, have only succeeded in giving us not unsuccessful poems.

content to use again and yet again phrases originally invented, perhaps, by others, then worn threadbare through constant iteration by himself, we admit it to be true, though to us they seem always fresh. And if they further desire to point out that Handel had certain tricks for producing some of his great choral effects, striking, no doubt, and characteristically simple, but still of a kind from which time and repetition have removed all the novelty and much of the charm, again we agree, though they still charm us.

The truth is that to every genius there is a characteristic weakness, a defect to which it naturally leans, and into which, in those inevitable moments when inspiration flags, it is apt to subside. With Handel this bias was towards melodious and facile, though always vigorous, commonplace: as with Bach, it was towards a crabbed and somewhat ungrateful treatment of his materials. And in this, as in some other respects, the external circumstances of the two great contemporaries favoured their original differences. Handel wrote to please the public by whom he lived. Engaged, on his own behalf or on that of others, as the manager of those musical enterprises for which he was also the composer, he necessarily failed in the first of these capacities unless he was popular in the second. Nor was the public which had to be attracted either large in numbers or constant in taste. 'The town' could scarcely, at the best, support two playhouses. It could not, even with the aid of enormous private subventions, support two operahouses. And, as the audiences at Drury Lane deserted Vanbrugh and Congreve for the pantomime, so the audience at the Haymarket deserted Handel and Buononcini for the 'Beggars' Opera.' Handel, therefore, is in the same category as the majority of great creative geniuses. He was obliged to please his own age; he might please posterity if he could. Bach, on the other hand, belongs to the smaller, and, on the whole, perhaps not more fortunate class, whose contemporary public is so limited that, as regards most of their work, they may almost be said to have had only themselves to satisfy. While Handel was struggling with the administrative difficulties of the London opera, Bach was organist of Leipzig. There it was that he produced his greatest works, and collected round him a devoted and admiring body of pupils. But from the public he neither desired anything nor got anything. It was his business to compose a certain number of sacred cantatas for the festivals of the Church, and he composed them. It was the business of the

worthy burghers of Leipzig to listen to them, and they listened to them. There is no evidence that the great composer ever sought to excite their enthusiastic appreciation, and there is every evidence to prove that he never obtained it. He laboured at art for art's sake, with all the good, and some, perhaps, of the evil results that not uncommonly attend that operation; and he has had his appropriate reward. He is—what Handel has never been, or would ever perhaps have desired to be—above all things, an artist's artist; one who enjoys chiefly the admiration of experts, but enjoys that in overflowing measure.

There is one other criticism on Handel's work more often explicitly avowed, though not, perhaps, so often felt as those to which we have alluded, which we notice only to express our emphatic dissent from it. We are frequently told that Handel is not original. If by this is meant that he freely used the tags and commonplaces that were the common property of the musicians of his day, or that some of his instrumental slow movements, for instance, show in every note of them unmistakable signs of the influence of Corelli, it is no doubt true, though not very interesting or important. But more than this is usually implied, if it is not actually stated. We are given to understand that his unacknowledged robberies from contemporaries and predecessors were of a kind and magnitude which must seriously affect our estimate of him, both as an honest man and as an original genius. In support of this indictment, recent investigators have drawn up so formidable a catalogue of these borrowed treasures, that at first sight it would almost appear as if Handel rather compiled music than composed it; and that his works were due not so much to his own natural inspiration as to the assiduous piecing together of the fragments of other men's labours. Now, the actual facts on which this theory rests are these :—After excluding from the list of misappropriation those examples in which the resemblance is too shadowy, or the alleged plagiarism * too improbable, to make them adequate foundations of any judgement adverse to his fame,

* For instance, the alleged imitation in the chorus 'Hear, Jacob's 'God' of a chorus by Stradella. We may here take note of the singular anxiety of critics to discover Handelian plagiarisms. The excellent article on Handel, for instance, in the 'Dictionary of Music' accuses him of stealing the subject of 'Wretched Lovers' from Bach's forty-eight preludes and fugues. The first set of the latter was published in 1722, the former was written in 1720.

there undoubtedly remains imbedded in his mightiest creations a large quantity of material borrowed principally from his own earlier writings, but to no inconsiderable extent from the writings of other musicians also. This re-use of old materials is of the most varying degree of importance. Sometimes it merely consists in the employment of a fugue subject which had exercised the ingenuity or stimulated the imagination of composers for the preceding two hundred years; e.g. the series of four ascending and descending notes which Handel has used in the 'Horse and his Rider,' and in the 'Hallelujah Chorus' ('Messiah'), and elsewhere, and which Byrd nearly two hundred years previously set to the words, 'Non nobis, Domine.' Of this species of plagiarism, no one, even superficially acquainted with the practice of musicians in the fifteenth, sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, will see anything to wonder at or to criticise. But, again, sometimes it consists in the working up, perhaps into some great chorus material, his own or borrowed, which had formerly served a less august and stately purpose. Interesting examples are to be found in the use made of the Italian chamber duet in the chorus of 'Wretched Lovers;' in the use made of the ground base to an air in the tenth Chandos Anthem, in the rolling, oceanic accompaniment of the chorus, 'The waters overwhelmed 'them' ('Israel'); in the use made of the theme of the quick movement in one of the violin sonatas as the subject of the triumphant choral fugue, 'Live, live for ever' ('Solomon'); in the use made of the opening movement of the fourth organ concerto in the accompaniment to a chorus in 'Alcina;' and (to turn to similar adaptations made from other men's works) of the use made of the introductory phrase in Urio's 'Te Deum'* in the chorus, 'Welcome, mighty King' ('Saul'). Again, it may consist in the appropriation of large fragments of earlier works, his own or borrowed, introduced unaltered, or nearly unaltered, into new choruses, leaving the original material only altered by additions or extensions of more or less importance. See, for example, a chorus of Astorga's, embodied as it were in 'Then shall 'they know' ('Samson'); and a chorus by Urio, developed into 'Our fainting courage' ('Saul'). Finally, it may consist in the simple transference, with or without an alteration of the words, of a piece of music from one composition

* We assume, for the sake of argument, that this 'Te Deum' is really Urio's.

to another. Thus he is said to have appropriated the (to say the truth, somewhat dry) chorus, 'Egypt was glad' ('Israel'), from an organ-piece by Kerl, without the alteration of note; and thus he introduced, without modification, into 'Deborah' much of the music which had previously done service in the Coronation Anthems and in the Passion music.

This, then, is an outline of the facts. How are we to interpret them? It will be noted that in the above rude classification we have lumped together, as if they were of the same kind, the robberies which Handel, like Bach, made from himself and the robberies which he made at the expense of other people. The truth is that, æsthetically and artistically, we do not say morally, they *are* of the same kind. His method of working appears to have been this:—He composed with extraordinary, even preternatural, rapidity, after relatively long intervals of unproductive repose. If the dates given in his MSS. are to be taken as indicating the whole time spent on the completion of the work, we have to suppose that the 'Messiah,' for instance, took only twenty-four days, 'Hercules' only twenty-nine days, 'Semele' only thirty-one days, and 'Judas' only thirty-three days, and so of the others. Doubtless some time may in certain cases have been occupied in filling in the score after the day set down as the final one of composition; doubtless, also, the work must have been incubating and maturing long before he put pen to paper. During this period, and during the heat and fervour of actual composition, it would seem that he took his materials where he could find them, with a serene indifference as to whether they were old or new, his own or other people's, the work of a composer long since dead or the newest growth of his own inexhaustible genius. Rarely, therefore, unless in the case of a *pièce d'occasion*, do these borrowed pieces bear the marks of being foisted into their places to save the composer trouble, or to cover a momentary failure of inspiration; in the great majority of cases (though not in all) the appropriated ideas seem only then to have found the setting, and the use for which Nature originally intended them, when Handel impressed them into his service.* They are wanderers, which have at last reached

* So much is this the case that the able, learned, and enthusiastic biographer of Handel, Mr. Rockstro, so well known for his labours in musical history and criticism, actually founds on it a theory that Urlo made his 'Te Deum' out of fragments of Handel, instead of *vice versâ*.

their home—migrating souls, which, not till then, have found their fitting and perfect embodiment.

This indicates the test which we ought to apply in forming a judgement on the artistic merits of a plagiarism. If the borrowed fragment shows like the marble capital of a Corinthian column built into the brickwork of a mediæval wall, the theft is a mistake; and mistakes are crimes—indeed, the only crimes recognised in the jurisprudence of art. But if it not only fits harmoniously into the new structure, but shows there for the first time its latent capabilities of beauty or of grandeur, then, whatever judgement we may pass on the morality of the plagiarist, the plagiarism, as we conceive, stands justified at the bar of criticism. To suppose, indeed, that the originality of a work like ‘Israel in Egypt’ is affected by any amount of such plagiarism as we have described seems to me to ignore the essence of that in which creative originality consists. Of all Handel’s works none perhaps owe less than the ‘Messiah,’ and none owes more than ‘Israel,’ to the labours of other composers. Of these two immortal creations it is hard to say which is the more perfect. But there can be no doubt not only that ‘Israel’ is the one most characteristically Handelian, but that it stands out amid all creations of the last century, whether of poets, painters, or musicians, unique in its un-borrowed majesty. To suppose that any amount of laborious grubbing among the scattered manuscripts of forgotten musicians can shake a conclusion like this, if in other respects it be well founded, is as rational as to suppose that, by dint of sedulous enquiry, we could diffuse the glory of having built St. Paul’s among the quarrymen who provided the materials.

But, it will be said, the question of morality still remains. It cannot be right for a great writer to appropriate the work of a small one, and at the same time wrong for a small one to appropriate the work of a great one. Bare justice requires that a common rule should apply to both.

We shall not venture on a full discussion of the casuistical problem thus raised. An interesting chapter remains to be written on the history of ‘private property in thought.’ When this is accomplished, it will probably become clear that while, at the revival of learning and before it, the

The theory will, we fear, hardly hold water. But its extreme plausibility, on internal evidence alone, is a proof, if proof be wanting, of the proposition advanced in the text.

unwritten code regulating such matters was so lax that it was by no means considered necessary to acknowledge even direct quotations, the monopoly has become stricter and stricter down to our own time. And it will also be found that some of the greatest and most original geniuses—Shakespeare, for instance, and Molière—are distinguished by the readiness with which they have made use of other men's inventions. Among such is Handel; and with regard to him, and before finally dismissing this topic, we shall only make two further observations. The first is, that he does not himself seem to have regarded it as a thing to be ashamed of. Among the most astonishing feats of appropriation which are laid to his charge is the wholesale transference of large fragments of a 'Magnificat,' asserted on imperfect evidence to be by an obscure musician of the name of Erba,* to the score of 'Israel in Egypt.' Now, one of the only two copies of this 'Magnificat' known to exist is in Handel's handwriting, and is preserved among his manuscripts at Buckingham Palace. But what is the history of these manuscripts? They are by no means casual chips from his musical workshop, scraped together from holes and corners, and arranged for the first time after his death. On the contrary, Handel himself, always sedulous of his fame, set the greatest store by them. He intended leaving them to his amanuensis, the elder Smith. He quarrelled with Smith and then proposed to leave them to the University of Oxford. He and Smith afterwards became reconciled, and he reverted to his original intention. If, therefore, we are to believe that in employing Erba's materials he was committing what he considered, or what, in his opinion, others might consider, a breach of morality, we must suppose him to be guilty of the extraordinary folly of leaving the evidence of his misdemeanour in a convenient and carefully preserved shape among the papers on which he relied for the honourable perpetuation of his memory. And we must further suppose that he could venture to quarrel with a man so intimately acquainted with all the secrets, and, according to the hypothesis, the discreditable secrets, of his method, as

* As in the case of Urió's 'Te Deum' we assume that Erba was a choral composer, and that the 'Magnificat' is by him, though both points are still disputed, and though we are much more sceptical about him than about Urió. If Erba really wrote 'Thy right hand, O Lord,' he has been ill-used by fame; for he stands second only to Handel and Bach as a writer of choruses.

was Smith; and that, with the fate of Buononcini * before his eyes, in a country which possessed its share of learned musicians,† and where Handel possessed more than his share of open enemies and jealous friends, he was prepared to risk reputation and livelihood at once in order to save himself a few hours' additional exertion.

Our second observation is this: If the main objection to robbery consists in the fact that the victim of the robbery is injured by it, Handel's appropriation of the music of his predecessors would seem to be innocent, if not meritorious. So far from their being injured by it in the quarter in which injury was alone possible—namely, their reputation—it is not too much to say that their whole reputation is entirely founded on it. Who would take the slightest interest in Urlo if Handel had not condescended to use his 'Te Deum' in 'Saul' and in the 'Dettingen'? Who would ever have heard of Erba if Handel had not immortalised him by introducing parts of his 'Magnificat' into 'Israel'? The truth is that Handel has not cheated them *out of* their due meed of fame, he has cheated them *into* it. And if this were made a preliminary condition of all literary or artistic pilfering, the art of plagiarism would not in all probability be extensively practised or grossly abused.

From this long parenthesis on the nature and extent of Handel's debts to other composers, rendered necessary by the tone and temper, rather perhaps than by the direct assertions of some contemporary criticism, we turn to the more grateful task of dwelling for a moment on the nature and extent of our debts to him. To describe his special and transcendent merit in a few words, we should say that it consisted in his unequalled power of using chorus to express every shade of definite dramatic emotion. And in this connexion sufficient attention has been paid to the astonishing range which Handel attempted to cover in his choral compositions, or to the success which attended his efforts. Other composers, though surely not many, have equalled him in the dramatic treatment of the solo voice. One other man has equalled him in the easy and admirable mastery of choral technique. But no man has equalled him, scarcely any man has tried to equal him, in the

* Buononcini, it will be recollected, had to leave England on a charge of plagiarism from Lotti.

† Among the most learned of whom was Pepusch, whom Handel had ousted at Cannons, and who had compiled the 'Beggars' Opera,' which ruined Handel's operatic speculations.

free application of chorus to every dramatic purpose, and to the delineation of every human emotion which language is capable of describing. Before his time, and to no small extent since, chorus-writing on a grand scale was reserved almost exclusively for the service of the Church. It was used, with scarcely an exception, as the vehicle of devotion and as the handmaid of liturgical observance—an august and splendid function, but one, from the very nature of the case, circumscribed and limited. No art, indeed, has exhausted, or will ever exhaust, the possibilities of religious feeling. But no art has consented to confine its efforts to the expression of religious feeling alone. Sooner or later, each has sought new worlds to conquer, and, so far as regards music, with which alone we are now concerned, it is to Handel that we owe the most convincing proof that the greatest resources of chorus could find a use outside the limits of Passion music, anthem, and mass, in the vast and varied field of secular emotion.

It will perhaps be said that, after all, most of Handel's oratorios are sacred, and that in such works as 'Samson,' 'Solomon,' 'Joshua,' and 'Jephtha,' whose subject is taken from Bible history, as well as in those like 'Theodora,' 'Alexander Balus,' and 'Judas Maccabæus,' where the story is distinctly 'edifying,' he has limited himself to the sphere of religion almost as closely as if he had written only for the Church. But this is not so. Even of the 'Messiah' it would not be accurate to say that it is religious in the same sense (though doubtless it is so in as true a sense) as the Mass in B minor. A mass, like all other music that is or may be used for ecclesiastical purposes, is in the main intended to give heightened expression to the religious feelings of the individual believers engaged in a common act of worship. The 'Messiah,' on the other hand, is a drama, though a drama unique in its kind. While it might be too much to say that worship is absolutely excluded from it, since it incidentally contains, not prayer, indeed, but praise, yet worship is in no sense its object, but, as in the case of other dramas, the presentation of a series of facts external to the audience united into an artistic and organic whole. But, though a drama, it is not an historic drama. If it touches, when necessary, on such historical events as, for instance, the Nativity, it does so only in their most generalised and symbolic form, not as events in a chronological narrative. Its theme is nothing less than the New Dispensation, as understood and accepted by Christendom; and only fami-

liarity blinds us to the singularity of the subject, and the skill with which it has been treated by librettist and composer (if, indeed, these are, in this case, to be distinguished). The dangers of the subject, artistically speaking, are obvious. The composer, with such a theme to deal with, might have been tempted to set to music a theological system; he might even have had the perversity to make his system controversial, and given, in admirable counterpoint, his special views on justification by faith and baptismal regeneration. Handel committed no such error.* The work is perfect, not merely in its separate parts, but it is perfect as a whole. Everywhere the dry bones of abstract dogma have been covered under the warm, concrete symbolism of Biblical prophecy and narrative. Everywhere the emotional side proper for musical treatment has been kept before the hearer; and, through the admirable selection of the words, the theme has not unfrequently risen to heights where Handel's strength of wing, and his perhaps alone, has been able to follow it. Few even of the greatest among poets, musicians, and (since the Revised Version, we may now add) scholars have succeeded in touching the words of our English Bible without rushing on disaster. That which they have found strong they have too often left feeble. That which they have found sublime they have not seldom left ridiculous. Of Handel, and of Handel only, can we say that the most splendid inspirations of Hebrew poetry gain an added glory from his music, and that thousands exist for whom passages of Scripture which have for eighteen centuries been very near the heart of Christendom acquire a yet deeper meaning, a yet more spiritual power, through the strains with which his genius has inseparably associated them.

But if the 'Messiah,' though undoubtedly a religious work, is to be thus distinguished artistically from those great ecclesiastical compositions to which the choral writers had chiefly devoted themselves, still more widely separated from such com-

* Dogma, it may be noted, must necessarily receive musical exposition in every setting of the Mass: and it is one of the objections to that portion of the liturgy being used as, to all intents and purposes, a musical libretto. In Mr. Poole's excellent little 'Life of Bach' he informs us that in the Creed of the B Minor Mass the union of the Divine and the human nature in Christ is represented by 'a canon *'first in unison, then in the fourth below.'* It is not impossible. The history of literature and art sufficiently proves that in the way of conceits nothing is impossible. But if it be so, the fact is sufficient to show how unfitted the subject is to be treated musically.

positions are the bulk of Handel's oratorios, whether their subjects are borrowed from the Bible or not. It is true that magnificent religious music is to be found in all of them; but it is found side by side with music very different, but scarcely less magnificent, devoted to the praise of Baal, of Dagon, of Moloch, of Sesach, of Mithra, of Venus, and of other heathen deities (for Handel's Pantheon was large!), interspersed with much love-making and even more fighting, and is, on the face of it, introduced in obedience to the dramatic necessities of the situation.

The historic causes—we had almost said, the historic accidents—to which we owe the great bulk of Handel's choral work not intended for ecclesiastical purposes, have been already explained. But the spontaneous origin of 'Esther' and of 'Acis' shows that he did not devote himself to unacted choral drama from necessity till he had first tried his hand at it from choice; while we may, perhaps, conjecture, from the solitary and, at the time, unsuccessful experiment of 'Israel,' that he was prepared to go even further than he did in the use of chorus had he found a public ready to follow him. To our eternal loss, it was not to be. The sheer grandeur of the unbroken choral series in which Handel described the most thrilling of national episodes was too severe a strain upon the patience of a London public in the reign of George II. to be often repeated; and even down to a comparatively recent date it has been found necessary to relieve the audience and spoil the work by the introduction of a few adapted airs.

But we need not forget what we have, in vain speculations as to what under happier circumstances we might possibly have obtained. Let any who desire to form a judgement on this subject run over, as a preliminary exercise, the following list of twenty choruses. We have paired the first eighteen according to similarity of subject, so that different modes of treating like themes may be compared:—(1) 'Envy, eldest-born of hell' ('Saul'); 'Oh, calumny' ('Alexander Balus'). (2) 'Hear, Jacob's God' ('Samson'); 'Immortal Lord' ('Deborah'). (3) 'Oh, Baal' ('Deborah'); 'Ye tutelary gods' ('Belshazzar'). (4) 'Crown with festal pomp' ('Hercules'); 'From the censer' ('Solomon'). (5) 'Wanton god of amorous fire' ('Hercules'); 'Let no rash intruder' ('Solomon'). (6) 'Righteous Heaven beholds their guilt' ('Susannah'); 'By slow degrees the wrath of God' ('Belshazzar'). (7) 'Tyrants, now no more' ('Hercules'); 'Mourn, ye afflicted children' ('Judas'). (8) 'We

‘ never will bow down ’ (‘ Judas ’); ‘ Ye sons of Israel ’ (‘ Joshua ’). (9) ‘ Fixed in his everlasting seat ’ (‘ Samson ’); ‘ When his loud voice ’ (Jephtha ’). (10) ‘ Draw the tear ’ (‘ Solomon ’); ‘ He saw the lovely youth ’ (Theodora ’).

Let it further be recollected that this list excludes the whole body of Handel’s compositions for the Church; that it contains nothing from ‘ Israel,’ and nothing from the ‘ Messiah;’ that such masterpieces of descriptive and dramatic chorus-writing as are contained in ‘ Acis and Galatea,’ ‘ Alexander’s Feast,’ ‘ St. Cecilia’s Day,’ ‘ Semelc,’ and other oratorios find no place in it; and no further evidence will be required to show that variety and originality are as remarkable characteristics of Handel’s choral works as, by common consent, simplicity and grandeur are allowed to be.

Our first impression, perhaps, of the composer’s choral style is that, putting aside music of a strictly religious kind, it lends itself most easily to the expression of popular sentiment in all its massive directness. A nation’s mourning or a nation’s triumph, national thanksgiving, national worship, the din of battle and the song of victory—these may seem the subjects best suited to the large canvas and the broad touch of the Handelian manner. Yet this would, perhaps, be a rash judgement unless we can show that he fell short of success in dealing with subjects and situations of a different kind. Love, which occupies a large space in Handel’s as in all other dramatic narrative, and which is dragged into his Biblical oratorios in a manner which not seldom verges, according to modern ideas, on the ludicrous, naturally falls, as a rule, to be treated by the single voice or in duet. But the three choruses already quoted, ‘ Draw the tear from ‘ hopeless love,’ ‘ May no rash intruder,’ and ‘ Wanton god of ‘ amorous fires,’ absolutely diverse as they are both in sentiment and musical treatment, are a sufficient proof that the writer of ‘ Love in her eyes sits playing,’ and of ‘ Where ‘ e’er you walk,’ could, when he so desired it, throw as much passion into his choruses as he could into his solos. Again, what could be more perfect than the manner in which the composer of ‘ Israel in Egypt ’ has caught the pastoral note in ‘ Acis and Galatea ’? The task was far from an easy one. With rare exceptions, it may be asserted that every poem of the last century, in so far as it is either pastoral or mythological, is certain to be frigid and artificial, and almost certain to be intolerably dull. Gay’s poem was both pastoral and mythological. Yet, as treated by Handel, so far is it from being either frigid or dull, that there is not a frigid

or a dull thing in it. The unhappy loves of nymph and shepherd are portrayed with a tender sentiment, from which the tragic note is yet carefully excluded. The 'monster 'Polypheme,' grotesque and yet terrible, is drawn in both characters with admirable skill, but plays his part as villain of the piece with no undue or discordant emphasis, while the whole drama is acted against a pastoral background, so fresh and delicious, so like the country on a breezy summer-day, and so unlike the country as it was portrayed in the fashionable pastorals of that period, that it is manifestly not from such sources that Handel drew his inspiration.

In extreme contrast to the pastoral charm of 'Acis,' at the other end of the dramatic scale, we find the composer attempting tasks of not less difficulty with not less success. To take a single example: There is no incident of Biblical—or, indeed, of any other—narrative more charged with dramatic meaning than the interruption of Belshazzar's feast by the mystic writing on the wall. But it is not one specially suited for musical treatment, particularly for musical treatment unassisted by action and scenic effect. If, then, it be borne in mind that Handel had to trust entirely to the imagination of his audience to supply the stage properties; that the parts of 'Belshazzar the king, his lords, his wives, 'and his concubines' were taken by gentlemen and ladies in ordinary evening dress; that the Babylonian banquetting-hall was represented by the benches of a concert-room; that the writing, ominous of impending doom, though talked about, could not, from the nature of the case, be represented; above all, that Handel had it not in his power to help himself out of the difficulty by any of the orchestral devices open to a modern composer—it will be felt that his genius has exhausted the utmost possibilities contained in the materials which he had at his command. At the end of the first act the scene opens. The desecration of the sacred vessels taken from the temple at Jerusalem is protested against in a chorus of admirable and solemn dignity, sung by captive Jews; and, on Belshazzar's stubborn refusal to yield on this point to their protest or the entreaties of his mother, the stroke of inevitable retribution is foretold in the great chorus, 'By slow degrees the wrath 'of God,' which closes the act. In the middle of the second act we are given the sequel of the scene. The wild revel, vigorously rendered in the chorus, 'Ye tutelar gods,' and in the drinking song of Belshazzar, 'Let the deep bowl,' reaches its riotous culmination. Then suddenly is seen the hand

tracing on the wall, in unknown characters, the decree of fate. The horror of the king, the confusion among the guests, the instantaneous change from the half-drunken gaiety of the revellers to a terror the more awful because its cause is mysterious and supernatural, are rendered in the chorus of Babylonian courtiers which follows, with a force not surpassed in simple strength even by the narrative as it occurs in the Book of Daniel.

We have now said, perhaps, enough to vindicate the claim put forward a few pages back on behalf of the great composer, that the variety and dramatic force of the effects which he obtained by the use of chorus are as remarkable and unique as are their strength and grandeur. But let it not be inferred from the insistence with which we have spoken of his choruses, that they can with advantage be considered as independent and isolated compositions, apart from the setting of recitatives and airs in which Handel originally placed them, or that his recitatives and airs themselves fall short of supreme excellence. The truth is that no musician who ever lived—not Mozart nor Schubert—has been endowed by nature with a more copious, fluent, and delightful gift of melody than he. The aria, indeed, suffers more quickly from the touch of Time than the less fragile structure of chorus or symphony. It wears less well; in part, no doubt, because it was in many cases originally written as much to display the agility of the singer as the genius of the composer. Yet, make what abatement we will from the enduring merit of Handel's compositions for the solo voice, either on account of their old-fashioned and somewhat formal arrangement into a *first* part, a *second* part, and a *da capo*, or on account of the well-worn 'divisions' and turns of phrase, characteristic indeed of the age, but most of all characteristic of a composer who, with all his originality, never sought for a new device when an old one would serve his purpose, enough still remains to justify us in ranking him among the very greatest masters of song that the world has seen. In his airs and accompanied recitatives, in spite of a manner which here and there verges on mannerism, how he plays at will over the whole gamut of human passion! From triumph to despair, from love to frantic fury and desperation, for whatever purpose it may be required, his power of using melody with dramatic force is rarely found wanting. One quality of emotion, and, as we think, only one, is but faintly and imperfectly represented in his writings; though, unfortunately, perhaps, for his fame, it is

the one most valued in modern art. To describe this with accuracy, nay, to describe it at all, is scarcely possible. Even to indicate vaguely its nature is not easy, for music, not literature, has been its chief exponent, and these fine shades of sentiment can scarcely be rendered by so rude an instrument of expression as ordinary prose. Pathos hardly describes it; for though it can hardly be cheerful, it need be impregnated with no more than the faintest and most luxurious flavour of melancholy. There is in it something indirect, ambiguous, complex. Though in itself positive enough, it is, perhaps, most easily described by negatives. It is not grief, nor joy, nor despair, nor merriment. It is no simple emotion struck direct out of the heart by the shock of some great calamity or some unlooked-for good fortune. If it suggests, as it often does, an unsatisfied longing, it is a longing vague and far off which reaches towards no concrete object, expressed by the Germans in the word 'Sehnsucht,' for which we have no precise English equivalent. It is the product and the delight of a highly wrought civilisation, but of a civilisation restless and tormented, neither contented with its destiny nor at peace with itself. Its greatest exponent has been Beethoven, and, to illustrate its character by an example, the example we should select would, perhaps, be the third movement of his ninth symphony.

Now it must at once be conceded that Handel's genius is but faintly tinged with this special emotional colour. He was an unrivalled master of direct and simple sentiment; of love, fear, triumph, mourning; of patriotism untroubled by scruples, and of religion that knows no doubts. But he was in no sense *modern*. He no more anticipated a succeeding age in the character of the emotions to which he sought to give expression than in the technical methods which he employed to express them. To many this may seem matter of regret. With some it is undoubtedly the cause why Handel's work arouses in them but a cold and imperfect sympathy. We cannot wish it otherwise. To each stage in the long developement of art there is an appropriate glory. We do not grudge it to those who are the first heralds of a new order of things, in whose work is visible the earliest flush of a fresh artistic dawn. But it is not for them that we feel disposed to reserve our enthusiasm. It is for those who have brought to the highest perfection a style which, because perfected, must have been probably in the main inherited—who have pressed out of it every possibility of excellence that it contained—and who leave to their succes-

sors, if these must needs attempt the same task, no alternative but to perform it worse. Of such was Handel. And rather than lament that, living as he did in the first half of the eighteenth century, he did not anticipate the peculiar triumphs of the nineteenth, let us with more reason wonder at what he succeeded in accomplishing. Among the many excellent qualities of the early Georgian epoch spiritual fervour has never been reckoned. Yet in the age of Voltaire and of Hume Handel produced the most profoundly religious music which the world has yet known. Among the many delightful qualities of its literature, sublimity has not hitherto been counted. Yet in the age of Pope and of Swift Handel conceived works whose austere grandeur has never been surpassed. This is an astonishing fact. We should have expected, judging from analogy, that the music of that period would have shown excellent, if somewhat artificial, workmanship; that it would never have aspired to dangerous heights, or been apt to fall below a certain and by no means contemptible level; that it would have kept within rather narrow limits, but that inside those limits it would have been admirable. And, indeed, these things are true of much of Handel's work and of that of his contemporaries. But what we should never have anticipated is that at the very moment that Pope was producing the most finished of his satires, music should have been performed in London which, in the qualities of imagination and sublimity, we cannot parallel in the literary world without going back to 'Paradise Lost.'

An attempt has been made to claim Handel as an Englishman, and no doubt he was so more truly than Glück and Cherubini were Frenchmen. But though by choice, by tastes, by formal adoption, and by prolonged residence he was a British subject, yet, as Saxony was the country of his birth, and as Germany and Italy were his teachers, it would seem as if the part which England played in the story of his career was reduced to the comparatively humble one of paying his pensions during life and raising monuments to him after death. Something more than this, however, remains to be said. The development of genius, as of everything else, depends as much upon what it is now the fashion to call 'environment' as upon its innate capabilities. Had Handel's lot been cast, as it might so easily have been, at some German Court; had he been organist at Hamburg, or capellmeister at Dresden, the greatest work of his life would in all probability never have been accomplished.

Operas, concertos, harpsichord suites, Church cantatas, and Passion music we should doubtless have had, as indeed we have them now. But 'Israel,' the 'Messiah,' 'Samson,' the immortal series of oratorios, secular and sacred, which gave him his peculiar and undivided glory, would, so far as we can judge, never have been produced. To be sure, it might be maintained that England's claim to the honour of having encouraged the oratorio is the somewhat negative one of having declined to listen any more to opera. But this is only a part of the truth, and the least favourable part. While in France oratorio has always proved a feeble and unhealthy exotic, England has been its natural home. Throughout the century and a half that has elapsed since 'Esther' was first publicly performed in London, it has been to no insignificant extent with a view to the English market that the great German masters have written their chief compositions in this style. The libretto of the 'Creation' was a translation from the English; the published score was half subscribed for in England, and it was performed in England within two years of its completion. Beethoven's 'Mount of Olives,' though the libretto has never suited English taste, was performed here as soon as the Eroica symphony by the same composer, which was first produced in Germany the same year. Spohr's 'Last Judgement' was produced at the Norwich Festival. Mendelssohn's 'Elijah' was written for, and first performed at, Birmingham; and it may be said generally that while other German masterpieces have too often conquered the public taste in this country by slow degrees and after long delays, oratorio has frequently taken it by storm. This, then, is England's claim to a share in the glories of Handel's achievements. And the claim is no slight one. If he learned elsewhere all that the great organ school of Germany and the theatrical and instrumental schools of Italy could teach him, it was here, and here only, that he obtained or could have obtained a full opportunity of putting the combined lessons in practice; here, and here only, was there a public ready to accept for its entertainment something that was neither Church cantata nor secular opera, but which united into a far more admirable whole the diverse excellences of both.

In this criticism of Handel's work we have refrained intentionally from alluding, except in the most casual manner, to his great contemporary, Sebastian Bach. This somewhat difficult act of self-denial was not performed without a motive. Nature herself seems to suggest a

parallel; for never before or since has she given to one generation two musicians whose work is hewn on so grand a scale. Yet this particular process of comparison, inevitable as soon as Bach began to be really understood, has been almost wholly unprofitable. When it has been said that they were born in the same country, and in the same year; that they shared the sterling virtues of the German middle class of that day; that they absorbed, and used with incomparable effect, all the musical learning of their age; that they both had quick tempers; and that both lost their sight—their points of likeness are wellnigh exhausted. The contrasts between them, on the other hand, are almost too deep to be instructive. The things to be compared are too disparate to be comparable. Both, indeed, spoke the same musical language. With both counterpoint and fugue were the easiest and most familiar means of conveying their meaning. It could not be otherwise. A modern musician learns with weariness the contrapuntal rules, and laboriously contrives a fugue which shall satisfy their requirements. But he writes in a dead language. His composition is not so much an inspiration as an exercise. Not improbably it is a very meritorious exercise. But it carries on the face of it the stamp of imitation, and it bears the same relation to a fugue of Bach's that a copy of Latin hexameters bears to a book of the 'Æneid.' What, however, is almost impossible now was almost inevitable before the middle of the last century. In those days musicians thought in counterpoint; nor did they ever seem more spontaneous, or to have more completely secured the natural vehicle for communicating their ideas, than when they employed a form which in the hands of their modern successors seems pedantic, rigid, and intractable.

But though, from the mere fact of their being contemporaries, Handel and Bach thus inevitably employed the same idiom, the uses to which they put it were wide as the poles asunder. Their genius was utterly different. Their modes of thought were even opposed. And this it is which makes a comparison of their respective merits useless, if indeed it does not, by turning critics into partisans, make it positively pernicious. The truth is, that we are here brought face to face not with a question of *taste*, but a question of *tastes*. It would be as reasonable to try and determine which was the more admirable poet, Shakespeare or Homer, Milton or Dante. Where both have reached supreme excellence in styles which are utterly different, but which all

must admit to be great, who is to adjudge the prize? Each man will, doubtless, have his cherished predilection, but who will attempt to impose it on mankind? Those who are the most devoted to one will perhaps be the readiest to acknowledge that they could ill afford to spare the other.

It is singular to note how fate, which endowed both these great men so richly and yet so differently, after starting them apparently on the same track, contrived to make (except in a few particulars) their outward circumstances as diverse as their artistic leanings. Bach never travelled beyond his native country. Handel made a protracted musical progress through Italy, and finally settled in England. Bach married twice, and had twenty children. Handel died unmarried. Bach remained the most German of Germans. Handel became a naturalised Englishman. Bach's most important position was that of cantor in a not very considerable German town; Handel, mixing with courtiers and nobles, reigned at last without a musical rival in Great Britain and Ireland, his fame as a composer spreading far beyond their limits, and surpassing that of Bach himself even in Bach's own city. This difference in their destinies prevailed beyond the grave. Bach passed away almost unnoticed, and his memory seemed to perish with him. His wife died in want. His daughter lived to be the object of public charity. His works were scattered, and some of them have hopelessly disappeared. His grave was desecrated, and he lies in a nameless and forgotten tomb. Far other to the honour of his adopted country be it said--was the fate of Handel. He died full of fame and honour, mourned by the nation whose hospitality he had for so many years enjoyed. His body was laid to rest in the Abbey, among the poets whose works he had so often illustrated, and whose genius he had more than equalled; and there, from that day to this, have been heard, at no distant intervals, strains which he bequeathed to us for our delight. His works, religiously preserved, were given before the century closed to the world in the most magnificent edition which till then had been issued in any country of the compositions of any master. And almost at the very time when Mozart was painfully piecing together, at Leipzig, the half-forgotten and wholly neglected score of the poor remains of Bach's motetts, the first centenary of Handel's birth was being celebrated at Westminster with a splendour till then unrivalled in musical history.

Time has done much to redress the balance. Side by side

the two great names will live as marking, in different ways, but with equal lustre, the culminating point of one phase of musical developement. The history of art, and assuredly the history of musical art, does not repeat itself. As one kind of tree succeeds another with inevitable sequence in the virgin forests of America, so has each generation its peculiar artistic growth, which after-ages may admire, but which they cannot reproduce without a conscious and but half effectual effort of imitation. The years that have elapsed since 'Israel,' the 'Messiah,' and the 'Mass in B' were first given to the world have been fruitful in musical revolutions, which make it impossible that we should ever see anything like them again. Handel and Bach themselves, if they returned to earth, neither could nor would produce works in any way resembling, possibly none equalling, their former masterpieces. Yet, though (as musical chronology goes) these masterpieces are old, they are not yet antiquated. In some respects we are probably more capable of appreciating them than the audiences for whom they were in the first instance written; and Time, which has raised them up no rivals in their own kind, has not as yet materially dulled their charm. Will this be always so? Will the year 1985 see a Handel tricentenary as successful and as truly popular as the bicentenary of 1885, or the (so-called) centenary of 1784? Or will his music by that time have sunk into the purely honorary dignity of an historic curiosity, to be discussed learnedly, to be treated reverently, to be heard in public not at all?

It is hard to say. Literary immortality is an unsubstantial fiction devised by literary artists for their own especial consolation. It means, at the best, an existence prolonged through an infinitesimal fraction of that infinitesimal fraction of the world's history during which man has played his part upon it. And during this fraction of a fraction what, or rather how many things, does it mean? A work of genius begins by appealing to the hearts of men, moving their fancy, warming their imagination, entering into their inmost life. In this period immortality is still young; and life really means living. But this condition of things has never yet endured. What at first was the delight of nations declines by slow but inevitable gradations into the luxury of a few dilettanti, the battlefield of a few commentators. What once spoke in accents understood by all is now painfully spelt out by a small band of scholars. What was once read for pleasure is now read for curiosity. It becomes 'an interest-

'ing illustration of the taste of a bygone age,' a 'remarkable 'proof of such and such a theory of æsthetics.' 'It still 'repays perusal by those who look at it with sufficient 'historic sympathy,' and so on. The love of those who love it best is largely alloyed with an interest which is half antiquarian and half scientific. It is no longer Tithonus in his radiant youth, gazed at with the passion-lit eyes of Luna, but Tithonus in extremest age reported on as a most remarkable and curious case by a committee of the Royal College of Physicians.

It may be thought, perhaps, that on one or two names in literature is conferred not merely the privilege of never dying, but the privilege of never growing old. We will not discuss a point so remote from our present theme. We cannot, unfortunately, obtain a return of the number of persons who are as familiar with Homer's Greek as a dweller on the seaboard of the *Ægean* in the tenth century B.C., nor of the proportion of those possessing that accomplishment who use it with a like confiding simplicity, unmoved in their credulous enjoyment of the poetic narrative by the clamour of contending critics or the accumulated scepticism of thirty centuries. Let it be granted, then, for the sake of argument, that Homer is gifted with eternal youth, but let none expect a like destiny for even the greatest among musicians. Physical decay slowly despoils us of the masterpieces of painting. Artistic evolution will even more surely despoil us of the masterpieces of music. Let us, then, rejoice that we live in an age to whose ears the sublimest creations of the modern imagination, in the only art which owes nothing to antiquity, have not yet grown flat and unprofitable; that we are not driven to rake painfully among the ashes of the past in order to detect some faint traces of that fire of inspiration which once dazzled the world; that for us 'Israel' and the 'Messiah' are still 'immortal,' because they live in our affections, not because they lie honourably embalmed in the dusty recesses of our museums.

ART. X.—1. *Marius the Epicurean; his Sensations and Ideas.* By WALTER PATER, M.A. London: 1885.

2. *Neæra; a Tale of Ancient Rome.* By JOHN W. GRAHAM. London: 1886.

THE task of bringing before readers of the present day pictures of life belonging to ages and forms of society long passed away is one of extreme difficulty. The picture, to have any value, must be both vivid and true. It is easy enough to draw sketches which, like the *Charicles* and *Gallus of Bekker*, may be accurate enough, but pretend to be nothing more than a convenient means for imparting useful information, or to compose more elaborate narratives into which the author introduces freely the thoughts and feelings of his own time, or takes strange liberties with some of his personages. The German barbarians whom Mr. Kingsley landed in Alexandria in the days of Hypatia are in large measure the creatures of his own imagination; and the authority for his portrait of the Bishop Synesius is perilously scanty. But whatever may be the difficulties inherent in such subjects, or the faults into which they who handle them are likely or sure to fall, these stories of men and women, who have lived in a world strangely unlike our own, are seldom without attraction. The workmanship must be poor indeed before it can be summarily condemned. So long as there is any honest effort to lay bare the motives which animated men under the Egyptian Pharaohs, the Greek cities, the Roman republic, or the Roman empire, the reader will pardon much which otherwise he would submit to a more severe criticism. He will not refuse, probably, to make his way patiently through chapters of narrative or of philosophical discussion because they lack the lightness and grace which delight him from first to last in Lord Lytton's '*Last Days of Pompeii*,' and make him retain a pleasant recollection even of the '*Epicurean*' of Thomas Moore.

The first of the two works named at the head of this article gives the story, if so it may be called, of the mental and spiritual life of another Epicurean, whose search after truth is carried on not in Egypt but in Italy. Practically, it is little more than a record of his feelings and thoughts, with the slenderest skein of incidents to connect them. The second is a tale burdened with a plethora of events which the writer seems to have found unmanageable, but which at

least serves to carry the reader on in the anticipation of issues some of which do not come about at all. This story belongs to the age of Tiberius, and to that time of his life during which, for whatever purpose, he buried himself among the rocks of Capreæ. The experiences of the epicurean Marius were gained chiefly in the time of Marcus Aurelius, whose philosophy, or system, produced strange fruit in the brutalities of his successor, and, if so he was, his son. We purpose to say a few words about the latter story first. The author has probably not looked for many readers; and for the small company of thinkers who may be content to follow with him the workings of his hero's mind a mere summary of their history would have little attraction and no value. The narrative of the mental and moral growth of Marius is one long argument, by no means always clear, sometimes indistinct, and not seldom, as nearly as may be, unintelligible. The author seems to have convinced himself that his purpose of describing the spiritual changes of a truth-loving but dreamy mind would best be answered by the adoption of a uniformly monotonous style, with sentences of a form or build which Englishmen are apt to associate with the cumbrous intricacies of German prose. In whatever light it may be put, we may have an uneasy consciousness either that we have not grasped the more subtle distinctions of the Cyrenaic and Epicurean systems, or that there is, after all, not much in them of which we can lay hold. Whatever they may be, Marius is made to travel through them with a somewhat ponderous gait. Cyrenaicism, we are told, is 'the special philosophy, or prophecy, of the 'young.' If the theory in the end fail to satisfy, this is owing chiefly to its 'exclusiveness,' by which the author probably means that it is a system adapted only for fair-weather sailing, and little able to help a man in and through the winter of his discontent. It calls, in short, for 'the 'complementary influence of some greater system,' by which the sequel seems to show that the author here means Christianity. But for the moment we are rather perplexed than enlightened when we find ourselves fairly plunged into such a sentence as the following:—

'That *Sturm und Drang* of the spirit, as it has been called, that ardent and special apprehension of half-truths, in the enthusiastic and as it were prophetic advocacy of which a devotion to truth, in the case of the young—apprehending but one point at a time in the great circumference—most naturally embodies itself, is levelled down, surely and safely enough, afterwards, as in history so in the individual, by the

weakness and mere weariness, as well as by the maturer wisdom of our nature : happily ! if the enthusiasm which answered to but one phase of intellectual growth really blends, as it loses its decisiveness, in a larger and commoner morality with wider, though perhaps vaguer, hopes.' (Vol. ii. p. 24.)

This is a sentence which would have made Macaulay shiver ; but, although it is not possible for every one to write with Macaulay's clearness, it is obvious that the meaning of these words, whatever it may be, would be better brought out if they were distributed into three or four sentences, instead of being huddled into one. We are far from saying that they have no meaning ; but from an Englishman who writes rather to instruct than to amuse we look for language which will convey to us his thought at the first perusal, or, at worst, leave us in no great uncertainty about it on the second. But even on a second or a third reading we are left in some doubt of Mr. Pater's meaning when, speaking of the dislike of Marius for snakes, he says :—

' It was something like a fear of the supernatural, or perhaps rather a moral feeling, for the face of a great serpent, with no grace of fur or feathers, unlike the faces of birds or quadrupeds, has a kind of humanity of aspect in its spotted and clouded nakedness. There was a humanity, dusty and sordid, and as if far gone in corruption, in the sluggish coil, as it awoke suddenly into one metallic spring of enmity against him.' (Vol. i. p. 30.)

It would, indeed, be unfair to Mr. Pater were we to deny that, in spite of the obscurity in which he constantly wraps himself, the account which he gives of his hero is the account of a healthy growth. For those who will take the trouble to read on through the clouds of words which they will from time to time encounter in his pages, the book will be often very suggestive and not unfrequently interesting. There is, unquestionably, force in the following remarks on one of the phases of Roman thought or feeling in the age of the Antonines :—

' The religion of *Æsculapius*, though borrowed from Greece, had been naturalised in Rome in the old republican times ; but it was under the Antonines that it reached the height of its popularity throughout the Roman world. It was an age of valetudinarians, in many instances of imaginary ones ; but below its various crazes concerning health and disease . . . lay a valuable, because partly practicable, belief that all the maladies of the soul might be reached through the subtle gateways of the body. *Salus*—salvation—for the Romans had come to mean bodily sanity ; and the religion of the god of bodily health—*Salvator*,

as they called him, absolutely—had a chance just then of becoming the one religion, that mild and philanthropic son of Apollo surviving, or absorbing, all other pagan godhead. The apparatus of the medical art, the salutary mineral or herb, diet or abstinence—and all the varieties of the bath, came to have a kind of sacramental character ; so deep was the feeling, in more serious minds, of a moral and spiritual profit in physical health, beyond the obvious bodily advantages one had of it, the body becoming truly, in that case, the quiet handmaid of the soul.' (Vol. i. p. 34.)

There is but slight warrant for the belief that at the time of which he is speaking the word *salus* had acquired this limited connotation ; but the lesson that in its highest sense, as an expression of Christian conviction, the word denotes simply the recovery of, or growth in, health, soundness, and life, is the one which it is of the utmost importance for Christendom to learn, and which it seems to be strangely slow in learning. It is the unfolding of this healthy growth which imparts to Mr. Pater's pages whatever of interest they possess ; and for the Epicurean Marius, as for all others, this growth was needed in a thousand directions. There was everywhere a work of transformation to be accomplished, which should place a ban on a multitude of things prized by the Latin races as the dearest concerns of life, and justify others which would then have been regarded as simply signs of madness—which, in short, should bind and loose in a sense hitherto unknown to the world at large. All this crowd of things to be bound and loosed might be summed up under the two terms of oppression on the one hand, and of cruel amusement on the other. The amusement involved the oppression, and the oppression involved that deadness to cruelty as such, which nothing but a complete overturning could bring to an end. Marius had seen what the Stoic philosophy affected to aim at ; he had seen this philosophy embodied in the person of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius. If in this exalted preacher of the system the issue failed to satisfy, where else was he to look for fruits worthy of the tree whose stem and leaves seemed so fair ? Aurelius was surrounded by men who revelled in the luxury of murder, for by no other name can the games and spectacles of the circus be fitly characterised ; and what had he done, what was he doing, to get rid of one of the foulest blots on the society of the empire ? To Lucius Verus these exhibitions were as the very breath of life : to Commodus they brought, if possible, an excitement and transport still more intense. The former ' had become a patron, or *protégé*, of the great goddess of

‘Ephesus,’ and the spectacles by which he sought to honour her ‘would have an element of old Greek revival in it, ‘welcome to the taste of a learned and Hellenising society.’ The statement is true only so far as it relates to the notions of these Hellenising subjects of the empire. The true Hellenic genius had never given its sanction to these gross and disgusting cruelties; and at least from this horrible guilt the Greek world was free. But the point was not what the tastes of the Roman populace might be, but how the emperor and others who might exert an influence powerful whether for good or for harm would attempt to deal with them. In parting from him Aurelius had warned Marius, ‘Imitation is the most acceptable part of worship, and the ‘gods had much rather mankind should resemble than flatter ‘them. Make sure that those to whom you come nearest be ‘the happier, at least, by your presence.’ (Vol. i. p. 226.) What had he done to make sure of this for the most ignorant, the most degraded, the most wretched of his subjects? For the torturing of criminals he had done nothing: for mitigating the brutalities of the arena very little.

‘The philosophic emperor, having no great taste for sport, and asserting here a personal scruple, had . . . provided that nets should be spread under the dancers on the tight rope, and buttons for the swords of the gladiators. But the gladiators were still there. Their bloody contests had, under the form of a popular amusement, the efficacy of a human sacrifice. . . . Just at this point certainly the judgement of Lucretius on pagan religion is without reproach,

‘*Tantum religio potuit suadere malorum.*’ (Vol. i. p. 236.)

But this Aurelius could not see, or affected not to see. It was this man who at a later time was to send to his officers in Gaul orders which have disgraced his name. How could he, being what he was, be brought to do this? This was the question which forced itself, we are told, on the mind of the young seeker for the best law of life and the highest rule of action.

‘Marius, weary and indignant, feeling isolated in the great slaughter-house, could not but take notice that Aurelius . . . had sat impassively through all the hours Marius himself had remained there; for the most part, indeed, actually averting his eyes from the show, reading, or writing on matters of public business; yet, after all, indifferent. He was revolving, perhaps, that old Stoic paradox of the imperceptibility of pain, which might serve as an excuse, should those savage popular humours ever again turn against men and women. Marius remembered well his very attitude and expression on this day,

when, a few years later, certain things came to pass in Gaul, under his full authority; and that attitude and expression defined already, even thus early in their so friendly intercourse, and though he was still full of gratitude for his interest, a permanent point of difference between the emperor and himself—between himself and all the convictions of his life, taking centre to-day in his merciful angry heart; and Aurelius as representing all the light, all the apprehensive power there might be in pagan intellect. There was something in a tolerance like that, in the bare fact that Aurelius could sit patiently through a scene like that, which seemed to Marius to mark him as eternally his inferior on the question of righteousness; to set them on opposite sides in some great conflict, of which this difference was but one presentment. . . . Those cruel amusements were certainly the sin of blindness, of deadness and stupidity, in the age of Marius; and his light had not failed him regarding it. Yes! what was wanting was the heart that would make it impossible to witness all this; and the future would be with the forces that could beget a heart like that. His favourite philosophy had said, 'Trust the eye: Strive to be right always, regarding the concrete experience: Never falsify your impressions. And its sanction had been at least effective here in saying, It is what I may not see. Surely evil was a real thing; and the wise man wanting in the sense of it, where not to have been by instinctive election on the right side, was to have failed in life.' (Vol. i. p. 239.)

In spite of the strange grammar into which Mr. Pater relapses in this last sentence, there is force in this description, and, what is more important, there is also truth. It is hard to believe that those mighty changes which marked the first and second centuries of our era were brought about by impulses of any radically different kind from those which are here represented as stirring the mind of Marius. It is the old, the one question, debated between all the pagan (if we must use the term) systems of philosophy and the system of Christianity. Not even Socrates, not even Plato, rose to the conception of the fellowship in which all the sharers of a common human nature are bound, whether they know it or not, and whether they like it or not. Still less could men like Antoninus Pius and his successor, struggling in the ditch of a system which could only treat men as units, and which was absolutely blind to any higher relations, rise to the thought of a righteous law and an unfailing love, which constituted the basis of all union and society between man and man. Not having risen to this conception, the mind and heart of Aurelius had not been awakened to the true battle between righteousness and everything which opposes it. The young philosopher, who had come to see that iniquity of whatever sort is to be encountered, fought with, and utterly

put down, was indeed on the side of the force which was to mould the future history of the world. He was far on the road to that society before whose assaults the gates of Hades, the gates of the dismal kingdom which fosters cruelty and wrong of whatever kind, should in the end go down. In the impulse thus given to the mind of Marius, Mr. Pater has done well in assigning so large a share to indignation against actual injustice, tyranny, and selfishness. The motive which makes a man intent on what is called the saving of his soul is certainly not the most lofty or the worthiest by which he may be animated; and it may be safely said that no such temper is to be found in the writings of that man who more than any other came into collision with the foulness and oppressiveness of Roman society, and whose teaching was in very truth the unfolding of a new world, thus far never dreamed of in human philosophy—a world the principle of which should be absolute justice, kindness, and care for all, and chiefly for those who needed it the most—a world in which the sanctions thus far given to many forms of wrong should be exhibited in their real blackness; and a light, dim it may be at first, yet continually gaining strength, should be shed on the poor dwellers in the shadow of death. No one who has really weighed the terrible indictment drawn by St. Paul against the society of the Roman world can doubt that in it we see the paramount impulse which sent him forth to do battle with that awful rebellion against, and defiance of, the kingdom of God.

Having brought his young philosopher to this line of thought, Mr. Pater could do no otherwise than join him virtually in the end to the body, small still but growing, of the Christian Church. He is wise, perhaps, in not bringing him formally within its communion. Found in a Christian assembly, Marius is hurried away with others to answer for the offence of being a Christian; but fever interposes to deliver him from the scrutiny which might have ended in his acquittal, and the devotion by which he had secured the safety of one who was formally a member of the Christian Church wins for him the gratitude of the little community. Why his guards should leave to their kindly offices a man whom they were charged to bring before the prætor, is not clear. The mistake, if it be one, is scarcely worth noticing. It is enough that his new friends, when his journey here was ended, laid his body to rest ‘with their accustomed prayers, ‘but with joy also, holding his death, according to their ‘generous view in this matter, to have been of the nature of

‘a martyrdom, and martyrdom a kind of sacrament, as the church had always said, a kind of sacrament with plenary grace.’

From the experiences of Marius we turn to Mr. Graham’s story of *Negara*. The two books exhibit a marked contrast. In the former there is but the slenderest thread of narrative; in the latter, apart from the narrative, there is little to arrest our attention. It is given to us as a picture of Roman life, under an emperor as infamous as the Antonines were honourable; and the picture is, we think, carefully drawn, and in its general features trustworthy. But the workmanship is by no means faultless. A writer who undertakes to deal with a subject the knowledge of which can be obtained from books only, submits himself necessarily to a somewhat searching criticism. He cannot be allowed without reproof to make mistakes which in others might be treated as venial or unimportant. There is no reason to suppose that gentile names were in the time of Tiberius used indifferently as *prænomena*; yet the hero of this tale is a Julius, while his brother is a Claudius. Nor can much indulgence be shown to mistakes the number of which seems to show that they cannot be looked upon as mere printer’s slips and blunders. It is not likely that the printer is responsible for *Via Tuscus* and *Via Patricius*, more than for other errors which ordinary care in the revision of proofs could not fail to detect. The word *climax* is most absurdly misused at the present time; but for all this the bottom of a ladder is not the same as its top, and there is real absurdity in speaking of the last banquet of Apicius as the climax of his entertainments. (Vol. i. p. 48.) Of ugly misprints, which are manifestly misprints, there are far too many.* But without dwelling on such blemishes, we may pass to the drama itself.

It begins with the year in which Tiberius betook himself

* Vol. i. p. 9, ‘On these still depends future opportunities;’ p. 75, ‘Your are very considerate;’ p. 116, ‘Such eminently virtuously men as yourself;’ p. 118, “‘You can hardly blame me,” began Cestus. “If not you, who then?”’ p. 195, ‘Whom would you say they were?’ Vol. ii. p. 95, ‘Could not fail but draw;’ p. 109, ‘Do your hear?’ p. 111, ‘Her apartments were free of access to whomsoever chose to visit her;’ p. 180, ‘He followed no plan but trying to bore down his lighter antagonist;’ p. 249, ‘Zeno knew that he was close to, and departed to fetch him.’ ‘The unlooked words shot a thrill of terror.’ Where Mr. Graham meets with the ‘vigiliones,’ vol. i. p. 76, &c., we cannot say. His way of using names might be more careful. Where the name ‘Masthion’ may be obtained we do not know.

to the little island of Capreæ, or, under its more familiar modern form, Capri. Sent on a mission to Rome, the hero, Julius Martialis, a centurion of the prætorian guard, tarries for a while at Surrentum to greet Næra, a singularly beautiful girl, to whom he has given his heart, and who lives in the house of her supposed father, a poor potter named Masthlon. At the same time in Rome a patrician and senator, whom by a strange collocation of names he calls C. Quintus Fabricius, is buoying himself up by the hope that he may yet trace out and recover his granddaughter, who had been stolen from his house in her early childhood. Of this hope and of the efforts prompted by this hope, Domitius Afer, the nephew and heir of Fabricius, dexterously avails himself. In pretty frequent succession men come with alleged information which is to lead to the girl's recovery, and all are to be paid in large sums which find their way to the pocket of Afer. This man had himself brought about the abduction, and, as he supposed, the death of the maiden, by means of Cestus (?), a vagabond inhabitant of the Subura, who turns out to be brother of the wife of the potter Masthlon.

In the next chapter Mr. Graham has worked up with much ingenuity the story of the glutton Apicius, who, having spent some 800,000*l.* on his vices and finding that not more than 80,000*l.* remained, straightway hung himself. Here the farewell banquet of Apicius serves as an opportunity for introducing to the reader some more of the many personages who figure in the drama, the chief of these being Sejanus, the prefect of the prætorian guard. Reclining close to the self-indulgent epicure is Claudius Martialis (a brother of the centurion Julius), who is madly in love with Plautia, the sister of Apicius. Following, it may be, the line suggested by the sarcastic bequests of Richard I. to the Canons of the Church, the Monks of the Rule, and the Knights of the Temple, Mr. Graham represents Apicius as setting apart for each of his guests a gift which is to express his appreciation of their character, and as then drinking off a cup of wine which instantly leaves him a corpse. For Apicius, Claudius Martialis is described as entertaining an affection not less genuine than the love which he has for his friend's sister Plautia. But of Claudius Plautia will scarcely deign to take notice. Her heart, such as it is, is given to the centurion Julius, who cares nothing for her, having found a treasure immeasurably more precious in the love of Næra. The confession of Plautia's love is all but extorted from her, when, arriving

immediately after the death of Apicius, Julius Martialis takes up the very cup which had just proved fatal to the epicure. Plantia dashes it from his lips. The banquet of Apicius is soon followed by the murder of Drusus; and this by a new scheme of Domitius Afer for the murder of Fabricius, for whose wealth he is tired of waiting. This crime, like the stealing away of Neæra, is to be done by the hands of the Suburan Cestus; but the enterprise is foiled by the centurion Julius, who is on his way to Capræ. Hither Plantia resolves to follow him, in spite of all the warnings of Sejanus, who bids her beware of a thousand dangers which she can be made to understand only when it will be too late to guard against them. Meanwhile, Fabricius, who owes his life to the unlooked-for interposition of Martialis, finds that the young man is the son of an old schoolmate and close friend; and Domitius Afer sees before him the possibility that a new obstacle may be interposed between himself and the old man's wealth. Afer, also, finds his way to Capri, when he learns that Plantia has preceded him thither; and the Suburan Cestus, whom, after the abortive attack on Fabricius, Afer had stabbed and left for dead, journeys to Surrentum and takes up his abode in the house of his brother-in-law, the potter Masthlon. Thus the chief personages in the drama are gathered either at Capræ or in its neighbourhood. On the mysterious island Plantia manages to bring about a meeting with the centurion Julius; but her pleadings go for nothing. The man with whom she is infatuated lives only for the potter's daughter, with whose simple and guileless loveliness the splendour of the great Roman lady cannot be put into comparison. The rejected Plantia vows vengeance against the unknown damsel who thus stands in her way, and she resolves to use the Emperor Tiberius himself as an instrument in working out her ruin. Her passion is intensified to a white heat by a conversation with Domitius Afer, who, having overheard all that passed between her and Martialis, leaves her firmly impressed with the conviction that the centurion had broken his solemn promise of secrecy. Events are hurried on to their issue by the action of the poor Surrentine potter Masthlon. For a quarter of a century he had toiled on with a dogged determination to discover the secret of some glass which he had in his early days picked up, and which, though it could be bent or dented, would not break. A thousand disappointments, leaving him poorer and poorer than before, in no way influenced his resolution; and at length the mystery.

was revealed. Radiant with joy, this man, on whose portrait Mr. Graham has evidently spent great pains, shows to his wife, to her brother Cestus, and to Neura, a coarse ill-shaped bottle, telling them that the worthless-looking vessel is to make a revolution in the pottery of the world. Their incredulity is changed into astonishment when the potter dashes the vessel violently on the ground, and in a few minutes gets rid of the dint made by the blow. The bottle is but a coarse one; but there is no reason why the costliest vases which graced the mansions of the wealthiest Romans should not be made of the same indestructible material. The ne'er-do-well Suburan Cestus, who with all his wickedness is not without redeeming qualities, advises him to carry his discovery to Rome. Nothing can make its way in the Roman world without patronage. Fully agreeing with his brother-in-law in this opinion, the potter announces his resolution to seek a patron, not in Rome but in Caprea. In vain Cestus urges on him the desperate madness of this scheme. The potter's mind is made up. The toil of his life is more than repaid. Henceforth for his wife and for the child whom they had loved as their own there is to be no more of carking care. The winter has passed away, the summer has come at last. In this happy mood the poor potter, whose life has been spent in the honest discharge of his duty, in kindly affection, and generous unselfishness, appears before the mysterious man on whose words and acts no dependence can be placed from moment to moment. At first things seem to go smoothly, and Marthlion is dismissed from the imperial presence under the impression that he has won the favour of Cæsar. His hopes are dashed by the intervention of Plautia, whose jealousy of Neura jumps to the conclusion that the potter's daughter would be more acceptable within the palaces of Tiberius than the potter's durable glass ware. At her suggestion Tiberius calls on him to bring her to Caprea, and the undisguised terror of Marthlion rouses the emperor's suspicion and displeasure. Dragged from his presence, the potter, after a night of unspeakable agony, is told the next day that he is to depart before night-fall. The tidings are received with a burst of thankfulness; but in reality the victim is doomed. The boat into which he is thrust is manned by picked slaves of large muscle and frame.

'The light was beginning to fail, and the distant shore was barely visible, though the dark masses of the mountain above were sharply outlined against the clear sky. They skirted the stupendous cliffs,

upon the brink of which, far above, rested the walls of the Villa Jovis. The sea broke with a sullen dismal splash against the perpendicular wall of ragged rock, and the boat was still moving in the shadow of the overhanging cliffs, when Plautus, in his deep tones, bade the men cease rowing.

'They lay on their oars, and the boat, with its freight of motionless forms, glided silently along like a phantom. Masthliion looked up to account for the sudden comment. The frowning towering rocks, the portentous gloom, and the cold inky water sent a shudder through his frame.

"Surrentine," said the voice of Plautus, "you are the potter who came to show to Cæsar a curious kind of glass ware?"

'Masthliion answered in the affirmative. The question took him by surprise, so completely had all thoughts of his unlucky invention been displaced by those of Neæra.

"Are you alone possessed of the secret of making that same glass?"

"I alone—why, friend?" replied Marthliion.

"Why?" said the cloaked Plautus, in his grating tones, "because it has been decreed that you shall take your secret with you elsewhere."

"Elsewhere!" cried Marthliion, with a sharp foreboding; "what mean you—where am I to take it?"

"Where it can never be found again—to the bottom of the sea."

'As Plautus uttered the words, he threw up his arms. Simultaneously the potter's throat was grasped from behind by a hand of iron. As he fell helplessly back, a poniard was plunged deep into his heart, all in a brief second of time, ere he could make a sound or motion.

'The assassin raised his weapon for another stroke, but it was unneeded. He had already done his terrible work too well. His victim had died on the instant, without a murmur; his gentle heart was still for ever.' (Vol. ii. p. 149.)

The murder of the upright and unselfish potter is scarcely necessary for the unfolding of the catastrophe. His supposed daughter might have been brought away from Surrentum without the wrecking of his humble home and its poor contents. But the fact is unhappily only too certain that such crimes were committed without an effort and with complete impunity by the minions who bore Cæsar's seal and carried out his orders or his hints. The arrival of Neæra in Capri brings together all the personages needed for the working out of the plot, with the exception of her old grandfather Fabricius and her lover the centurion Julius. It is a coil of many strands; but not all of them are unravelled. Some of the most powerfully drawn pictures, which imply something more to come, have no sequence at all; and some of the personages introduced, Sejanus among them,

might as well, for all that they do, have been left out altogether. The story of Plautia, in particular, may be said to end in smoke, though her adventurous visit to Capri gives occasion for some excellent descriptions of the island, and to one scene at least which is drawn with no small vigour. The great Roman lady has no sooner landed than she summons the centurion to meet her at a given spot by a letter which gives him no clue to the writer. His first question, asking whether she had been decoyed thither, or had come of her own will, is met by the answer that she had come of her own accord on business of the most vital importance—to herself. The prætorian hesitates not a moment.

“ Whatever business has brought you hither, despatch it at once - this night should see you away, if possible.”

“ I have no fear.”

“ Because you are ignorant of the danger you stand in. To such as you, of all people in the world, the pestilential air of this island is fraught with dire peril.”

“ I care not, for I am with *you*.”

“ Your position admits of little jesting, believe me,” said Julius, in a voice which exhibited an amount of stern impatience; “ you are wasting precious moments. I am here at your request: let me know in what I am to serve you, and I will at once answer whether I can be of help. Were the hand of Caesar to drop upon us now, you would find your safeguard in as sorry a plight as yourself. That you know right well, Plautia, and you delivered the raillery with effective gravity. I neither ask nor desire to know the cause of your extraordinary presence in this spot, but my apprehension certainly is that you wish me to assist you to leave.”

“ Your apprehension is wrong,” replied the Roman beauty in low nervous tones, barely to be heard; “ I came hither, impelled by a feeling against which it was impossible to strive. It urged me through the hideous fatigue and disgust of the voyage hither, and it upholds me, undismayed, in the presence of danger. You impress upon me that I am beset with dire peril. It may be so—I can well believe it; but I am careless of it. Fear I never knew, and in this hour, of all, it can find less room than ever in my heart.”

Her head sank down, and her murmured words seemed to struggle with her hurried breathing, begot by a state of extreme tremor.

The centurion knitted his brows, and for a few moments he remained in silent embarrassment. The deep shade of the thicket was friendly, and shrouded the outward symptoms of her feelings from his glance, but what his ears drank in was sufficient to make his mind uneasy and suspicious. . . .

But the lady vouchsafed no other speech, and, anxious to appear quite unconscious of any particular purport in her words, he hastened to break the silence, in an assumed manner of artlessness and lightness,

which is often used alike to stave off an unpleasant subject and to play with one as delightful.

“ Fear, I am well assured, is a weakness unaccustomed to your breast,” he said, “ and, if I gather rightly from your words, you confess to be in subjection, no less than the rest of your sex, to the passion which they say rules feminine nature. Nevertheless, I wish, on this occasion, for your own sake, fear had tempered curiosity a little.”

“ Curiosity ! ” she returned, with passionate scorn ; then her voice sank to its former nervous intonation. “ And yet I said false, *Martialis*, when I boasted of my fearlessness. I thought I was proof, thus far, against it, and now, lo, it has found me out.”

“ No ! no ! ” she continued rapidly, as he uttered some halting commonplace, “ not business of prator, nor of Caesar, nor yet whim, nor curiosity, but only my heart and thee, *Martialis*—Julius ! Have you not seen ? do you not see ? ”

“ Lady —— ”

“ It might have been months ere Rome could see you again. The city seemed void. I loathed it. My house seemed turned to a dungeon. My occupations palled upon me. I was weary, and everything was distasteful. I was no longer mistress of myself, and thither where my mind dwelt I was fated to follow. What could stay me ? Not toil and fatigue, nor yet the risk of the lynx-eyed warders of this rocky hermitage of Caesar. Where the will is there is the way, and what were a thousand times the obstacles in the way of mine ? I am near thee, *Martialis*—I have accomplished my purpose. I have come, and I confess to thee the reason, and I a woman. To you the world would apportion the voice, and to me the silence ; but I own no law, no guide, but you and the promptings of my own heart. I have broken the cold forms and rules which bind a woman’s unsought secret within her breast, even at the risk of her life. I make no excuse—I crave no pardon. Wherefore should I hide the truth ? Could my lips utter it, or you blame it ? You cannot chide me. Am I less a woman now than before ? I have bared my heart to thee, Julius *Martialis*, but it is still a woman’s, and it has never bent to any sway but yours.”

‘ Could the young soldier’s senses have been more subtly stirred had he been a mariner of old, rousing himself in his idly floating boat to listen to the fatal sweet ditties of a siren song stealing into his ears through the tranquil yellow mist of evening ?

‘ He felt his hand imprisoned tightly within the warm grasp of her soft white palms. Her breath played upon his cheek, and the gloom of their leafy shelter could not hide the shadowy star-like lustre of her eyes closed upturned to his. His ears drank in the rich thrilling tones of her voice, quivering, like her glorious form, with excess of passion. The delicate perfumes of her attire welled around him, and invaded his faculties like the very essences of her overpowering loveliness. The touch, the eloquent motions, the soft *abandon* of this creature of superb womanhood, the strange bewitching phenomenon of her haughty imperiousness sinking into the overwhelming flood of passionate love and tender submission, beglamoured his mind. His senses seemed overcharged. As one might seek relief from a choking sensation, he reared

his head backwards with a deep noiseless breath, and swept his eyes athwart his shoulder round the sea and starlit heavens. Extraordinary and dreamlike as his whole experience of that night was, it was no illusion, such as he began to think it might be. There was the horned moon, bright and tranquil in the dark sky; and there was the track of its silvery radiance dancing on the softly rippling waters below. The night air, too, palpably rustled the leaves around his head, and a soft velvety touch quivered through him. It was the delicate pressure of her ripe warm lips on his hand. It awoke the pratorian to himself, and brushed away the brief mist of sensuous sweetness which had enthralled him. . . .

‘While yet his mind was agitated by such fleeting emotions and reflections, it was vaguely burdened with pain and dread on account of the vehement nature of the self-willed woman before him. He was simple and chivalrous; and as he thought how she, who could command so much, had dared everything to follow him to this spot for the sake of an unfortunate attachment, his heart ached with pain and pity—all the more as she was doomed to disappointment. The only return she could accept he was unable to make, and the fact of his entire innocence brought him no comfort.

‘Such was the main current of his thoughts in the short pause which followed on the passionate words of Plautia. In his simple soldier way, he would rather have been summoned to face a legion single-handed than be under the necessity of administering the *coup de grâce* to the dearest hopes and wishes of a woman. Her posture was at the moment half reclining against his breast.

“You are cruelly silent,” she murmured in his ear. “Shame! Would you have me say more?”

“You have done me great honour—great and unexpected,” he answered, stammering with embarrassment; “but I was not prepared to meet such a surprise. If I am confused, there is an excuse for it. I thought—and yet no—I do not know. That I should have held such place in your regard is almost beyond my belief, and I should be little surprised to discover that Plautia is beguiling a tedious evening with a frolic. If so, I shall laugh with as much zest as herself.”

“O brave frolic for a shallow wit!” she cried vehemently; “and how am I to go about to convince thee, if thou hast not already been convinced? Do I merit no worthier words than these, Martialis?”

“I made no assertion,” said the centurion. “If I am not answerable for my utterances just for the time, I probably meant no more than to point out more effectively my feelings of astonishment and incredulity as to what has befallen me this night.”

“But that has passed,” she said in a low voice, and inclining herself again closely to him. “Though surprised, Julius, why unbelieving? Can it be so beyond belief? Had you been hideous, deformed, as vile in mind as person—a base negro or Numidian slave, it had been then time to wonder. But thank the gods for being what **you are**—then why do you so undervalue yourself? Have women the **eyes** of bats, and hearts impenetrable as granite? Would you have me plead? No! I cannot.” . . .

‘The centurion gently withdrew his hand from beneath hers, and, turning half aside toward the sea, folded his arms across his breast. Her hands fell down before her, and her eyes contracted on his profile. The deep gravity of his manner alarmed her and grated ominously on her mind. . . .

‘“Will you not speak?” she said, after a pause.

‘“Plautia, I would you had never come to this spot. It had been better if you had never left home. Return at once. Let me see you safely away, this night if possible.”

‘Her face grew as ghastly white as the limestone rock bathed in the moonlight, and a deadly sickness seized upon her heart and numbed her faculties for a moment.

‘“You wish to be quit of me—you spurn me!” she cried, catching her breath.

‘“I wish to seek your safety, and—and, Plautia, it is impossible that I can love you,” returned Julius, wringing the tardy words out of his heart.’ (Vol. ii. p. 16.)

This is all well put, both as regards the sensuousness of Plautia’s affection and the candour of her confession that it depended not a little on the good looks and powerful build of the centurion. Such a woman would be a dangerous rival, and Julius is made to see, before they part, how she can feel about the unknown maiden on whom he had bestowed his love. That maiden, after the atrocious murder of the poor potter, was brought a prisoner, as Plautia learnt, to the same den of infamy in which she was herself an involuntary sojourner. The same tidings, reaching Julius on his return from a mission to Rome, brought him with headlong speed to the very presence of Tiberius. Dashing aside the guard stationed at the entrance, Martialis took in everything before him at a single glance.

‘Yes, there was Nexera standing in the midst, on exactly the same spot where her ill-fated foster-father had stood before, a target for each rude pitiless gaze of master and slave alike. She was drawn to the full height of her tall supple figure, and her noble face as pale as death was bent undauntedly on the opposing visage of Tiberius. The expression of the latter was seemingly cold and impassive. Plautia, reclining at his right hand, gazed with an exultant glance and flushed cheeks; the others were critical and amused. On either hand of the captive girl was Plautus and a comrade, with their fierce eyes riveted on Tiberius, oblivious of all save his slightest motion. Behind the imperial couch stood the handsome steward, intently watchful of everything. The supper table in the midst was loaded with its gorgeous service of gold and silver plate, whilst the attendants around the apartment had stayed their stealthy steps, fearful of interrupting the scene with the slightest sound.

‘“They said my father had need of me—was dying,” Nexera was

saying in a clear firm voice, when her glance, in common with the rest, was drawn by a stir at the doorway. The gleam of a corslet filled her eyes, breaking violently through the cluster of slaves round the entrance, as the prow of a ship dashes aside the billows of the sea. With a tremulous cry she held forth her arms.

“Julius!”

“Næra, I am here.”

He reached her side at a stride, and, thrusting Plautus rudely back, cast his left arm around her and lifted her away to a clearer space. Close on his heels rushed the terror-stricken prætorian on guard, and Plautus, on his part, made a savage gesture of retaliation. Both, however, had the discretion to hesitate before the fiery glance of the centurion, and a still more significant motion of his right hand to his belt.

“Courage, my Næra,” murmured her lover; “I know all, and have followed thee to save thee from these pitiless wretches, whose foul touch is worse than death. Only one escape from dishonour is left to thee now, dear love.”

He drew his poniard from his belt and placed it in her hand. She took it, and held up her face to his with an ineffable smile.

“They shall not part us now.”

He kissed her lips, and looked calmly on the excitement which followed his extraordinary irruption into the inviolable presence of the emperor.

No one ventures to draw a step nearer to the centurion. The guard, whom he had thrust aside at the door, is the first to break silence by asserting his helplessness.

“The man is right,” said Julius calmly, “he is in no one way to blame. This maiden is my betrothed bride—I come to claim her. She has been dragged from her home by ruffians. I pray you, Cæsar, of your clemency to let me give her safe conduct back again.”

Zeno leant over his master, and whispered in his ear. The frown did not quit the face of Tiberius, but he appeared to reflect. Julius perceived the hesitation and took heart.

“You have a strange method of making your request,” said the emperor with sardonic slowness in the deep silence which immediately reigned at the sound of his voice. “Until this moment I thought the privacy of my room my own. When prætorian officers set the example of breaking orders and overriding regulations, it is time I saw to their discipline myself. I will begin with you. Deliver up your arms, and place yourself in the custody of the guard, and wait my pleasure.”

The emperor signed to the soldier Asca to enforce these commands, but ere he moved Julius retired further back with Næra until he reached the corner of the room. By this strategic movement into the empty angle he brought all his expected assailants more in front, and thereby vastly strengthened his position.

“I crave your pardon, Cæsar, for what must appear an unseemly intrusion into the privacy of your apartment, and nothing but the bitter circumstances of my case would ever have driven me to be guilty

of such disregard of your highness," said the centurion with respectful but resolute mien. "I pray your highness to consider my position. I bear to the prætor despatches from the camp at Rome, and have galloped since early dawn with barely a stop. Flinging myself from my horse at Surrentum, for a brief few minutes, at the house of my betrothed, I found it had been the spoil of ruffians. I have hastened hither without stop—what are everyday rules and customs to a man whose brain is distraught with grief? Nothing could have touched me nearer, Cæsar, and I entreat your indulgence—your pardon. Let her go, I beseech you. I doubt not the slaves have made some grave error. She cannot have given offence. It would not be possible for her sweet nature. It is not much thy centurion asks, and he has served thee well."

"Did you not stay, then, to deliver your despatches to the prætor?" said Tiberius.

"They are here, in my belt."

"Another duty disregarded. The first care of a courier is the errand he is upon."

"The prætor will bear willing witness of my diligence in his service. I have ever the favour of his choice for the same errand," said Martialis.

"Deliver up your weapons," cried Tiberius harshly. "Guard, take him and lead him away."

"He comes to certain death," said Julius with energy. "You may overpower me, but it will cost you dear. You shall never take us alive."

Excitement and commotion again shook the room like a turbulent sea; yet still it never gathered sufficient cohesion and weight to propel itself into the corner against the resolute form there. All eyes were bent on the unlucky prætorian Asca, whose glance, in turn, hung on Cæsar's with a piteous expression. With the selfish satisfaction with which human beings view the misfortune of another, the soldier was assailed with cries of encouragement and censure, which came all the more freely from the lips of those for whom he acted as a kind of sacrifice.

"Centurion, you hear!" he said to Julius in a beseeching tone. "Give up your sword, as Cæsar wills."

"I will not, Asca; and do you forgive me if I hurt you in self-defence."

The legionary looked again to Cæsar. "He refuses."

"Then compel him," thundered the emperor. "Strike, man, strike."

The struggle which follows is as impressively described as the incidents which preceded it. It could end only in one way in a structure where every hanging concealed a hidden door. Julius is assailed from behind, Neæra is snatched away from him, and he himself overpowered by sheer force of numbers. He awakes late on the following day from a

sleep prolonged by a drugged draught of wine, to find Tiberius himself in his prison chamber.

‘He started up, and perceived they were alone together. His heart beat quickly, and wild thoughts began to rise. There was the tyrant defenceless before him—the cause, as he believed, of the present situation of himself and Neara—an old man whom he could crush like a nutshell, delivered to his hand. Whilst his mind flamed with this idea, his eye instinctively sought the door to ascertain whether it was closed upon them. Tiberius, meanwhile, stood motionless before him. He read the young man’s passing thoughts quite readily—not a motion or glance escaped him.

“We are alone, and it occurs to you that I am now in your power,” said he, with the utmost calmness. “I admit it.”

‘A flush rose to the cheek of Martialis. It needed no words of Cæsar to show him that he had little to gain from such a desperate act, save a momentary satisfaction of savage revenge.

“I have been sorely tried,” he replied, drawing a deep breath. “If such an idea flashed into my mind, it died on the instant. Your highness need have no fear.”

“I knew it,” said Tiberius; “I love my prætorians, and an officer and youth of such prowess as you have proved yourself to possess is well worthy of the mature consideration of a ruler. The circumstances of your case are so unusual that my interest has led me to visit you personally.”

‘Julius bowed his head.

“One thing seems to demand forbearance, and that is your youth, with its hot unreasoning blood. Without thought, scruple, or calculation of a moment, you plunge headlong into my chamber, amid my guests and servants, utterly regardless of everything, in pursuit of your sweetheart, just as you would, doubtless, have rushed into the midst of a band of satyrs.”

“Your highness is right. I was excited to desperation. I would have followed her anywhere—words I now repeat,” said Julius frankly. “The welfare of my betrothed is more to me than life itself.”

‘Tiberius nodded gently, with a countenance as impassive as the sphinx.’

The conversation which follows is well sustained, and is certainly faithful to the spirit of the tyrant who seems throughout his life to have felt a satisfaction in shrouding himself in mystery. Mr. Grahame has drawn out his portrait carefully on the lines of Tacitus. It were well if the narrative of Tacitus were altogether beyond suspicion. But whatever misgivings may be felt on this subject, the chief characteristics of this man, with his marked ability, his hideous vices, and his better qualities, are known beyond all question. The worst tyrants cannot afford to disregard opinion wholly; and the worst sensualists may take a

pleasure in unravelling the evils of crimes committed by others when they do not reflect on themselves. The picture, therefore, of Tiberius tracing out the links of evidence which are to establish the infamy of Domitius Afer, and to prove the identity of Neæra with the child taken away by Afer's orders from the house of Fabricius, is in all likelihood as nearly faithful to Tiberius in his better moods, as the story of the Surrentine potter exhibits him on the side of coldblooded dissimulation and cruelty. If Mr. Graham fails to gather up some of the threads of his narrative, he has at the least given us a story of sustained interest, which he has done well in connecting with the little island rock of Capri. On this island Tiberius has left a lasting mark, and the remains of his work bear out the old stories told about him. Whether its connexion with Tiberius adds to the interest or the attractiveness of the island, it would not be easy, perhaps, to determine. The memory of a thoroughly unrighteous man is not a subject on which we may dwell with any satisfaction; and the iniquities of Tiberius assuredly cannot be palliated by any plea that he had an eye for the magnificence and beauty spread around him. Still the associations of an age which looms now in the dim distance cannot be got rid of altogether, and some lessons may be learnt from the story of the strange man who governed the world from this craggy island home. We may take leave of Mr. Graham's interesting and powerful tale with a few words in which he speaks of the palaces and prisons which rose here at the despot's command.

‘ On the summits of the hills, in the valleys, even under the pellucid water of the marge, are yet remaining the traces of the magnificence which sprang at the imperial nod to adorn this lovely island, in the period when the Cæsars sought it as a secluded residence. The traces are but small of the much that is known to have once been; but, as the eye roves from one elevation to another, over the luxuriant gardens, vineyards, and orange plantations which carpet the valleys and clothe the terraced slopes, we can picture to our imaginations the palaces and groves of imperial luxury and, if tradition speak truth, of imperial

- ART. XI.—1. *England's Case against Home Rule.* By A. V. DICEY, B.C.L., Vinerian Professor of English Law in the University of Oxford, &c. London: 1886.
2. *The Case for the Union explained and set forth by Lord Hartington, Mr. John Bright, Mr. Goschen, Mr. Chamberlain, and others.* Published for the Liberal Unionist Association. London: 1886.
3. *Report from the Select Committee on Parliamentary Procedure.* Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed June 10, 1886. London.
4. *Bill to amend the System of Private Bill Legislation in the United Kingdom.* (Prepared and brought in by Mr. Sellar, Sir Lyon Playfair, Mr. Raikes, Mr. John Morley, and Mr. Robertson.) Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed January 22, 1886. London.
5. *A History of Private Bill Legislation.* By FREDERICK CLIFFORD, Barrister-at-Law. London: 1887.

THE last quarter of the eventful year, politically speaking, which has just closed has been relieved from comparative dulness by the sensational desertion of the Government by one of its most active members. Lord Randolph Churchill produced a successful stage effect when he announced his resignation of office through the medium of a newspaper. He was the subject of a good deal of talk and of much journalistic gossip during the early days of the Christmas week, and he probably caused some embarrassment to his colleagues. If he desired to be talked about and to annoy some of the worthy gentlemen with whom he was recently associated, his desires were gratified. But a great deal too much has been made of his hasty and unexpected resignation. Political memories are proverbially short; but it requires no great stretch of memory to go back to the closing days of July. At that time all reasonable politicians were dismayed at the announcement that Lord Randolph Churchill had been appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer and leader in the House of Commons. Those who had watched his career were convinced that the appointment would never work. They predicted that he would infallibly lead the Government into trouble, and that he would not be overparticular in his methods of getting it out of trouble. They considered his presence in a highly responsible office as a source of weakness to the Government

and not of strength. It was a menace to the friendly understanding which existed between Lord Salisbury and the flower of the Liberal party led by Lord Hartington. These men have no confidence either in Lord Randolph's discretion or in his stability of purpose. There are ugly matters in his record which they can never forget, and it may be that, when the secret history of the negotiations between Lord Salisbury and Lord Hartington last July comes to be accurately known, it will appear that Lord Randolph's presence in the Administration was not the smallest barrier to a closer co-operation than that which was then established. It is true that during the short autumn session he did better than was expected of him. He was credited with ability and with diligence, and both those qualities he displayed. But he acted with self-respect which was not expected of him, and with straightforwardness. People began to think that the responsibility of high office had sobered him; that he had learned a good deal since he was the irresponsible leader of three other malcontents below the gangway, and that he had profited by his experience. These favourable estimates, however, appear to have been prematurely formed. It would be unfair to judge him unfavourably before he has had an opportunity of explaining the reasons of his action. But appearances point to the presumption that first impressions were, as usual, true, and that flightiness, petulance, and an undue share of egotism, are not incompatible with remarkable ability and praiseworthy diligence. It is only fair, however, to suspend judgement upon a man who is down until we have heard his explanation. All we know at present is that he has elected to desert his colleagues at a critical moment in their own and in the country's destinies, and that he will not have an opportunity of rejoining them. But too much must not be made of this incident. The Government will not be weakened by the loss of their late Chancellor of Exchequer; on the contrary, it is strengthened, notwithstanding the far greater loss it has sustained by the sudden and lamented death of Lord Idlesleigh, a statesman who retained to the last hours of his useful life the affection of his friends, the allegiance of his party, and the respect of the nation, and who discharged with entire fidelity all his duties to the people and to the Crown.

Lord Beaconsfield's Administration went on smoothly enough after he had lost several of his more important colleagues; and Mr. Gladstone's second Government was

not substantially weakened by the resignation of the Duke of Argyll, Mr. Forster, and Mr. Bright, much more valuable ministers than Lord Randolph Churchill. The retirement of Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Trevelyan no doubt affected the late Administration, but it was not the loss of the individuals, it was the strength of the cause which they represented, which told in the House of Commons. Lord Randolph Churchill, so far as we know at present, represents no cause, and no person but himself. He is no longer in the Government, but he has taken no one with him. He has gone, it is stated, from a freak of temper, and because he did not get his way upon some matter in the estimates. We shall hear more of this shortly, and he may have better reasons for his action than those attributed to him. A popular budget is an excellent thing whether in public or in private life. There are times and seasons in which economy may and must be exercised. But the man who, with an improving income, selected the moment when his neighbour's house was filled with inflammable material for cutting down his insurance premium would not be regarded as a prudent man, though he might save a few pounds upon his annual expenditure. The Chancellor of Exchequer who selected the moment for cutting down the estimates for our naval and military defences when all Europe is bristling with arms and waiting for the signal to commence a war of unparalleled proportions, may be regarded as an economical, but hardly as a prudent statesman.

The resignation of the leader of the Lower House within a few weeks of the assembling of Parliament of necessity created confusion, and, in the present anomalous condition of the House of Commons, produced something very like a panic. The case, however, has been met. The Prime Minister had four courses open to him. He might have advised the Queen to dissolve Parliament; he and his Government might have resigned office, and recommended that Lord Hartington should be sent for and entrusted with the formation of a coalition ministry; he might have appointed one of his colleagues in the Lower House to the vacant post and carried on the administration as well as he could with the support of the Unionist Liberals; he might have gone outside the ranks of the Ministry, or even of his own party, and brought in fresh blood, and appointed new men altogether to the office of Chancellor of Exchequer, and to any other offices which might be vacated.

The objections to the first course were overwhelming. The country would most justly have resented the inconvenience and worry of a third dissolution within thirteen months. It would have been unprecedented; it would have amounted to a public scandal; and it would have seriously discredited the principle of representative government. More than that, so far as one can judge by public appearances, it would have resulted in nothing. A House of Commons not dissimilar to the present House would in all probability have been returned. The Irish party might gain a seat or two; the Liberal Unionist party might, at present, lose a seat or two, though that is by no means certain; and the Gladstonians and Conservatives would remain very much as they are. Surely that result would have been a heavy price to pay for the abdication of a Chancellor of Exchequer! If the idea of a dissolution was ever entertained (which we do not believe), it must have been immediately dismissed.

There is much more to be said for the formation of a real coalition ministry under Lord Hartington; but Lord Salisbury appears to have acted with precipitation when he summoned Lord Hartington from Rome. No one can doubt that the offer made to the Liberal leader was genuine, so far as the Prime Minister's inclination and judgement were concerned. He does not particularly care to hold the Premiership. He would be happier in the Foreign Office if Lord Hartington were Prime Minister and leading the Lower House. But putting his personal inclination aside, he presumably considers that the Queen's Government would be better carried on if a genuine coalition and a stable administration were formed under Lord Hartington, and if he and his followers took their full share of the responsibilities of office. No one doubts that Lord Salisbury acted an honest and a patriotic part; and it may be that his colleagues in the Cabinet were not less disinterested. But this is not so certain.

On the other hand there is no reason to suppose that Lord Hartington was obstinately opposed to giving a favourable consideration to the proposals of the Prime Minister, or that he would have found any insurmountable difficulty in persuading the leading men of those with whom he is associated to take office with him, and the bulk of the Unionist Liberals would have loyally supported him. The great obstacle to a coalition in July had removed itself; Lord Randolph Churchill had gone; and without any sacrifice of self-respect Lord Hartington and his leading associates could have

acted in concert with the other members of Lord Salisbury's Cabinet.

Why then was Lord Salisbury precipitate, and how came it about that the negotiations broke down, and that Lord Hartington's hurried return from Rome was rendered futile? The Prime Minister had reckoned without his host. His rank and file in Parliament and his leading election managers in the country showed signs of mutiny. They felt that the sacrifices they were asked to make were greater than the emergency demanded. We do not blame them for this feeling. In 1853 there were symptoms of a similar mutiny in part of the Whigs when places were found in the coalition government of the time for what the rank and file of the Whig party considered a disproportionate number of Peelites. That mutiny soon died down, and so probably would this one had a genuine coalition government been formed. The failure, however, of the negotiations has, by the action and the attitude of Lord Salisbury's followers, been complete for the present, and it is only fair that the responsibility should be brought home to them. From the mere party point of view there is a plausible case in favour of their action. Lord Hartington has but a slender following in point of numbers, though it is a stalwart following in point of influence and ability. But the humbler race of party men think of quantity rather than of quality. No one, looking from the outside, knows how rapidly a ministry becomes discredited in the House of Commons when it is badly led in that assembly, and when it lacks the debating talent and the readiness that are begotten of intellectual capacity. When night after night a ministry is hustled and jostled in argument; when its members are unable to hold their own in the fiery ordeal of House of Commons interrogation; when they show feebleness in improvised discussion on the arrangement of business, or on questions of procedure, or on the thousand troublesome points which are raised by the ingenuity of private members; and when they exhibit a marked inferiority in the great debates of the session—when all these things happen, as they must happen when a ministry of mediocrities occupies the Treasury bench, their end is not far off. Election managers in the provinces, or even in the metropolis, and members recently elected to the House of Commons, cannot understand how these things can be. Their minds are fixed on votes, and if they see a large number of votes on one side, and a small number on the other, they very naturally think that the smaller must

serve the larger, and that intellectual capacity and oratorical ability do not count for much.

It was, no doubt, under the influence of such considerations as these that Lord Salisbury determined to pass over the third course which was open to him, and, going outside the ranks of his own party, make offer of the vacated office of Chancellor of the Exchequer to Mr. Goschen, and under the influence of like considerations, with the full approval of Lord Hartington, Mr. Goschen has accepted. The negotiators on both sides foresaw two pregnant facts, that the Queen's government could not be carried on by the unaided exertions of the present Treasury Bench, and that defeat in the present House of Commons would result in the return of Mr. Gladstone to power and the ultimate triumph of his Irish policy. Mr. Goschen, therefore, has done a thoroughly disinterested action for the good of the country, and by taking office under Lord Salisbury he has given the strongest assurance, both for himself and for the Unionist party, that that party is prepared to make any sacrifice to maintain the integrity of the Empire. Mr. Goschen's acceptance of office in the Government may be a step towards the ultimate fusion of the Conservative party with Lord Hartington's more immediate followers. The rank and file of the Conservative party may gradually come to realise the fact that if they really care to preserve the Union between Great Britain and Ireland they will be forced to come to Lord Hartington, and Mr. Goschen's presence in the Cabinet will pave the way for a more complete fusion of the Unionist forces. Such a fusion would necessarily mean a reconstruction of political parties. We should no longer have a Tory party and a Liberal party. We should have a moderate progressive party and a Radical party, both parties being really Liberal. The establishment of household suffrage cleared the ground for a reconstruction of this sort, and although Mr. Gladstone's Irish policy was the occasion of this new development, and although it may have precipitated it, the last Reform Bill was really the cause of it. We may, therefore, be at the beginning of a new and interesting cycle in English politics. If this be so, it is impossible to attach too great importance to the events of the last three weeks. On the other hand, it may be that acceptance of office by Mr. Goschen may be nothing greater—though that is no small matter—than the absorption into the Conservative party of the strongest man next to Lord Hartington among the Liberal Unionists. Mr. Goschen undoubtedly

was the backbone of the Unionist movement. He was the mainspring of the little party, and it is useless to ignore the fact that, unless a closer co-operation than heretofore of the Unionist party and the Government is to be the outcome of this change, the fortunes of the Unionist party are not so bright as they were at the beginning of December. The cause, however, is strengthened. There is no sort of danger now that the Tory Government will outbid Mr. Gladstone and bring in a Home Rule Bill. That 'bogie,' with which Liberal Unionists were threatened, is finally laid to rest. Law and order will be rigorously maintained, and there will be no intrigues with Parnellite members, and no whispers of surrender. And more than that, by Mr. Goschen's presence in the Cabinet, we have a guarantee extending far beyond the sphere of Irish politics. We have a guarantee that our foreign policy will be a policy worthy of a great nation, and that our domestic policy will be a policy of steady progress, reactionary in nothing and sensational or experimental in nothing. On the whole, therefore, though the knot of Liberal Unionists may feel that they have lost their most valued counsellor, they have the consolation that their cause and their policy are strengthened, and they will feel that they can now give a support to the Government even more cordial and more loyal than that which they gave when no representative of their opinions was included in the ranks.

But whatever may be the fate of the Liberal Unionist party—and we have no doubt of their ultimate triumph—it cannot influence the immediate destinies of the session. Matters have shaped themselves, and we have to accept the situation as it is presented, and to estimate, so far as we have the materials to do so, the probabilities of a successful or an unsuccessful session.

In the first place, it has been found necessary to extend for another fortnight the prorogation of Parliament. No one can reasonably object to that determination. There may have been something to say in favour of an exceptionally early meeting following on an exceptionally late rising of Parliament, but it has not yet been said. To our mind the weight of argument was all on the other side. The country has been agitated in an exceptional manner by political excitement during the past twelve months. Two general elections; three distinct administrations; the break up and collapse of a great historical party; the foundations of the union between Great Britain and Ireland sapped; the

Constitution, under which we have grown great and strong and prosperous, menaced by an influential Prime Minister and a section of his party numerically strong; troubles in the far East; discomfort in Egypt; and dangers in Eastern Europe—these are some of the difficulties and embarrassments which we have experienced since this time last year. During the autumn the country has been recovering breath after all these convulsions of its political nature. Has it done so sufficiently, or is it not better that it should be allowed to rest a little longer before entering on a new period of excitement? The Conservatives boast that administration is the strong point of the Conservative Government. The boast is to some extent justified. They are better administrators than their opponents, and they are stronger in the administrative than in either the legislative or the oratorical faculty. It is surely better for them and for the country to continue for a little the quiet work of administration instead of rushing prematurely into the turmoil of active parliamentary controversy and disputation. No one could have taken reasonable objection if Parliament had not met until the middle of February. The recess would not have exceeded the usual period allowed for the preparation of Government measures. Another month would have given opportunity for the progress of events in the East of Europe, and of difficult questions nearer home. Government would have been relieved from the embarrassment which is always produced by the necessity of answering foolish and dangerous questions, asked by ignorant and irresponsible members of Parliament, relating to foreign affairs when relations between great Powers are strained. The people both in England and in Ireland would have been all the better for a longer rest from political excitement. As it is, however, Parliament is to meet for the transaction of business in the latter days of January, and, unless appearances are more than usually deceptive, business will be transacted neither calmly nor expeditiously.

Some weeks ago we were threatened with a hostile amendment to the Address, to be, if not moved, at least supported by Mr. Gladstone and the whole strength of his followers, both English and Irish. The object of the amendment was to insist on urgency in Irish affairs, and the avowed motive was to detach the followers of Lord Hartington and entrap them into voting against the Government. The suggestion even of such a proposal showed how impossible it is for Mr. Gladstone to realise the position of the Liberal

Unionists. If they were to give a vote which would have the effect of forcing the Ministerialists to produce a scheme of Home Rule, which is what the amendment contemplated, the Unionists would stultify themselves before the world. For what would their acceptance of the plea of urgency in Irish affairs denote? It would denote that, in their opinion, the affairs of England and Scotland, and of the Empire at large, were once more to be subordinated to the affairs of Ireland. It would denote that they thought that Ireland, which, notwithstanding the ugly incidents connected with the 'Plan of Campaign,' appears to be slowly recovering from the dangerous excitement of last year, should be again agitated from Donegal to Cork by new schemes of legislation which Mr. Gladstone and his followers would do their best to make abortive. It would denote that those who resisted any tampering with the Union in 1886, when it was proposed by their friends, would support it in 1887 when proposed by their opponents. It would denote that those gentlemen who took their political lives in their hands in defence of the pledges which they gave twelve months ago were prepared to forfeit the same, or even stronger, pledges given six months ago. It would mean the surrender of themselves and their convictions to Mr. Gladstone, and the betrayal of the trust which was placed in them by their constituents. It would mean finally the return of Mr. Gladstone to power to carry out the policy of disruption and revolution against which the Liberal Unionists fought vigorously and successfully at the late election, and against which they are determined to fight until it is absolutely abandoned.

Unless, therefore, the Liberal Unionists were as firmly convinced of the necessity of urgency in Irish affairs now as they were of the necessity of opposing Mr. Gladstone's policy last year, they would be culpable in the last degree, and foolish to the verge of suicidal insanity, if they were to go into the lobby with the Home Rulers on a hostile amendment to the Address of such a character as is suggested.

It may be that the more fanatical among the Nationalists may force the Government to propose measures of extreme necessity. There may be a severe struggle to be fought out at the opening of Parliament, which may necessitate more peremptory action than is usual in a country living under representative institutions. 'The resources of civilisation,' we must remember, 'are not exhausted.' If that case arose, then Irish affairs might indeed become urgent. But that form of urgency is founded on the maxim '*Salus populi*

‘suprema lex.’ It is not the form of urgency aimed at in the amendment with which some weeks ago we were threatened. If the Government, on their responsibility, were driven to take strong measures, the Liberal Unionists would support them. They are anxious, as anxious as any Gladstonian in the country, to do full justice to Ireland at the proper time, and to do all that can be done by legislation, within the lines of the Constitution, to ameliorate the condition of the Irish people and unite them in sympathy and affection with this country. But they argue that administration of the law is the first necessity, and that a steady and determined administration ought to be tried before passions are excited and disorder caused by entering on a new period of experimental legislation.

We have had a surfeit of experimental legislation, and so far our experiments have only led us deeper into difficulty. In 1870 we followed Mr. Gladstone when he first went off the road, and we have gone scrambling on from one experiment to another. The departure from sound economics contained in the Irish Land Act of that year was the dislodging of the rock at the ridge of the hill, and it has gone rolling down with greater impetus at every bound. The Compensation for Disturbance Bill was the logical outcome of the Land Act of 1870, and when it miscarried we took a bigger leap, as the incline became precipitous, in the Act of 1881. Then followed the bound from what some people called the ‘confiscation clauses’ of that Act to the ‘Socialistic clauses’ of the Arrears Bill; and it was followed by the still greater bound over the chasm which is yawning beneath us as we go, which we were invited to take last year—a chasm which it was proposed to fill by many millions of English money for the expropriation of landlords and the establishment of peasants in their place. And yet we are no further on. Beyond the Home Rule chasm there is the Separation chasm. Into that we must make the final bound, and there be crushed to atoms, if we go on with our experiments. It is full time to stay our headlong course if we have power to do so.

The chance was given to us last year when Mr. Gladstone’s Home Rule Bill was rejected. It was taken by the men who left his party, and it lies with them to turn it to the best advantage. And it seems pretty obvious that they mean to do so. Two events have occurred within the last few weeks which show beyond all doubt that those men who have now the opportunity of moulding the destinies of

their country do not mean to falter or to fail. These events are the great historical meeting of the Unionist party on the 7th of last month, and the final outcome of the negotiations resulting from the resignation of Lord Randolph Churchill — the reconstruction, namely, in a Liberal sense of the Ministry. No one who watched the proceedings at the meetings, or who has read the speeches delivered there by Lord Hartington and Mr. Goschen and the other leaders of this small but influential party, can doubt that the Unionist Liberals are determined to make their power felt and their influence predominate. The buoyancy, the self-confidence without arrogance, the determination, and the intellectual ascendancy, which were displayed at the two meetings, are significant of much reserved power stored up in this small party; and they know their responsibilities, and are willing, as the party of the future, to accept them. ‘From day to day and from week to week,’ said Mr. Goschen, ‘we see that the Unionist cause is becoming broader and broader. The issues which we exist to defend are spreading widely, and our duties are becoming greater and greater. We began as a party upon whom rested the responsibility of maintaining the integrity of the United Kingdom. But we have duties even beyond that now, and we find that there comes from day to day still upon our hands the duty even of maintaining the integrity of society. Even as politicians we have an immense duty upon us, and it is this: to see to it that the Liberal party — the great, historical, traditional Liberal party — shall not be identified with the party of anarchy. We began by defending the bonds which hold these islands together, and we now defend the bonds which hold together the structure of our social fabric.’ Is it likely that a party which is animated by such a spirit as was displayed at these meetings could be caught by such a palpable device as that involved by this threatened amendment? Mr. Gladstone has probably long ago made up his mind that something very different, very much more subtle, must be tried if these men are to be won back to him; and we may hear no more of this urgency amendment.

The Unionist Conference has placed the issue in a new light. It has shown that the only chance of staving off the definitive rupture in the ranks of the old Liberal party is the abandonment of the discarded scheme of Home Rule and the renunciation of the alliance with Irish revolutionists. Until the word is spoken which will effect these

two purposes, the rupture must get wider and wider, and the chance of reconciliation more and more distant. The Unionist Liberals are taunted with being a minority of the party. They are a minority in the House of Commons, but it is open to question whether they are in a minority in the country. Their doctrines have taken deep root, and they are extending daily. The doctrines of the Gladstonian Liberals are falling more and more into disrepute, and the significant silence of their leading men in the face of the social war which is being waged in Ireland by their political allies is alienating thousands of right-thinking men who may have supported the Home Rule policy in July. They share with Mr. Bright in his astonishment and trouble at the course taken by Mr. Gladstone since the close of the session, and they wonder why his voice is not heard on the side of peace and moderation. These men are coming over in multitudes to the views of Lord Hartington, and it is the plain duty of the active politicians who co-operate with him in the country to see that they are welcomed into the Unionist ranks. Before another election takes place Lord Hartington's followers should be so well organised that they will turn his minority in the House of Commons into a majority. This can be done. There is enough zeal and enthusiasm for his cause to bring it about. It is for the workers in the constituencies to see that it is done.

Meanwhile it is the plain duty of the Liberal Unionists to support the Government, and, with a representative of their opinions holding important office within the Government, there is no sacrifice of principle, no loss of self-respect, involved in their so doing. Supported by these men the Government will feel the ground firm beneath their feet. But of necessity, and more so now than ever, there must be, and there will be, reciprocity. Lord Hartington and his followers have made great personal sacrifices for the welfare of the country. They are fully entitled to make their influence felt in the legislation proposed by the Government. This Government cannot subsist for a day without them, and their policy with regard to Ireland cannot be carried on without this Government. The Bismarckian principle of 'Do ut des' must be supreme in the relations between the two sections of the Unionist party. There ought to be no place for jealousies on the part of even the weaker brethren. In carrying out to a large extent the views of the Liberal Unionists, not on the Irish question alone, but generally over the whole sphere of politics, the Government would only be doing what all men of

moderate and progressive opinion, desire. There is nothing at variance with Conservative tradition, there is nothing revolutionary, in moving with the times. No one saw this more clearly, and no one taught it more plainly, than the late Chancellor of the Exchequer, though unfortunately he was unable to mould his conduct in accordance with his teaching. Early in the autumn he stated, with a simplicity and directness which seem to have startled the Home Rulers, that 'everything which the Government can do in domestic or in foreign affairs is to be subordinated to the principle of the union of the Unionist party.' Sir William Harcourt, who, in his present phase of mind, may be regarded as an exponent of the views of the Home Rule party, is galled by the bluntness with which this plain truth was enunciated. 'See what the arrangement is,' said he at the Leeds Conference in November; 'see what the arrangement is. On the one hand the Union Liberals are to support the Tory Government whatever they do, and on the other hand the Tory Government are to do whatever the Union Liberals desire. A nice platform! Until this question is settled, apparently a section of Liberals are to transform themselves into Tories. Tories are to masquerade as Liberals. Everything foreign and domestic is to be subordinated to the one object of preventing the Irish nation from managing their own local affairs.' These words prove only too clearly how deep the iron has entered into Sir William Harcourt's soul, and not only into his soul, but into the souls of that curious medley of English Liberals and Scotch Radicals and Irish revolutionaries which Sir William Harcourt, in the absence of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Parnell, is supposed to lead.

But let us for a moment examine the position a little more closely and a little more dispassionately than Sir William Harcourt on a Leeds platform is disposed to do. And in pursuing this examination let us acknowledge our obligations to Professor Dicey for the admirable exposition of 'England's Case against Home Rule' which he has produced in the remarkable book which stands at the head of this article. This is a book of which it is impossible to speak too highly, or to recommend too warmly. 'It deserves,' as Lord Selborne said of it at the Conference in December, 'it deserves to be circulated far and wide throughout the country,' and the further and wider it circulates the more forcibly will be brought home to the people of England and of Ireland the extreme peril to the Empire of ever conceding anything like the form of local government to Ireland which was proposed

last year, or indeed of conceding any form of Home Rule whatever. We shall not further refer to the argument propounded by Mr. Dicey, as it has been made familiar by the valuable notices which have been published elsewhere. But in what we have further to say on the subject of Home Rule we shall not hesitate to avail ourselves of his opinions and his arguments.

Sir William Harcourt states that the one object of the Unionist party is 'to prevent the Irish people from managing their own local affairs.' If he had said that the one object of the Unionist party was to prevent Sir William Harcourt from sitting on the bench of bishops, he would have been quite as near the truth. The object of the Unionist party is to prevent the repeal of the Union between Great Britain and Ireland, and to prevent something worse even than repeal—to prevent, namely, that ingenious hybrid measure between Federal Home Rule and Colonial Home Rule which was propounded for the government of Ireland by the late Administration, and urged by Sir William Harcourt and his friends upon the House of Commons and upon the electors of the United Kingdom, and rejected by them both, from ever passing into law. That is the object of the Unionist party. It was for that object they were sent to Parliament, and for that object they are prepared to make all the sacrifices that it may be necessary to make. This policy will necessitate the exclusion from office of Sir William Harcourt and other very excellent men for some time to come, and the retention in office of some whom Liberal Unionists would rather see in opposition. In that sense it may not seem a very 'nice platform' to Sir William Harcourt. But surely, amid all the sacrifices which the Unionist Liberals have had to make during the last twelve months, and many others which they may have to make for twice twelve months to come, the appearance of Sir William Harcourt in opposition and not in office is the sacrifice, great though it may be, which they can bear with the calmest equanimity. But, after all, if Sir William Harcourt is right in saying that the 'Tory Government are 'to do whatever the Union Liberals desire,' is that an outlook so very black that it cannot be spoken of except in the language of vituperation? Surely it is better for the country to have a programme of useful Liberal reforms suggested by leading Liberals and carried through both Houses of Parliament by Ministers who are mainly Conservative with the support of these leading Liberals and their followers than

to see 'a change in the Constitution so fundamental,' to quote the words of Professor Dicey, 'as to amount to a 'legal and pacific revolution,' carried out by Sir William Harcourt and his Irish allies. For what would be the effect of this 'legal and pacific revolution'? Let Professor Dicey answer this question.

'Home Rule under two of its three possible forms dislocates and weakens the whole English Constitution. Under its least objectionable form—that of colonial independence—it brings upon England many of the perils which would follow upon the national independence of Ireland; it involves, if the experiment is to have a fair chance of success, large pecuniary sacrifice, and it does not present a reasonable hope of creating real harmony of feeling between Great Britain and Ireland. Home Rule, lastly, under whatever form, whilst not freeing England from moral responsibility for protecting the rights of every British subject, does virtually give up the attempt to ensure to these rights more than a nominal existence, and thus gives up the endeavour to enforce legal and equal justice between man and man. It must also be considered that an examination into the different forms of Home Rule, while it shows that no scheme of legislative independence for Ireland offers any promise of finality, also suggests that the form of Home Rule least injurious to England is the form which gives Ireland most independence. The inference from these facts cannot be missed. Home Rule is the halfway house to separation. Grant it, and in a short time Irish independence will become the wish of England. If any thorough-paced Home Ruler admit this conclusion, and suggest that Home Rule is a desirable transition towards separation, the answer is that Home Rule is such a transition, but assuredly that such a transition is not to be desired. If one country is destined to become independent of another, it is better for each not to experience the disappointment and the heartburning which accompany a period of unwilling connexion.'

It is against a policy that would lead to these injurious and fatal results that the Unionist Liberals take their stand. Until this policy is abandoned, and until the Gladstonian section ceases in its efforts to identify the party as a whole with this policy, which was rejected by the nation at the late election, the Unionist Liberals have no choice in their Parliamentary conduct. They must retain the present reconstructed Government in office, and they must, so far as they can, mould the policy of the Government and their legislative proposals in a Liberal and constitutional groove. They have shown by their past conduct that they put their trust in principles and not in persons, and that they will make any sacrifice for these principles if they believe that the country will be benefited thereby. They have proved that, in emergencies, they can rise above mere party considerations and

personal predilections when the country demands it, and by so doing they have purged party government of many evil humours which threatened to corrupt it. They have shown that politicians can be actuated by higher motives than self-interest. They have done all this in the past. In the future they must prove that their Parliamentary conduct is to be regulated by the same high standard of political duty, and they may rest assured that the country will stand by them, and that history will do justice to their action.

The debate on the Address must come to an end ; or, if it threatens to be interminable, the Government may insist that the discussion shall be adjourned for more urgent matter. No doubt such a proposal would lead to much heated and angry discussion, and might be resisted by the full force of the Home Rule opposition. But there is a late precedent for such an adjournment, and serious opposition to the proposal would only strengthen the hands of the Government in declaring urgency for their procedure resolutions. Because it is admitted that procedure must be the first matter to engage the attention of the Lower House, unless, indeed, the action of the Nationalist leaders should necessitate priority for exceptional legislation in Ireland, on that subject we shall have something to say presently.

For the present argument we assume that procedure will first engage the attention of Parliament, and with regard to this there is fortunately no divergence of view in any of the sections of political opinion among the representatives from England or Scotland. The leaders of the Conservative party have, by their production of a scheme last session, shown their belief in the necessity of reform, and their general opinions on the urgency of this question are shared by even the least progressive of their followers. Lord Hartington and Mr. Chamberlain and their followers are not less anxious for stringent measures of reform than the responsible members of the Government. It is no secret that the Speaker and the Chairman of Committees and the leading officials share this opinion. And twelve short months ago Mr. Gladstone placed procedure in the forefront of his Midlothian programme, and urged it upon the electors as of prime necessity. 'This country,' he said in his address to the electors of Midlothian, 'this country will not, in the full sense, be a 'self-governing country until the machinery of the House 'of Commons is amended and its procedure reformed. . . . 'Those who are reasonably so keen for legislation on one subject 'or another [such as, for example, the government of Ireland]

'should recollect that, with regard to each and all of them, the primary question is as to the sound working condition of the great instrument by which all legislation is adjusted. If that instrument is properly adjusted, I believe the House of Commons can do its work; if that operation is defeated [by the Nationalists and their allies] or evaded, I am certain it cannot.' These words were written in November 1885. They were true then: they are true to-day. The first duty of the House of Commons is to see that 'the great instrument by which legislation is accomplished should be properly adjusted.' The late Parliament did not indeed do much to adjust the instrument. But, at Mr. Gladstone's initiative, it did something. It appointed an important committee to consider the whole question of procedure. Leading men, representing all shades of politics, sat upon that committee. Resolutions carefully prepared and adjusted by a small committee of the late Government were submitted by Sir William Harcourt on behalf of the Government; and a paper prepared and adjusted by a small committee of the late Opposition was submitted by Sir Michael Hicks-Beach on behalf of his colleagues. The committee considered these two papers with great care, and, as the frequent full divisions demonstrate, they attended with unusual diligence. They agreed upon a report, drawn up by Lord Hartington, the chairman, which, like everything that Lord Hartington does, exhibits great good sense and practical judgement, and which, if accepted by the House of Commons, would go a long way to change the machinery of the House and reform its procedure, and to change and reform them in the right direction. The deliberations of the committee were to some extent interrupted by the incidents of the session, and their recommendations, though excellent so far as they go, do not touch on all the points of reform which are necessary for a complete adjustment of the instrument. Their final meeting when the report was considered was held on June 10, two days after the division on the Government of Ireland Bill. It is obvious, therefore, that their deliberations were hastened at the end. This in all probability accounts for the fact that certain matters, such as the important question dealing with priority of business in the hands of private members, the question of 'remnants' at the close of each session, and other matters of that kind, were excluded from consideration. If the session had been normal, and had continued uninterruptedly till the usual time of prorogation, important, though subordinate, matters would no doubt have been dealt with, and dealt with

capably, by this strong committee. But putting this aside, there is food enough for consideration within the four corners of the report to satisfy the most hungry reformer.

Three fundamental changes in the existing procedure are recommended. All of these ought to be, and we hope will be, included in any scheme which is proposed for the acceptance of the House of Commons. These are :

1. The division of the whole available strength of the House of Commons into a fixed number of standing committees, and the delegation of every bill, except money bills, to one of these standing committees.

2. The change of hours for meeting and adjourning each day.

3. The establishment of an effective closure.

These three recommendations, if carried out, cannot fail to effect a material alteration and, we believe, a material improvement in the conduct of affairs. The third recommendation ought to, and probably will, take precedence over the other two when they come up for practical consideration in the House of Commons, but for convenience of discussion here we shall take them in the order in which they appear in the Report of the Committee.

Under the first recommendation the committee of selection will, at the beginning of each session, divide the whole House—the whole 670 members—into four standing committees of about 160 members apiece, and will refer to each committee such bills, after they have passed a second reading, as may be appropriated to it respectively. Each committee will meet twice a week when bills are before it, and consider the bills exactly as they are considered now by the whole House when it is resolved into committee. In other words, the energy of the House of Commons will be increased fourfold for the detailed consideration of bills. By a stroke of the pen almost, the power of the Parliamentary machine, in one very important particular, will be quadrupled. The principles of every measure will be discussed and affirmed or rejected as heretofore by the whole strength of the House. The details will be considered by a quarter of the House, while the other three quarters of the House will be occupied with the committee stage of other measures. Those measures which pass the standing committees without amendment will skip the report stage, over which much time is continually wasted, and be put down at once for third reading. When amendments have been made, the measure will be put down for consideration as amended, but no debate will be allowed on the

question 'that the bill be now considered.' If this recommendation in its entirety forms part of the Government proposals, it will certainly be sanctioned, and it will enable many bills to be considered which under the existing system can never be reached. It will further materially diminish the number of stages in the passage of a bill through the Lower House in which it is now possible and customary to waste time.

Objections may, and probably will, be made to the proposal. It will be argued that there is no committee room large enough to hold 160 members; that there will be difficulty in supplying competent chairmen; that obstruction will be more rampant and more insidious, because less before the public, in these standing committees than in the House; and that bills will not receive the same amount of consideration from a quarter of the House as from the whole House. These objections are not very formidable. The physical difficulty can be overcome by knocking two of the existing committee rooms into one. There was no difficulty in securing competent chairmen for the old committees on law and trade, and surely out of 670 members four just men may be found to preside over the deliberations of the four proposed committees. The obstruction difficulty is not so easily met. Twenty Irish Nationalists, reinforced by half a dozen English or Scotch Gladstonians, determined, as in their present mood they appear to be, to obstruct business, would, no doubt, prove formidable in a committee of 160 members. On the other hand the experience of the Committee on Trade shows that time was not purposely wasted over the bills referred to it; and in the Select Committee on Procedure of last year, though the deliberations of the committee were assisted by Mr. Healy, Mr. Sexton, Mr. Justin M'Carthy, and Mr. Arthur O'Connor, there was no appearance of obstructive proceedings. Neither, it is true, were there reporters present. The Committee on Law did not, perhaps, pass through the ordeal so satisfactorily. Obstruction undoubtedly was practised on that committee to the destruction of one, if not of two, important bills. But it must be remembered that in the case of these committees the closure was not in force.

We assume that an effective closure will be passed in the coming session, and that it will be applicable to the new standing committees. The objection that a bill will not receive the same consideration from a quarter of the House as from the whole House can very easily be disposed of by re-

ference to the familiar fact that in committee of the whole House, as at present constituted, there is very rarely anything like a quarter of the House in regular attendance. Great speeches are not often made in committee. The work done is practical, and does not command a gallery. Many bills pass the committee stage in a House of fifty or sixty members. Divisions may show a larger force; but the appearance of a member's name in the division list is no proof that he was in attendance during the discussion previous to the division. In the standing committees this will not be the case. Members of these committees must be present at the discussion if they wish to vote. No friendly bell will summon them from the smoking room or the library. They must be in attendance, and being in attendance they will of necessity take an interest in the bill which is committed to them, and for which they will have a special responsibility. They will therefore give the details of the bill and the amendments proposed more consideration than they are inclined to do at present. New work and new responsibilities will be undertaken by the committee of selection, and their duties, which are difficult enough at present, will become even more delicate than heretofore. It may be necessary to increase the strength of the committee of selection and subdivide the work; but that is a task with which it should not be difficult to grapple.

There is more substance in the objection which apparently was present to the minds of the Select Committee, namely, that if the whole House is to be divided into four standing committees there will be no means of manning the private bill committees. Under the existing procedure about one-third of the available strength of the House of Commons is told off each year to sit as judicial arbiters, and to hear the evidence upon questions relating to the formation of new or the extension of old railways, upon questions regarding tramways, gasworks, waterworks, canals, docks, municipal corporation extensions, and all matters which, since the early days of the century, have been dealt with by private bills.

This system has, for upwards of fifty years, been the subject of complaint both in Parliament and in the country. The judgements of the committees have been arbitrary and contradictory and unsatisfactory to litigants; the expense has been exorbitant and prohibitory to small and impoverished communities; and the time and energy of both Houses have been frittered away by wearisome and prolonged enquiries for the conduct of which the ordinary member of Parliament

is unfitted. Time after time all these charges have been proved to demonstration both in the House of Commons and on public platforms. But the opposition of vested interests represented by the great monopolist railway companies and the small but influential body of men who practise as parliamentary counsel and parliamentary agents, has hitherto proved too strong to allow of any reform in this matter of private bill legislation. It is the interest of the wealthy railway companies to keep up a costly system of parliamentary litigation. Through their command of the long purse they can keep aspiring rivals, whether they be promoters of competing lines of railway or of great ship canals, out of the field, and so secure their monopolies. A cheaper system could not fail to encourage rivals. Therefore they cling to the present expensive system and oppose any attempt at reform. The parliamentary counsel and agents, again, a valuable and important body of public servants, live by the present system and grow rich upon it. It is not unnatural that they should regard any proposed alteration as an invasion of their rights.

But with regard to the opposition of the parliamentary counsel it must be clearly understood that it is not unanimous. Some of the leading and most experienced men at the parliamentary bar are active supporters of the changes advocated in this Journal. Other members of the profession oppose any thoroughgoing reform of the present system with determination and tenacity, and they have an able representative in the person of Mr. Clifford, whose important work we have placed at the head of this paper. As the history of such industrial undertakings as are the subject of private bill legislation, this book is both interesting and valuable, and it forms a worthy tribute to the energy and enterprise of the British race. As such it is fittingly offered by its author as 'a memorial of an auspicious era in a renowned and beneficent reign.' But the argument which is advanced in the final chapter in favour of the existing system can hardly be said to merit the epithets which are justly appropriate to the historical portion of the book. Mr. Clifford's argument in favour of leaving things much as they are resolves itself into two pleas, one of which has no bearing on the controversy, and the other has been upset over and over again by every man who has discussed the subject. His pleas are (1) that Parliament has no moral right to divest itself of the function of legislating on private bills; and (2) that any fixed tribunal established to deal with the

evidence in railway and other private bill cases would fail from want of elasticity.

With regard to the first of these pleas, no one, so far as we know, has ever argued that Parliament should divest itself of this function; certainly this Journal has never done so. With regard to the second plea, the dominant complaint is that parliamentary committees are so very elastic in their way of dealing with these cases, that their decisions are given at haphazard, and that in a large number of important cases, dealing with enormous sums of money, a judgement could be arrived at much more economically and quite as satisfactorily by the simple process of tossing up a halfpenny. The public wants rather less elasticity. They want the tribunal which disposes of the evidence in these cases to be guided by some permanent rules and precedents, and not to be at the mercy of the cleverest and most voluble lawyer in the case.

This combined opposition, strong in itself, acts upon the conservative instincts of Parliament. Both Houses, in their collective capacities, hate to part with any of their power, and cling tenaciously to their traditional rights and usages. Hitherto it has been impossible to stem this great *tricumia* of opposition. But the interests of the public, and the necessities of the Lower House promise at length to prove too strong for this interested opposition. An important and representative committee, one of the most important and representative committees which have been appointed in recent years, has given unanimously the authoritative recommendation that 'in the event of our recommendation as to standing committees being agreed to by the House of Commons, it is essential that arrangements should be made to relieve the House from the duties now discharged by private bill committees.' This recommendation ought to be, and probably is, the death-warrant of the present anomalous system of private bill committees. If the Government has the courage to disregard the opposition of great railway companies and parliamentary lawyers, and to support the recommendations of the Procedure Committee in favour of standing committees, some other tribunal must be established to take the evidence in private bills.

What that tribunal should be is a matter of detail. The bill which we have placed at the head of this article was introduced into Parliament in the session of 1885, but, owing to the opposition of Mr. Childers, as representing the Govern-

ment, it was rejected. The ground on which Mr. Childers rested his opposition was that an important change of this kind should not be made at the close of a long Parliament. The consideration of the question should be reserved for a new Parliament to be elected on an extended franchise. The bill, slightly modified to meet in a reasonable way the demand for a separate Scotch and a separate Irish tribunal for Scotch and Irish bills respectively, was reintroduced last session, but apparently did not come up for discussion. So far, therefore, as that bill is concerned, no substantial progress was made.

But the unanimous recommendation of the Procedure Committee constitutes a definite recognition of the principles involved in the bill. These principles were that Parliament should retain effective control over the principles contained in any private bill, while the examination of the details should be delegated to others; and that, so far as possible, the principle of local hearing should be adopted. Whatever scheme the Government may propose—assuming that they have the courage to propose any scheme—these two principles, Parliamentary control and local hearing, must be essential features. Private bills must come formally before both Houses of Parliament as at present in order that the principles, if they should be novel, may be approved or rejected; and when the principle of a bill is approved the examination of details should be conducted in the locality. Before whom this examination should be conducted is a small matter. It is of comparatively little consequence whether the work in England should be done by the Railway Commissioners, and in Scotland and in Ireland respectively by judges of the Court of Session and by judges of the High Court of Justice, or by commissioners appointed specially for the purpose. In the interest—the legitimate interest—of Irish and Scotch nationality, special provision should be made for the establishment of tribunals to take the evidence in Scotland and in Ireland. A reasonable concession in this direction would go a long way to wipe out a real grievance in both countries, and to satisfy, in Scotland at least, those undefined and undefinable longings for Home Rule which Mr. Gladstone is sedulously attempting to foster, and which, under his care, are just beginning to show themselves here and there above the ground. These vague and unformed longings would die down and disappear at once if some simple system were adopted which would save the expense and worry of bringing witnesses from the remote

parts of Scotland up to Westminster to give evidence on matters of private bill legislation, and which at the same time would gratify the national sentiment, and—a consideration among Scotchmen—employ the national talent.

It may be that the Government will lack the courage to propose this reform as recommended by the Procedure Committee. They may prefer to revive the old standing committees on trade and law which, in opposition, in 1882 they vigorously assailed; or, with a view to consistency, they may propose some scheme of standing committees of their own, and they may regard the objections to the proposed alteration as too formidable. In our opinion, they would make a serious mistake if they were to take this course. The committees on law and trade were useful from an experimental point of view. They showed that there was no difficulty in carrying out the principle of delegation, and that, worked even in an imperfect way, this principle was right. But the committees wanted weight and dignity. It was felt that no really important bill could be delegated to a mere sample of the House. It would be different if the whole House were divided into four sections, and each section became a separate entity. Each of the four committees would very soon acquire a character of its own, and dignity and weight would be appropriated to it. It would not be a sample of the House arbitrarily made up. It would assume a distinct existence, and become charged with separate duties and responsibilities. No advantage would accrue from the revival of the old standing committees, and the difficulty with regard to the private bill committees would remain. If you deduct 150 or 200 of the best men from the available strength of the House, and put them on the committees on trade and law, you only leave a handful of young and inexperienced men to man the private bill committees. It was found almost impossible to raise a sufficient and efficient panel for the private bills during the two sessions in which the committees on trade and law were appointed, and a deadlock was averted only by the falling off in the number of private bill undertakings which during the depression of trade had taken place. With a revival of trade, which at last seems approaching, there will be an increase in industrial undertakings requiring parliamentary sanction. The deadlock will then become a reality, and an alteration in the system of private bill legislation a necessity. The recommendation of the Procedure Committee that 'arrangements should be made to relieve the

House from the duties now discharged by private bill 'committees' must be effectually carried out.

The second fundamental alteration in parliamentary procedure which will be proposed—subject, of course, to the preliminary acceptance by the House of Commons of an effective closure—is the change recommended in the regular hours of meeting and adjourning. The proposal of the committee is that on regular business days—Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday—the House shall meet at three o'clock instead of at four o'clock, and that it shall never sit later than half-past twelve at night. It is further proposed that there shall be a daily adjournment from seven till nine for dinner. The principle involved in the main proposal must commend itself to everyone. That principle is that the work of the Empire should be performed in the middle of the day, and not, as heretofore, in the middle of the night. It may be a question whether the hour of meeting should not be earlier than three o'clock. But there can be no question that half-past twelve is late enough for any deliberative assembly to sit for the serious purpose of doing business. The desirability of adjourning for two hours each night for dinner is more doubtful. It is irksome for the Speaker and for the officials in the House to sit through the tedium of the dinner hour; and members of the Government, who have been at their departments all the morning, find the hours from eight till ten wearisome beyond belief. To these men, without doubt, the adjournment would be welcome. But would an adjournment each day at a fixed hour tend to expedite the transaction of business? Time would be lost every afternoon before seven o'clock and every evening after nine o'clock. The evening sitting would never extend beyond three hours, and, if no curtailment in the length of speeches is contemplated, very little progress would be made in these abbreviated sittings. The dinner-hour is not without its uses. Many speeches are spoken to empty benches at that time which in other circumstances would occupy valuable time. Some men who after a course of practice during the dinner hour become good speakers, would never have a chance at the busier hours, and their debating powers would be lost to the country. Much business of a necessary, but not of an interesting, kind is frequently transacted when most of the people's representatives have gone home to dine. Estimates which are not seriously opposed have at times an amazing faculty of getting voted in an empty house. Those who have left at

eight o'clock return at half-past ten to find vote after vote passed and the expenditure of millions sanctioned. These considerations and others must have their effect when this question of adjourning for dinner is discussed. It might perhaps be worth consideration whether divisions should be taken or the House counted out between seven o'clock and nine; but it is doubtful, very doubtful, whether it is wise to excise, even by a sessional order, two hours from every day's work.

Consequently upon the change of hours, the committee have recommended a form of closure of the debate; but, as we have said, in considering the matter practically in the House of Commons, effective closure must be carried before any alteration can even be proposed in the hours of meeting and adjourning. The proposal of the committee is:—

'Putting the Question at the Close of the Sittings.

'That at midnight on Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, and at half-past five of the clock on Wednesdays, the proceedings on any business then under consideration shall be interrupted, or the House shall, if in Committee, receive the Chairman's report, and such business shall stand adjourned until the next day on which the House shall sit, unless the business under consideration at the times before mentioned shall be the first or second order of the day, or a motion standing first or second on the notice paper of the House, and a motion shall be made that the question now under consideration be now put, which motion shall be decided without amendment or debate; and if the question then under consideration be a motion for adjournment (including motions for reporting progress, and for the Chairman to leave the chair), such motion shall lapse, and such proceedings may thereupon be taken as if such motion had not been made. If the motion "That the question be now put" be resolved in the affirmative, the Speaker or Chairman shall forthwith put the question under consideration, and the Speaker or Chairman, as the case may be, shall not leave the chair until the divisions, if any, on such motions have been taken. Provided that the question "That the question be now put" shall not be decided in the affirmative, if a division be taken, unless it shall appear to have been supported by a majority at least double of the minority.

'After the business under consideration at the hours aforesaid has been so disposed of, no other opposed business shall be taken, and the business not disposed of at the close of the sitting shall be set down in the order book for the next day on which the House shall sit.'

This form of closure is cumbersome, and it appears to us to be too much fenced in by limitations and exceptions to be really effective. But it is a distinct improvement on the form of closure proposed and carried in 1882. That form is as follows:—

‘ By Standing Order No. XIV., when it shall appear to Mr. Speaker, or to the Chairman of Ways and Means in a committee of the whole House, during any debate that the subject has been adequately discussed, and that it is the evident sense of the House, or of the committee, that the question be now put, he may so inform the House or the committee; and if a motion be made “ That the question be now “ put,” Mr. Speaker or the Chairman shall forthwith put such question; and if the same be decided in the affirmative, the question under discussion shall be put forthwith. Provided that the question “ That “ the question be now put ” shall not be decided in the affirmative, if a division be taken, unless it shall appear to have been supported by more than two hundred members, or unless it shall appear to have been opposed by less than forty members, and supported by more than one hundred members.’

This form, which is familiarly known in the House of Commons as ‘the conundrum,’ has proved to be useless. It was a mistake to place the responsibility of closing the debate in the hands of the Speaker; it was a mistake to direct him to judge of ‘the evident sense of the House.’ How can he, chained to the chair, judge of the evident sense of a House of which more than half the members may be in the library, or reading the newspapers, or gossiping on the terrace? It was a mistake to insist on proportionate numbers, which hardly any one can understand, and no one, not even the most efficient ‘whip,’ can guarantee. This plan has been a failure from the beginning. It was attempted only on one occasion; and, though by good luck it did succeed on that occasion, it was so very near breaking down that neither the Speaker nor the chairman of committees has had the foolhardiness to try it a second time. A plan of this kind might possibly answer occasionally if the initiative were given to any member, and if the Speaker were relieved of the odious responsibility of putting the closure into operation. But the numerical difficulty would remain; the conundrum would be as incomprehensible as ever, and the impossibility of judging of the evident sense of the House could not be overcome. We cannot believe that the Government, reinforced by the practical inventiveness of Mr. Goschen, will be so barren as to have nothing more efficacious to propose than a revival of the discredited conundrum, and nothing less cumbersome than the proposal of the committee. That proposal might work when it became familiar. The conundrum will never work. But we want something simpler and stronger than either, and we especially want a form of closure which can be made easily applicable to the proceedings in committee. It is in committee that obstruc-

tive tactics are most troublesome and most efficacious, and special attention ought to be given to the precautions necessary to prevent obstruction in this stage. It might be well to consider whether a time limit should not be imposed on speeches in committee. The truth is that so long as the House of Commons dabbles with proportionate majorities nothing really effectual will be done. They may try the two-thirds majority for a session, and, when it was found to be useless, the proportionate majority may in a future session be converted into a bare majority. This is the almost universal system in foreign and colonial representative assemblies. It is the only system which can be trusted to work smoothly and efficaciously, and public opinion and the self-respect of members are too strong in this country to permit it to be worked tyrannically.

There are some minor recommendations in the report of the committee which are valuable, and which, no doubt, will appear among the ministerial proposals. We need not specially refer to them. They are mostly technical, and are recommended chiefly with a view to meet certain obstructive devices which are of recent growth. These recommendations will doubtless receive the full consideration of the House of Commons, and, if the House really wishes to get on with business, they will be accepted and embodied in standing orders. It is impossible to predict that obstruction will be stopped by these new regulations. When a minority of two hundred, or even of eighty members set their faces to stop all legislation unless they get their will, no rules of procedure which the wit of man can devise will prevent waste of time. But the procedure is old-fashioned, and the machinery is out of gear. Something must be done at once. The report of the committee contains many valuable proposals. The more closely the Government stick to the report, the more likely they are to produce something satisfactory and to get it done quickly.

The first work, therefore, of the coming session will be the reform of procedure, and the 'adjustment of the instrument 'by which legislation is accomplished,' unless exceptional legislation to arrest the progress of the revolution in Ireland should claim priority. The work may be expeditiously performed, or it may be protracted, according to the tone which Mr. Gladstone and his followers may take. If he stands by his declaration of fourteen months ago, the new rules may be passed very rapidly, and the House of Commons settled down to its work under new conditions before Easter. The

question, then, which we have now to consider is, what will be the work which this Parliament ought to be called upon to perform?

This Parliament, it must be remembered, was elected for a specific purpose, and it exists for a specific purpose. It was elected on a single issue—'Home Rule or no Home Rule'—and it received a definite and precise mandate from the constituencies, and that mandate was to preserve intact the union between Great Britain and Ireland and to enforce the law and maintain order in Ireland. Everything, therefore, must be subordinated to the ample and satisfactory discharge of the obligations incurred by every member who was returned by his constituents to carry out this mandate. From this secure position all proposed or suggested schemes of legislation ought to be viewed, and looking abroad from that position, the interesting and varied programme of the late Chancellor of Exchequer has the first claim on our consideration. He divided his programme, it will be remembered, into minor measures, and measures which are not minor. His intentions included proposals dealing with nearly everything in the sphere of practical politics. His minor measures contained suggestions for enabling agricultural labourers to acquire freehold plots and allotments of land through local authorities; the sale of glebe lands; the readjustment of the incidence of tithes, and the readjustment of railway rates. The measures which are not minor included land transfer, local government, elementary education, reduction of public expenditure and taxation, and Irish questions of the first magnitude.

A caviller might say that this was hardly a modest programme. But it had the merit of being definite. It was a pretty large order not for one or even for two sessions, but for a Parliament protracted beyond the utmost limit of parliamentary life. What possible chance is there for any reasonable portion of this programme being carried out in the approaching session? It is only too clear already that it is going to be neither an easy nor a tranquil session. Irish troubles are again raising their hateful head above the horizon, and much time will have to be bestowed upon them. In the West Highlands of Scotland the Celtic population, the most ignorant and most useless portion of the inhabitants of Scotland, threaten by a vamped-up and factitious agitation, which had been allowed to gather head under the fostering care of Sir William Harcourt when he was at the Home Office, to give some further trouble. In the metropolis,

crowded beyond precedent and increasing in population to a dangerous extent, there is an unusual dearth of work, and in consequence unusual poverty and distress. These conditions supply a field for agitation which has been eagerly occupied by socialistic orators in league with the anarchists and the criminal classes. In each of these three cases the Government appear to be acting with energy and spirit, and they appear to be determined to maintain the law and preserve order in Ireland, in the island of Skye, and in London. But the sentimentalists are on the warpath in favour of lawlessness, and the sentimentalists and the anarchists are both, unfortunately, represented in the House of Commons. They will join hands against a Government which attempts to govern, and they will be aided by those in Parliament who above all things desire that this Government shall not subsist. In these circumstances this varied and interesting programme must, we fear, stand over until the times are quieter. If the Cabinet concentrate their efforts on the reform of procedure (including the reform in the system of private bill legislation recommended by the committee), and on the four 'minor measures' dealing with allotments, glebe lands, tithes, and railway rates, they will do very well. These and other subordinate or departmental measures will fully occupy, and usefully occupy, the coming session. The Cabinet will be wise if they do not attempt any fundamental alterations in the law of the land or in the framework of the Constitution. There is no demand for revolutionary legislation. The country would rather see a firm and successful administration of the existing law than sensational amendments in it. The country is in no humour for skyrockets. It wants no more legislation, or attempts at legislation, under the influence of hallucination. It wants rest and a stable government. If the Cabinet be wise, they will leave land reform, and popular education, and London government, and, we would even say, local government, alone for this session. If they desire to try their hands at a scheme of original legislation, let them undertake a reform in criminal procedure. The Lord Chancellor, we are told, 'is enthusiastic upon land transfer and has ideas.' We cannot but think that he would do well to leave his 'ideas' to mature for another session, and apply his enthusiasm to the criminal law. Improvement in that branch of jurisprudence is more pressing than improvement in the land laws, or even in local government.

We shall, no doubt, hear a good deal about what has

been nicknamed 'coercion' when Parliament meets. The word is a handy one to express shortly legislation of an exceptional kind for the detection and punishment of crime. But we have accepted it as a sort of synonym for tyranny, whereas the object of such exceptional legislation as it has been found necessary to pass has been to prevent the social tyranny with which Ireland is periodically threatened by its own unruly classes. For more than a hundred years either the Irish Parliament or the Imperial Parliament has found it necessary to ask for exceptional powers when any continuous attempt has been made to enforce the law. Under Grattan's Parliament some two and twenty so-called 'Coercion Acts' were passed in seventeen years. Since the Union there have been very few years in which it has been possible to govern Ireland under the ordinary law. Does this not prove either that the criminal law is not strong enough to cope with the criminal classes in Ireland, or that the ordinary law does not receive that ready and willing assent from the people of Ireland that it receives in the other parts of the kingdom? In either case the criminal procedure of the country wants strengthening. But the strengthening of the criminal law ought not to be applied to one part of the United Kingdom, and ought not to be of a temporary character. Professor Dicey makes some valuable observations on this matter.

'An act which increases the efficiency of the criminal law should, like other statutes, be a permanent enactment. The temporary character of Coercion Acts has needlessly increased their severity, for members of Parliament have justified to themselves carelessness in fixing the limits of powers conferred upon the executive under the insufficient plea that these powers were intended to last but for a short time. It has also deprived them of moral weight. An Act which is a law in 1881, but will cease to be a law in 1882, has neither the impressiveness nor the certainty which gives dignity to the ordinary law of the land. Coercion Acts, again, should be general—that is, should apply not to one part but to the whole of the United Kingdom. Powers needed by the Government for constant use in Ireland must occasionally be wanted in England, or, if they do not exist there, in Scotland. It were the strangest anomaly for the law to sanction a mode of procedure which convicts a dynamiter in Dublin, and not to give the Government the same means for the conviction of the same criminal for the same offence if he crossed to Liverpool.'

It cannot be argued that there is no necessity for increasing the stringency of the law. It must be increased in Ireland; it can do no harm to increase it in England. Honest citizens would nowhere be embarrassed or inconvenienced if the

detection of crime were simpler and more thorough than it is; and if the criminal classes found England less secure than heretofore, no harm would ensue, or they might go elsewhere.

In Scotland, in every Presbyterian church in the land, the good people pray for 'coercion' on each recurring Sunday. There is a stereotyped petition in their prayers on behalf of the administration of justice, and with reference to those who administer justice, they pray that 'they 'may not wear the sword of justice in vain, but be terrors 'to evildoers and a praise and protection to those who 'do well.' That is 'coercion' in a nutshell. What is regarded as tyranny and cruelty in Ireland is the subject of prayer in Scotland; and the prayer is granted. An efficient and organised system of public prosecution subsists in Scotland, and serious crime is rarely undetected. In that country persons suspected of crime or of participation in crime are examined almost every day, though no one may be put upon his trial; the venue of trial is frequently changed merely upon the order of the Public Prosecutor; criminals are tried summarily before a judge without the intervention of a jury; and verdicts by a majority of a jury, even in the case of capital offences, are of constant recurrence. If it were proposed to strengthen the criminal law in Ireland by the enactment of similar provisions to those four which have been incorporated in the criminal procedure of Scotland for generations, there would be an outcry in Parliament and in the country that 'coercion' was again to be applied to Ireland. But the Scotch people do not consider that they are living under coercive legislation, though they see these provisions enforced every day. On the contrary, as we have said, they pray every Sunday for their rigorous enforcement. Why should not the Scotch system, or something like it, be made applicable to England and to Ireland, and be incorporated in the permanent law of the land? It is not asserted that the enactment of these four provisions and the establishment of a complete system of public prosecution would be sufficient for the maintenance of law and order in Ireland in times of agitation and excitement. An Irishman is a more volatile animal and less law-abiding than a Scotchman. He may require the curb when a Scotchman, if he requires anything, may require the spur. Be this as it may, amendments in criminal procedure such as are here suggested, added, if necessary, to others for the regulation of public meetings and the orderly and

seemly conduct of the press, including provisions for the enforcement of decency in the reports of criminal or quasi-criminal trials, if made applicable to the whole kingdom and permanent, would do away to a very large extent with the recurring necessity of passing temporary and exceptional acts for the repression and detection of crime in Ireland.

The Lord Chancellor, we are convinced, would employ his great talents more beneficially to the country, and more profitably to himself and his colleagues in the Cabinet, if he would divert his 'enthusiasm for land transfer' to the sphere of criminal jurisprudence, and cultivate 'ideas' upon criminal procedure which might be formulated into enactments of universal application and permanence, and incorporated in the law of the land. The establishment of a thorough system of public prosecution such as exists in Scotland, and its organisation throughout England and Ireland, is, no doubt, a very big affair. But a Conservative Government made a beginning of such an organisation when they established the office of public prosecutor a few years ago. Let the present Government complete the work of its predecessor, and extend it to Ireland with all powers necessary to make the organisation thorough. By so doing they will escape the odium—if they mind it—of being regarded as a coercion government, and they will put to the test the stability of the alliance between the Gladstonians and the Parnellites. An English Gladstonian, not blinded by faction, could not oppose a reasonable scheme for strengthening the criminal procedure in England and Ireland. A Scotch Gladstonian would of necessity welcome the extension to England and Ireland of the system of criminal procedure which has worked so well for generations in Scotland. And Home Rulers of every nationality would concur with men who are opposed to Home Rule in desiring to see the press, and especially the metropolitan press, both evening and morning, compelled to purge its columns of much pernicious matter which threatens to pollute every household in the land.

It will of course be said that a proposal of this kind, like the procedure resolutions, is an attempt to break up the Gladstonian and Parnellite alliance, and to some extent this charge would be true. We do wish to see this miserable alliance broken up. It is destroying the moral sense of many honest men, and blurring their perception of right and wrong. It is an alliance which Mr. Gladstone, in the full enjoyment of the mental and moral vigour of twenty years

ago, would have repudiated, and which even to-day, if only the Conservatives had formed it, he would have overwhelmed with floods of indignant scorn. It is an alliance which never has worked in English politics, and which never can work. Practically it has already broken down, and no one knows better than Mr. Gladstone that the stakes for which, with heavy odds against him, he played are already lost. If the introduction of such a measure as we have suggested would give the *coup de grâce* to this alliance, or even afford a decent path of retreat from it, we should cordially rejoice, and so would many of those who have been led astray by Mr. Gladstone's fond hallucination. The better men among his followers regard it with discomfort, and even with disgust, and would be only too thankful for any fairly honest way of backing out of it.

Strengthened, then, by the accession of Mr. Goschen and the consequent consolidation of the Unionist alliance, the prospects of a stable government and of a fairly successful session are good. The Government are wise to make procedure their first care, and to demand the whole time of the House for their resolutions on the subject. It is hardly possible that their demands will be seriously contested. Mr. Parnell and his followers may see a dangerous weapon levelled against their tactics by any drastic reform in procedure, and they may resist them. That is not improbable. But it is improbable that Mr. Gladstone and his followers will support them in a policy of resistance. They cannot be so oblivious of the Midlothian programme of 1885 and of all the declarations which they and their leaders have made on the necessity of procedure reform. If they be honest men, they must support the Government when they demand the whole time of the House. This demand granted, the work will soon be done. But if it should not be granted, if the wild threats of some foolish and irresponsible English Radicals should be seriously entertained, and if Mr. Gladstone should lend the weight of his authority to obstructive tactics, the struggle may be protracted and severe. But it could end only in one way. The better men, the men of principle, the men of high honour and of long experience in the House of Commons—and there are men in the Gladstonian ranks to whom all these attributes apply—would dissociate themselves from the schemers, and the mountebanks, and the men of one idea, and the egotists, and they would gradually draw nearer to men like themselves in the ranks of Lord Hartington's followers. They would gradually transfer

their allegiance from their old leader who had guided them into devious courses, and fresh and additional discredit would be poured on the rump of the Gladstonians which remained. It is improbable that Mr. Gladstone will court such obvious discomfiture. It is more probable that he will once more find it distasteful and irksome to lead a shattered and divided opposition, and that he will retire, as he did in 1874, from the active duties of leadership, leaving it to younger men to tow the wreck ashore. He will then be able to watch the turn of events ; and, if the occasion should present itself, he may once more descend into the arena. It will then be a question whether the country will again, as in 1880, return to him, and enable him to carry out his Irish policy. For our part we cannot believe it ever will do so. History will not repeat itself so quickly. Time is fighting hard against him, and younger men with new ambitions are rising up to contest his supremacy. The more the mind of the country is directed towards his fatal Irish policy, the less it likes it. Books such as this remarkable work of Mr. Dicey are written and studied by men of intelligence and education. Shallow thinkers on deep subjects are successful with mobs when times and phases are not critical. But in a serious crisis in the country's life the men of intelligence and education really mould the country's destiny. We are passing through a crisis now, and this valuable book is one of its most important products. It goes to the root of the whole question, and explains in simple language the true bearing of the Home Rule movement. Mr. Morley has undertaken to refute it, and the first instalment of a tedious disquisition has been published. But that clever bit of special pleading proves nothing except the serious straits in which a man of brilliant literary faculty has placed himself. He has given much time apparently to the preparation of his case, and has bestowed much trouble upon it. But he has added nothing to the arguments which were worn threadbare at the general election. A man of his perspicacity and fairness of mind cannot fail to see that this book has torn away the mask which concealed the true character of the measure with which his name has been too closely associated, and that the statesmanship which is responsible for the policy of the measure is already discredited in the country, and will be condemned in history.

For these and other reasons we are convinced that the Gladstonian propaganda can make no real way in the country. So-called Liberal associations and federations will

pass votes of confidence in Mr. Gladstone and his Irish policy, and will denounce the Unionist Liberals as dissentients and rebels and all the rest of it, and drum them out of the ranks of the associations and federations. But to any one who knows the internal machinery of these conferences and meetings, where violent resolutions are passed, the meetings are but smoke and the resolutions blank cartridge. The Liberal associations in every constituency were shattered to pieces at the late election, and the best and most influential men in them have retired. The so-called Liberal associations are of no account in estimating the forces in the country, and no men know this better than the fragment of the old Liberal officials in the Gladstonian ship who are still clinging to the wreck. They know that these so-called Liberal meetings and these resolutions mean no real revival of the united Liberalism which carried the country at the general election in 1880. They are merely the distant mutterings of the thunderstorm which has passed away, or the dying echoes of the last shot at the late election. It may be, as we have already said, that the country is at this moment going through a phase of political developement which will produce a readjustment of political parties, and a new departure in political life. The Radical wing of the old Liberal party may have broken away from the main body, and it may be allying itself permanently with the irregulars and camp-followers and plunderers, represented by the sentimentalists, the socialists, and the revolutionaries. These men have always been a source of weakness to the masculine and honest practical men of common sense who have formed the substance and the kernel of the Liberal party. If this be so, this Journal, which, since its earliest number, has always advocated plain common-sense principles in political life, has no reason to deplore the present state of affairs. We shall not wring our hands over the altered circumstances. We cannot throw in our lot with revolutionaries and with those who are guilty of treason to the Constitution and to the Empire. We desire, as we have always desired, to move along the broad way of progress which leads to the happiness and prosperity of the people, but we do not desire to rush down the path of revolution. If the Radical wing has left the main body, let it go in peace. The true centre of gravity of the Liberalism of the United Kingdom never has been, and never can be, in Radicalism.

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ART. I. — *St. Petersburg and London in the years 1852–1864: Reminiscences of the Saxon Minister at the British Court*, COUNT CHARLES FREDERIC VITZTHUM VON ECKSTÄDT. Edited, with a Preface, by HENRY REEVE, C.B., D.C.L. Two volumes, 8vo. London: 1887.

NOT many years have passed since the discovery was made that diplomatic correspondence supplies the most valuable materials of history. Indeed, until a comparatively recent date, the archives in which these records of competent contemporary witnesses and observers are deposited were so jealously closed in all countries that no use could be made of them. We think the late Professor Ranke, in his ‘History of the Popes,’ was one of the first writers who penetrated these recesses, and showed what abundant stores of information they contain. But within the last fifty years all this is changed. The State papers of former ages have not only been ransacked by historical students, but published to a great extent by the governments to which they belong. Our own voluminous series of calendars, the magnificent collection of *Documents inédits* of the history of France published under the auspices of M. Guizot, and more recently the very complete and ingenuous disclosure of the military and political papers of Frederick the Great by the Prussian Government, have thrown a flood of light upon the transactions and the characters of former times, and the consequence is that the history of Europe has been rewritten. Much that was obscure has been explained; much that was false has been refuted; and we may now be said to know of many past events and negotiations as much as was

known to well-informed persons at the time of their occurrence, and more than is known with certainty of events and negotiations which are taking place under our own eyes. For at a period approaching the domain of present politics these sources of information are closed. Our knowledge of contemporary events is derived from the newspapers and from the communications which it suits the governments of the day to lay before their respective parliaments; and, although these communications have of late years become far more copious than of old, they seldom lay bare the inner causes of political change, and they pass as lightly as possible over the characters and motives of the principal actors in them. To trace these to their source, future generations will have recourse to the diplomatic correspondence of the period.

The publication of the volumes which Count Vitzthum has given to the world, and which are now before us in an English dress, proves that future generations may not have to wait another century before their curiosity is gratified. The same remark applies to the very elaborate *Memoirs* of the late Count Beust, which have been published within a few months of his death. Everyone who knew that amiable and accomplished minister will peruse with interest the record of his life, although that life was a struggle against adverse currents which bore him far away from the success he aimed at. He has not concealed the foibles which contributed to his failure when he came in contact and collision with stronger and sterner natures than his own; but even his foibles made him a singularly agreeable member of society. It is not our intention to review the autobiography of Count Beust, because, although he was well known in this country, and resided so long amongst us, his book is mainly devoted to the intricacies of German politics, through which he was called upon to steer his way, and he has but little to say that is of immediate interest to ourselves. But the case is widely different with Count Vitzthum. He may be taken as the type of a highly competent witness, with singular opportunities of observing the course of political events about him; and the position he occupied as the representative of one of the minor States of Europe did not impose on him the necessity or the temptation to vindicate the policy of any of the leading statesmen of the age. He is, therefore, not only a competent, but an independent witness, who forms and expresses his opinions with extreme candour and impartiality. At a very early age he entered

upon his diplomatic career, being attached to the Saxon Legation in Berlin in 1846, where he already foresaw, and recorded in letters to his family, the storm which was about to burst over Germany. In 1848 he was removed to Vienna, where he actually witnessed the tremendous convulsion of that and the following year, which swept away in one blast the reign of Metternich and the exclusive society of that aristocratic capital, which had received the young and well-born diplomatist as a welcome addition to its circle. These portions of his political life are recorded in another work, previously published in Germany, and they are not contained in the volumes now before us.

In June 1852 he was transferred as Saxon *chargé d'affaires* to St. Petersburg, and, although he only remained in that capital for less than twelve months, his experience of the Court of Russia formed an invaluable introduction to his subsequent mission to London, because it was precisely within those months that the resolutions were taken which led shortly afterwards to such disastrous consequences. The most potent and influential personage at that moment in the politics of Europe was the Emperor Nicholas of Russia. It is scarcely possible to convey to the present generation the importance and extent of the authority exercised by that autocrat over the Continent; and the most considerable result of the Crimean war was the destruction of that Russian prepotency, never likely to be renewed over the German States, and now far less formidable or respected by the other Powers of Europe. The character of the Emperor Nicholas is, therefore, the most instructive study in the history of those times, and we are indebted to Count Vitzthum for a closer inspection of it.

‘On Sunday, July 8 (20), the Czar received me after mass. This was contrary to etiquette, since the Emperor as a rule gave private audiences only to ambassadors and envoys. Prince Albert (of Saxony) being there, an exception was made, to which I am indebted for one of the most interesting hours of my life. The master of the ceremonies had conducted me to the room and remained standing at the door, doubtful whether to attend at this unaccustomed audience or not. Without saying a word, the Czar answered the official’s mute inquiry by pointing energetically to the door. We remained alone, and I found myself for the first time face to face with the mightiest and most dreaded monarch in the world. In spite of his fifty-six years, the classical Greek features and giant figure of Nicholas I. still showed the strength of youth. Phidias could have chiselled a Zeus or a god of war from this model. He wore the undress uniform of a regiment of the Guard, a blue double-breasted military tunic. I observed the head, now

almost bald, and noticed a low and comparatively narrow forehead, with which the masculine nose formed one and the same line. The occiput, where phrenologists look for strength of will, seemed unusually developed, and the small head appeared to rest on a neck worthy of the Farnese Hercules.

‘There was something knightly, nay imposing, in the whole aspect of the man, and I now understand how the colossus who stood before me should have been able to quell with a mere movement of his hand the revolution that threatened him at the outbreak of the cholera. Wrapt in his cloak, he had gone alone on that day among the thousands who were shouting loudly in the Isaac’s Square, accusing the Government of having poisoned the wells; he had then dropped his cloak and commanded the multitude, with a wave of his hand, to cast themselves upon their knees. Not a man dared to remain standing. Then the Emperor exclaimed with a voice of thunder, “You wretches! It is not the wells that are poisoned, but you, who have poisoned yourselves with your sins. Now pray God to forgive you, and to take the plague from us.” A “Hurrah! long live our lord and father!” that sprang at once from a thousand throats, was the answer of the rebellious multitude, and the insurrection was quelled, as by magic, without the help of a single policeman. That great moment was present to my mind as I looked the Emperor in the eyes. They seemed to me somewhat unsettled, those eyes; and a nervous twitching at the corners of his mouth appeared to betoken pain and uneasiness.

‘After the Emperor Nicholas had spoken to me with winning amiability about Prince Albert, and the pleasure his visit was giving him, he appeared to forget entirely that he had a young diplomatist before him, whom he had never seen, and about whom he could scarcely have heard anything. Familiarly, as though he were addressing an old acquaintance, he spoke to me of his recently ended journey. He had been to Berlin, to Dresden, to Vienna, he had seen the Empress Maria Anna at Prague, he had stopped also at Weimar and Darnstadt, as well as Stuttgart, where he paid a visit to his daughter. Wherever he went, his eagle eye had seen everything in a few days, and he spoke with an unequalled absence of reserve of what he had noticed on this tour of inspection. The worst he had to say was of Berlin. He grew quite warm when complaining of the weakness of his brother-in-law.

‘On my endeavouring to quiet these unlooked-for ebullitions with the somewhat commonplace remark that nevertheless the King had the best intentions and the most amiable qualities, the Czar thundered out, “*Tant pis pour ses qualités aimables! Quant à ses bonnes intentions, je vous dis, moi, qu’il ne sait jamais ce qu’il veut. Ce n’est pas un roi cela; il nous gâte le métier. Sachez-le donc*”—here he stamped with his foot—“*le sol sous mes pieds est miné comme sous les vôtres. Nous sommes tous solidaires. Nous avons tous un ennemi commun—la révolution. Si on continue à la cajoler comme on le fait à Berlin, l’incendie deviendra bientôt général. Ici je ne crains rien pour le moment. Tant que je vivrai on ne bougera pas. Car moi,*

je suis soldat ; Monsieur mon beau-frère ne l'a jamais été.—Tel que vous me voyez," he continued in a calmer tone and with all the charm of his well-modulated voice, "tel que vous me voyez, j'ai trente-huit ans de service, car j'ai fait mes premières armes en 1813. Oui, je suis soldat. C'est mon métier à moi. L'autre métier que la Providence m'a imposé"—these words he spoke very slowly, and almost in a whisper—"je le fais, parce qu'il faut bien le faire et qu'il n'y a personne pour m'en délivrer. Mais ce n'est pas mon métier."

'There was something tragic in this confession. One felt how heavily those cares of government were weighing upon him, which now for seven-and-twenty years, well-nigh a whole generation, he had had to support alone. His keen eye had become quite dulled, and his look had become unsteady. Taking my leave with best wishes from the Emperor, I left the sunny but almost dismal apartment.' (Vol. i. pp. 11-17.)

The Emperor was mistaken if he supposed that he was a soldier. A prince does not become a general by dressing in uniform and passing endless reviews. Early in his reign he had discovered that he had no military talent. If he had had that gift, he might have been, with the resources at his disposal, a Napoleon or an Attila to Europe. But he was undoubtedly a ruler of men, though M. de Vitzthum's close observation of the Czar convinced him that he was not exempt from the mental malady of his race, and that the delusions which impelled him to engage in the Crimean war were half insane. He quotes the remarkable opinion formed by Dr. Granville in July 1853, and made known to the British Cabinet at that time, to the effect that symptoms of hereditary disease convinced the physician that the autocrat had then at most only two years to live. Lord Palmerston remarked that the English Government must hold to facts, and could not allow their policy to be determined by the diagnosis of a physician. But within the two years the prediction was fulfilled.

Such was the state of the Emperor's mind when he opened those conversations with Sir Hamilton Seymour, in which he endeavoured to obtain the assent of England to his designs on Turkey. When some years before he had addressed similar enquiries to Prince Metternich, that wary diplomatist feigned at first not to hear him ; but on the question being repeated, he replied, 'Est-ce au médecin ou à l'héritier que votre Majesté adresse cette question ?' The Emperor made no further allusion to the 'sick man.' To Sir Hamilton Seymour he was much more explicit, and in January 1853 it is evident that his plans were far more advanced. About that time the Emperor addressed Count

Zichy at a ball supper at Court, in the hearing of Count Vitzthum, who was sitting next him, with the extraordinary frankness which his Majesty sometimes displayed in talking to strangers. He evidently flattered himself that Austria was about to quarrel with the Turk on the subject of the Hungarian refugees.

'His theme was a castigatory sermon against the Turks, "*ces chiens de Turcs*," as the Emperor repeatedly expressed it. Their rule could not be tolerated any longer in Europe, and he felt confident that the Emperor of Austria, whom he loved as a son, would join with him in clearing out that scurvy rabble on the Bosphorus, and putting an end to the oppression of the poor Christians by those rascally infidels. This philippic, delivered for the most part in categorical terms and an imperative tone, involuntarily reminded me of Cato's *carterum censeo*. Had Count Nesselrode heard it, he would have trimmed his spectacles and said, "My Emperor is no diplomatist." Of course I kept what I had heard a secret at St. Petersburg, and even afterwards in London. But I was prepared for everything, and accordingly was not surprised to hear shortly afterwards that the Emperor had suddenly put the fourth and fifth army corps, which were quartered on the Turkish frontier, on a war footing.'

Sir Hamilton Seymour was aghast at this appalling intelligence, and inveighed against the duplicity of Nesselrode, whom he had regarded as the sheet-anchor of peace. But a little further enquiry satisfied him that Nesselrode was as ignorant as himself of the measure taken by the Czar.

'A few days afterwards Seymour came again and said to me, "You were right. Neither Nesselrode nor the Minister of War, Dolgoruki, nor even Orloff himself, had the faintest notion of this mobilisation. The Emperor had received some despatches from Constantinople, he read them by himself in his chamber, rang the bell, sent for his aide-de-camp of the day, gave him a sealed letter, and said: "For Tschugujeff! It is urgent!" That was all. Now I remain here, and shall try with the help of little Nesselrode to undo the folly of his great master. But it will be a hard task, for I hear that Menschikoff is to go on a secret mission to Constantinople. And the Chancellor knows nothing even of that."

'One evening, in the Emperor's *salon*, shortly after the aide-de-camp's hurried departure to Tschugujeff, the Emperor, apparently in the best of tempers, went up to the Prussian military attaché, Count Münster, for whom he had a great liking, and asked him, "What news?"

"I know of none. Unless your Majesty has any to tell me?"

"You may as well, then, know it. I have ordered the fourth and fifth army corps to be put on a war footing."

"You might have left that alone, your Majesty."

'Far from taking umbrage at this candid remark, the Emperor merely exclaimed, "Why! Orloff told me just the same."

An attempt has recently been made by a very sincere and accomplished English writer to present the character and conduct of Nicholas in a more amiable and rational light, and to throw the responsibility of the Crimean war on the ministers of the Western Powers. These revelations of Count Vitzthum of what he saw and heard on the spot demonstrate, beyond the possibility of doubt, that the invasion of Turkey was the direct personal act of Nicholas himself, and that he alone was responsible for the consequences. But as the subject has been mooted again, it is worth while to place before our readers a further proof of his unparalleled duplicity, by which he deceived not only foreign governments, but his own ministers.

The conversations of the Emperor Nicholas with Sir Hamilton Seymour began on January 11, 1853. Their tenor is well known. As the result of them, Nesselrode placed in the hands of Sir Hamilton a memorandum drawn up by order of the Emperor and *dated April 15*, which ended in the following terms. The Emperor had previously declared that this memorandum would be considered as a binding engagement not only by himself, but by his successors. It was *on March 20*, about a month *previous* to the date of this memorandum, that Prince Menschikoff had arrived in Constantinople. The terms of this document are as follows:—

‘ Without wishing on this occasion to enter upon a discussion as to the symptoms of decay, more or less evident, presented by the Ottoman Power, or the greater or less degree of vitality which its internal constitution may retain, the Emperor will readily agree that the best means of upholding the duration of the Turkish Government is *not to harass it by overbearing demands, supported in a manner humiliating to its independence and its dignity* [which was precisely what he was then doing]. His Majesty is disposed, as he has ever been, to act upon this system, with the clear understanding, however, that the same rule of conduct shall be observed, without distinction and unanimously, by each of the Great Powers; and that none of them shall take advantage of the weakness of the Porte to obtain from it concessions which might turn to the prejudice of the others. This principle being laid down, the Emperor declares that he is ready to labour in concert with England at the common work of prolonging the existence of the Turkish Empire, setting aside all cause of alarm on the subject of its dissolution. He readily accepts the evidence offered by the British Cabinet of entire confidence in the uprightness of his sentiments, and the hope that on this basis his alliance with England cannot fail to become stronger.’ (*Parliamentary Papers on Eastern Question*, Part V. 1854.)

It is not surprising that men like Lord Aberdeen and Lord

Clarendon should have been slow to believe that an aggression on Turkey was in progress at the very moment when this solemn declaration was spontaneously placed by Count Nesselrode in the hands of the British Ambassadors at St. Petersburg. Such turpitude appeared to them to be incredible.

Primed with this brief but instructive lesson in Russian diplomacy, and possessing a more accurate knowledge of the personal intentions of the Czar than the British ministers, M. de Vitzthum left Petersburg by sea and landed in London on June 4, 1853. Count Nesselrode had placed in his hands a letter to inform the Russian Minister at Dresden that the affair of the Holy Places was settled and the quarrel at an end. Within a few hours of his arrival in Germany he learned that Menschikoff had renewed his demands and presented an ultimatum. But Count Nesselrode was not in the secret.

Count Vitzthum compares London to a lofty watchtower from which one overlooks the world. He appears to think that the natives of this island are apt to be deceived by this bird's-eye perspective, and that home questions and party struggles render us blind or indifferent to the perplexing incidents of a European crisis. If that be so, we are not ashamed to use foreign spectacles. He begins his observations of our condition by a spirited sketch of his diplomatic colleagues, and he is startled by the apparent coolness of the English Ministry. But an incident which occurred a few weeks later might have reminded him that the power of England was not altogether asleep. On August 8, 1853, the Queen had the satisfaction of holding a grand naval review at Spithead.

'This review was the great event of the season. The Admiralty had invited to it both Houses of Parliament and the diplomatic body. A special train took us rapidly to Portsmouth, where we went on board a steamer, the "Black Eagle," which had been prepared for our reception. The weather was fine, but the sea sufficiently rough to prevent several of my colleagues from enjoying the imposing spectacle. We found sixteen ships of war drawn up in line, and in a short time the Queen, accompanied by the Prince Consort, appeared on board the royal yacht, the "Victoria and Albert." Behind them, on another yacht, flying the English flag, came two Russian Grand Duchesses, daughters of the Emperor Nicholas, namely the Crown Princess Olga of Wurtemberg and the Grand Duchess Maria Nikolajewna, Duchess of Leuchtenberg. These two had come, probably not without an object at this critical moment, to visit the Court in London. Hundreds of steamers, filled with thousands of spectators, covered the sea, and the

shouts of the people drowned the thunder of the salvoes of artillery. After the Queen had passed up and down through the fleet, the manœuvres began, and it was beautiful to see with what ease, safety, and rapidity such monsters of the deep as the gigantic "Duke of Wellington," of 131 guns, were enabled to move by means of the screw. The leading idea was the defence of Portsmouth harbour against an enemy's fleet, whose advance guard, consisting of three English sailing ships of the line, was signalled some miles from the harbour. The steam flotilla was put in motion at a preconcerted signal from the flagship; then, headed by the royal yacht, advanced to meet the three attacking vessels, and, forming line abreast, cannonaded them with the result that they were soon supposed to be crippled and disabled from action. The captain of our steamer had indulged himself by exposing his craft to a broadside from the "Duke of Wellington." Seventy-five guns of the heaviest calibre at close quarters caused such a deafening hubbub, and the gunpowder such a blinding darkness, that for some minutes we could literally neither hear nor see. The fight was now over, and the sailors of the defeated ships manned yards and showed the Queen by a thundering hurrah that the battle had not cost any killed and wounded. Now began a thoroughly English chase, every boat having got orders to steam at full speed to the harbour. The practical Englishmen thus converted this spectacle into a valuable technical trial of machinery. As every, even the smallest, steamer took part in this chase, it reminded one of the famous return from the Derby. All went off without an accident, and the most colossal vessel of the English navy, the "Duke of Wellington," came out victorious in the contest.

We well remember that exciting scene, at which we had the good fortune to be present. The majestic appearance of the sailing men-of-war in the offing, the last of their noble kind; the stern aspect of the steamships of the future; the royal yachts advancing between the gigantic lines; and, above all, the marvellous hurly-burly of all craft from St. Helens to Southsea, when the sea was furrowed by a thousand keels. We remember, too, that an eminent diplomatist said to us there and on that day, 'This is the best pledge of peace.' That hope was vain—it was the first signal of approaching war; and, strangely enough, the Russian Grand Duchesses were there to see it. But the Russians would take no warning—if, indeed, Brunnow gave them warning.

'At the official dinner given by Clarendon in June 1853 in honour of the Queen's coronation day, Walewski sat as ambassador next to the host, and Brunnow next to Walewski. Both Clarendon and the French Ambassador agreed in assuring me afterwards that they had studiously and purposely spoken in a very loud voice, so that Brunnow might hear all, about the Eastern crisis and the measures which England and France would be compelled to undertake in concert, in case Russia did not desist from her aggressive policy against the Porte.

That Brunnow should have interpreted these revelations as empty threats is scarcely credible. If he wrote about them, he no doubt took care not to touch too closely the idiosyncrasies of his Emperor. It is probable that he knew his monarch too well to imagine that the report of an ambassador would divert him from his resolution once taken.

How little, moreover, Brunnow's advice was asked in these complications, so fateful to Russia, is shown by the remarkable fact that neither the Emperor nor Count Nesselrode thought of summoning this diplomatist to St. Petersburg after he had left London in consequence of the declaration of war. Be that as it may, it certainly appears that Brunnow at that time ignored, or at all events did not report, anything which could at all have displeased his emperor.'

But there were other and more powerful agencies at work to bring on war. Louis Napoleon had recently achieved the grand object of his ambition and mounted the Imperial throne of France. He now aspired to play a leading part in Europe and to supplant that ascendancy which Nicholas had long enjoyed. 'Nous en avons fait un Empereur,' said Walewski to Count Vitzthum at that time; 'nous allons en faire l'arbitre des destinées du monde.' And for that purpose he relied on the devoted adherence of the French people and on the alliance of England, which was one of the conditions of his power, as the hostility of England had been the main cause of his uncle's ruin. Count Vitzthum appears to think that Lord Palmerston deliberately favoured the policy of the Imperial adventurer, and played into his hands from the moment of the *coup d'état*, and that the English minister was 'a *confrère* on whom he could rely,' even to the length of plunging the country into war, for the promotion of his own ambitious designs. But here we differ from our author. Lord Palmerston advocated a more energetic policy, because he believed that it would avert war. And although he consistently adhered to the French alliance, nothing would have induced him to encourage France in a war of aggression, to tear up the treaties of 1815, to restore her so-called natural frontier, and reconstruct the map of Europe in accordance with Napoleonic ideas. He defended the Ottoman Empire; he approved the creation of the Kingdom of Italy; but when Napoleon laid his hands on Savoy and Nice, we are told with truth that 'he cried off his bargain, showed his teeth, and slammed 'the door on Persigny and the trusted go-between.'

Count Vitzthum quotes a very remarkable conversation in which Walewski, then French Ambassador in London, informed him in May, 1854, that upon the formation of the

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Aberdeen Cabinet and the accession of Lord Clarendon to the Foreign Office, between February 20 and 28, 1853, he (Walewski) had had a decisive interview with that minister, which had formed the basis of the policy of the two States for the ensuing eighteen months. It was, he said, verbally agreed between the two Cabinets that on the question of the Holy Places France should give way, and that England should assume in that dispute a position of friendly neutrality as a mediator. This, as we know, took place. Thenceforward it was agreed that the two Powers, England and France, should not write a despatch on the Eastern question or pronounce a word without concert. This alliance was concluded with a view to negotiation as well as to action if it came to war. From that moment, said Walewski, 'nous avons marché ensemble.' The agreement was only temporarily interrupted by the abrupt order given by Napoleon to the French fleet to proceed to Salamis, in which at the moment the British Government did not concur. But events soon solved that difficulty.

If this statement of the French Ambassador was true, it disposes of one or two assertions that occur even in the pages of this book; for it proves that as early as February, 1853, Lord Clarendon was perfectly aware of the gravity of the crisis, and was prepared to act in close alliance with France; it also proves that it was not the despatch of the French fleet to Salamis that forced the hand of the British Government, as M. Persigny afterwards boasted, since the agreements to act in close union, whether for peace or for war, preceded that event by some months.

No one has described with greater accuracy than Count Vitzthum the direct and positive causes which brought on the war, which were, first, the aggressive policy of Russia; and secondly, the resolution of England and France not to submit to an invasion which would have placed the territories of the Ottoman Empire at the mercy of the Czar. But what may be termed the indirect and negative causes were equally potent, and but for them no war would have taken place. If Austria and Prussia had adhered firmly to the declarations they had made on more than one occasion in common with the Western Powers, and if the whole of Continental Europe had combined with England to maintain that Russia had no *casus belli* against Turkey, war would have been impossible. It was the vacillation of the German Courts that rendered such a conflict possible; and of this no one was more thoroughly convinced than the Saxon Minister in London,

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except, indeed, Prince Albert, who honoured the minister with his confidence and friendship. In their opinion, it was time not only for Austria and Prussia, but for the whole Germanic Confederation, to assert its strength and demand a European Congress to settle the dispute.

On this occasion, in July, 1854, Prince Albert delivered his opinion to Count Vitzthum in a confidential conversation, of which a full note has been preserved. It is a signal proof of the ability and penetration with which the Prince combined his unwavering attachment to the policy and interests of England with his desire to promote the greatness and union of his native country; and it is the more valuable, as at this very time the Prince was falsely and absurdly accused of a clandestine understanding with the German States.

The Prince spoke in the following terms, which we shall quote at some length, because several of his remarks are not inapplicable to the present aspect of affairs in the East of Europe:—

‘All the German Governments who in 1848–1850 prevented Germany from acquiring one army, one fleet, and one diplomacy, have played into the hands of foreign countries. They have broken with the national idea, and sought a prop for the so-called monarchical principle, that is to say for the maintenance of its nominal supremacy in Russia. Thus, from fear of mediatization and revolution, the German Governments have failed to see facts as they are. The sympathies of the people are with us, England and France; those of the Courts with Russia. In Berlin as in Dresden, in Munich as in Stuttgart, in Darmstadt as in Schwerin, the Courts wish us defeat, and would hail with delight any triumph of the Russian arms. I find this quite natural, and cannot understand how anyone can be surprised at it. Probably my father, if he were still alive, would take the same view himself. And yet I cannot but lament this prejudice with all my heart. It is not a question of Christians and Mahomedans, not a question of bolstering up the miserable Turkish rule, but of setting a precedent for the enforcement of her own will by Europe. All the Powers have declared that Russia has violently broken the peace. And now we have to convince Russia by force that Europe can no longer tolerate such conduct. As did yesterday the Czar, so to-morrow Napoleon III., or perhaps a Radical English minister, may perpetrate a wrong; but if this precedent succeeds in establishing European intervention for the future, such a wrong will easily be expiated without bloodshed. Had Europe so intervened before, Charles Albert would never have fallen like a robber on Lombardy in 1848, nor the Danish question in 1851 have been settled, in order to suit Russia's convenience, to the shame of Germany. How deeply these very German States are interested in establishing this joint intervention of Europe,

is obvious; but it is useless preaching to deaf ears. As to Bamberg, I know well enough how that came about. The good King Frederick William IV. is a trimmer, who does not wish to offend either us or the Russians. But his Queen will not listen to any trimming; she has chosen her side, and that passionately. It is well known what she said about the Austro-Prussian alliance of April 20. The question was how to gain time and open a back door for Prussia, to enable her to slip out of that alliance. The *mot d'ordre* came from St. Petersburg, and was immediately sent on by the Queen to her sister at Dresden. Then Bamberg was brought on to the stage, and an escape seemed to have been found. And yet the Austrian troops were ready on July 3 to enter Wallachia. Had they done so, we could have attacked the wasp's nest at Sebastopol then and there. This danger was foreseen in St. Petersburg, and fresh instructions were sent to Berlin. The result was a protest against the Austrian entry, and a threat that Prussia would back out of the alliance. But the destruction of Sebastopol has now become a necessity, and the war will be continued until that object has been attained. For it is from Sebastopol that the Russians are perpetually threatening Constantinople, a threat which they will carry out when they have screw steamers. To this day I cannot understand Prince Menschikoff; he could have landed with 40,000 men at the Scraglio before the telegraph had given us a hint of his embarking. The Russians will not commit that blunder again, and therefore we must draw their teeth in time. Whether one or two divisions are to be annihilated in Wallachia, is a matter of perfect indifference to the Czar. His power in the East rests on Sebastopol, and for that reason we must destroy it. Now this is impossible, so long as the Danubian Principalities are not occupied by Austria. Austria, however, cannot march in without being sure of Prussia and the Diet. If Germany understood her own interests, the war could be ended this very year; but if Austria is prevented from taking any active measures, it may last for years. I am not such an optimist as the English; I am prepared for a war of three, perhaps of ten years' duration. Germany alone would be responsible for that, and would then of course have to pay the reckoning. . . . Hence Germany has the most pressing interest in seeing the war quickly ended, and this result the German Governments are perfectly able to achieve. Englishmen, however, who are aware of this, cannot be blamed when they see in the vacillating conduct of Prussia, in the Bamberg resolutions, and in the drag practically put on Austria, proofs of an avowed hostility, directed more against England than France. What disgusts us most about this Bamberg Conference is the fact of their making demands which, at the same time, the German Governments declare they will not co-operate to enforce. These Bamberg resolutions may be summed up in a sentence: England and France are to fight the war out alone, but surrender to Germany the fruits of victory, the freedom of the Danube. To imagine seriously that the Western Powers would, after a victorious termination of the war, thus reward the German Governments for the embarrassments they are preparing for them, is an inconceivable piece of *naïveté*.' (Vol. i. pp. 108-112.)

It is related in another part of these volumes that Prince Metternich, speaking of England and of the different generations of English statesmen with whom he had had to deal since 1793, said: 'What is called the British Constitution is like a whist party *à trois*. The dummy is public opinion. The House of Commons has now for many years been holding this dummy. The Crown and the House of Lords have, therefore, been obliged to play against it—a game which has always its difficulties. I at least have invariably preferred to play with the dummy. So, also, I have always liked better to have to do with the Radicals than with the Liberals. The former know what they want; the latter do not, and, therefore, go on making one mistake after another. The House of Lords has lost many a trick. I must admit, however, that the Crown's hand has not been played so well for a long time as it has been of late years.' When we read the acute and judicious remarks of Prince Albert on the great crisis of 1854, we feel that the compliment of the old statesman was not undeserved.

We shall not dwell on the record of tedious and abortive negotiations with the German Power, or on the ineffective military operations of the allied armies, aggravated by the privations of the winter of 1854–55. The state of things appeared to offer no prospect of escape; but just at this moment our author relates the following curious incident:—

'On March 2, during a walk with the Prussian *chargé d'affaires*, Count Lazar Henckel, an old colleague at St. Petersburg, we discussed the situation. My conviction was that nothing but some untoward event could untie the Gordian knot. I cited several instances from history to show how Providence in such cases had frequently solved the difficulty in a wholly unexpected way.

"But, in Heaven's name!" asked the sober-minded Henckel, "what sort of an untoward event is now to help us?"

"Well, then," I answered, "what if, for example, the Emperor Nicholas, who, as both of us know, is the author of all this confusion, were suddenly to die? Would not his successor—if he himself cannot do so—be able to offer the hand for peace?"

"Perhaps so," added my friend; "but according to our latest news from St. Petersburg the Emperor is quite well, and Dr. Mandt has not the smallest anxiety about his health."

'Thus we parted, to find ourselves together again a few hours later at the Travellers' Club. Henckel was sitting by the entrance to the dining-room, and motioned to me to take a seat at his table.

"You were one of the conspirators," he began, "if you only knew it. On reaching home, I found a telegram lying on my table, informing me that the Emperor Nicholas had died suddenly this afternoon,

just at the time when we were speaking about him. There you have your untoward event ! Let us hope it will soon bring us peace ! ”

Count Vitzthum had many opportunities, both official and unofficial, of observing with minute attention the character and policy of Napoleon III., which were then scarcely less interesting to Europe than the conduct of Prince Bismarck is at the present time ; and one of the most careful passages in this work is a memorandum, written at Baden in 1854, on the programme and prospects of the Second Empire. The author foresaw that Italy would be the next scene of action, and Austria the next Power to be attacked ; but as to the ultimate prospects of the Emperor himself he agreed with the prognostics of Prince Metternich.

‘ Another evening, when I happened to be alone with the Prince, our conversation turned on Napoleon III. “ He is a power,” remarked Prince Metternich, “ that must be taken into account. But he forgets that a man cannot be Emperor *par la grâce de Dieu* and *par la volonté nationale* at one and the same time. That is a *contradictio in adjecto*. He must take his choice—to grasp the reins of government either as the heir of Napoleon I. or as the elected candidate of universal suffrage. This contradiction will cause his downfall. I shall not live to see it, but remember my words. This Bonaparte has ‘ built nothing that will last.’ ”

‘ A few weeks later I heard the same prophecy at Buckingham Palace from the lips of Prince Albert, and it struck me as remarkable that the two political antipodes, the Conservative Prince Metternich and the Liberal Prince Albert, should agree almost to the letter in their estimate of Napoleon III. “ He is no philosopher,” said Prince Albert, “ or he would have understood that no sovereign can owe his crown at once to hereditary succession and universal suffrage. This contradiction is bound to be the ruin, I don’t say of himself personally—perhaps he is destined to die an Emperor in his bed—but of his system, his dynasty. He has built nothing lasting ; he is only a meteor—no fixed star.” ’

Still more striking is the following character of Napoleon III., as described on another occasion by Prince Albert :—

“ I should not like,” began the Prince, “ to call the Emperor Napoleon incomprehensible (*unberechenbar*). I see in him no enigma. The events we have yet to expect will, upon the whole, not surprise me. He is, as he himself may sometimes think, the creature of a fatal destiny. His actions are the logical consequences of given premises. He *wills* far less often than he *must*. He is more to be pitied than blamed. His whole power is based upon deception. His system rests on unsolved and insoluble contradictions, which assert themselves in mutual antagonism, and which must bring his system, if not himself, to a tragic end. To reconcile these contradictions is impossible. Napo-

leon would like to be Emperor by the grace of God and at the same time *par la volonté nationale*. He can be either one or the other, but never both together. In France his power, if not derived from, at least rests upon the Catholic priesthood. In Italy he is compelled, in order to escape the daggers of Orsini's confederates and to redeem the promises made to the Carbonari, to threaten and attack the Romish Church. In like manner *L'empire c'est la paix* stands in direct contradiction to the need of giving employment to his army. Eventually he will not be able to live without the halo of a campaign on the Rhine. Even in apparently minor matters, the Nemesis of these insoluble contradictions pursues him. Take merely the architectural embellishment of Paris. Enormous sums were lavished to stop the mouths of hungry workmen; whole quarters of the town were pulled down and built up again. But when the work is finished, there will be no one in the most beautiful metropolis of Europe rich enough to enjoy its beauty.

“The most extraordinary thing is that the Emperor is really sincere in both directions. He honestly believes in what he says to-day, and just as honestly in what he will say to the contrary to-morrow. That things have gone tolerably hitherto is owing to his undeniable cleverness and to a certain exercise of prudence. But with all his gifts he is unable to appreciate that irreconcilable conflict of ideas, of which he is sure in time to be the victim. He is no philosopher. You will not be surprised to hear that I have vainly endeavoured to make this clear to the honest Persigny.”

It so fell out that Count Vitzthum was at Boulogne on a tourist's holiday at the time of Prince Albert's first visit to the Emperor in 1854, and his first impression of the Ruler of France was not favourable:—

‘On the very first day after my arrival I met the Emperor Napoleon with his suite. He was in full uniform, with tall riding boots, and with a general's hat on his head, and I can only describe my first impression by saying that this little insignificant man with a huge moustache reminded me of one of those circus masters who, with a long switch in their hands, superintend the performance. But this unfavourable impression disappeared as soon as one came into personal contact with Napoleon III. and experienced his agreeable manners.’

That interview with Prince Albert, and the return visit of the Emperor and Empress to England, have been fully described elsewhere, and they marked an important epoch in the ephemeral existence of the Second Empire. Those were its halcyon days! Little more than two years had elapsed since Louis Napoleon had crushed the liberties of France and seized the Imperial crown, by means which the all but unanimous judgement of the people of England reprobated and abhorred. Yet such was the effect of the alliance and of the goodwill he had shown to this country, that in 1854

he returned to England, the guest of the Queen, invested with the noblest order of British knighthood, and received with enthusiasm by the population of London. The Emperor revisited in triumph the streets which he had known for years as an exile and an adventurer; and it was in London and at Windsor that he took rank for the first time as one of the chief sovereigns of Europe. The visit was repeated in 1857, but with very different objects. His purpose then was, as Prince Albert informed Count Vitzthum, to endeavour to obtain the support or the concurrence of England in the projects he already entertained on Italy. The reply of the Prince was that the Government of this country could never be a party to a policy directed against the faith of treaties and the territories of an ally. The Emperor saw that the alliance of England in such a cause was unattainable. All he could hope for was her neutrality, and that Kossuth promised him, with the assistance of the Radical party, to obtain. But from that time the relations of the two Courts and the two countries visibly cooled. They were embittered by the results of the Orsini conspiracy, and by the evident desire of Napoleon III. to accomplish what he termed the *remaniement* of the map of Europe by diplomacy or by arms. Of the progress of these events Count Vitzthum gives us a minute and accurate picture.

From the manner in which our author speaks of the Crimean war, it may readily be inferred that he was an ardent partisan of peace, and that he cared but little for the terms on which it might be concluded. At that moment the peace party in England was small, and he supplies us with an amusing account of a luncheon given in a well-known house in London to bring together its heterogeneous elements; but much cannot be said for the sagacity of the guests on that occasion.

'A lady who has been a friend since her youth of the Princess Lieven makes, though married to a former English Cabinet Minister, so little secret of her Russian sympathies as to display on her arm daily the well-known mourning bracelet in memory of the Emperor Nicholas. She is, of course, utterly opposed to the present war, and yesterday invited several friends of peace to luncheon, among others Disraeli, Bright, the Prussian Minister, and myself.

'John Bright, a cotton-spinner of Manchester, lives in Quaker circles, which are difficult of access to us diplomatists. Our amiable hostess had had some trouble in decoying this Radical Quaker into her aristocratic house. Her object was to bring him into personal contact with Disraeli, and to enable Bernstorff and myself to make the acquaintance of this able orator and courageous apostle of peace. Mr.

Bright was Bernstorff's neighbour at luncheon, and Disraeli mine. The latter was in the best possible humour, and more communicative than ever. He assured me at once that Gladstone's reconciliation with the Tories was an accomplished fact. "Gladstone and Bright," he remarked among other things, "are not only the best speakers in the House of Commons, but also the most energetic characters there."

"Present persons always excepted," I broke in—a compliment which was accepted as quite a matter of course.

"Of course!" replied the leader of the Opposition; "I have always thought Gladstone, Bright, and myself the three most energetic men in the House. I have watched Gladstone very carefully," he added, "and am convinced that his strength of will is inflexible. Bright is sometimes blunt, but his eloquence is most powerful. He has not the subtleness of Cobden, but he has far more energy, and his talents are more practically applied. The session is at an end. Old Palmerston has taken the hint we gave him recently, and shook my hand yesterday so warmly that I am disarmed until November. When that time comes, the position will have become clearer, and public opinion shaped itself; and we shall then see what is to be done. This much I can say, that our Ministry is prepared: a strong Government, which will astonish the world. The men who are now at the helm, cannot wield it any longer. It will not be necessary to upset them, they will fall by themselves. With the exception of old Palmerston, who for a man of seventy still displays astonishing energy, the present Cabinet has neither an orator nor a debater. But the old man is a desperado, who clings convulsively to power, because he feels that he would have no prospect of ever coming in again if he were now ousted."

"I then turned the conversation on the subject of the Austrian proposals, the rejection of which, even from the war party's point of view, was to be regarded as a political mistake. For even if, as Lord Clarendon believed, the peace thus obtained had only been an armistice, it would have enabled the Allies to effect an honourable retreat. It was sheer nonsense for the English newspapers to talk of the perfidy of Austria, for it was not Austria, but the Western Powers, who had torn up the Treaty of December. "England," I said, "has no money, and France no troops, to provide the support stipulated for in the third Article. And do you wonder that your ally should think twice before beginning single-handed a war compared to which the Crimean expedition would be mere child's play?"

"Disraeli, who had followed attentively my remarks, agreed with me, and said, "The truth is, we have no longer any statesmen. The whole business has been mismanaged from the first."

"The main points of this conversation have been reported on the whole with accuracy by the "Press," a newspaper which is said to be Disraeli's organ.

"My question, whether Palmerston would not perhaps employ the vacation in reverting to his policy of 1848, to conceal his difficulties in the Crimea by means of revolutionary diversions, was answered evasively. The House of Commons would never follow the Premier

in such a course, but Palmerston was a desperado and capable of anything.

‘Mr. Bright was even more outspoken. He said plainly, “The war is being continued simply and solely to keep Lord Palmerston in office, for it is well known on the other side of the Channel that they would not have such an easy game with anyone else as with the present Premier.”’

‘Altogether, and notwithstanding the undoubted *rapprochement* which is going on between the Tories, Peelites, and the Manchester school, it would be a mistake to assume that the war party has lost ground. But just as the sun lights up the glaciers before reaching the valley, so there is some comfort in the reflection that the light of truth is beginning to dawn on the leaders of the Opposition. The Government know this, and await with impatience the close of Parliament, to be able to take breath again.’ (Vol. i. pp. 176–179.)

It seems to have been a fixed idea of these persons that Lord Palmerston was bent on carrying on the war for his own advantage and amusement. Count Vitzthum goes so far as to say that ‘Lord Clarendon confided to me that he ‘had gone to Paris with express instructions from Lord ‘Palmerston not to allow peace to be made.’ We must enter our protest against that statement. The Count’s ears must have deceived him. Lord Clarendon would not have accepted such instructions from anyone. He went to Paris, to our certain knowledge, resolved to make peace, but anxious to make such a peace as Parliament and the country would accept in their then frame of mind. There lay the difficulty. Mr. Greville gave a perfectly accurate account of the views of the British Government, when, being asked by Walewski whether Palmerston really and sincerely desired peace, he replied—

‘I believed Palmerston was now sincere in wishing to make peace, but that it was in his nature to be *exigeant*, and he thought it necessary to be so now because it was of great moment to him to present to the country a peace with as many concessions as possible from Russia.*’

It is well known that in the course of the negotiations for peace at Paris in 1856, the Court of France showed a strong leaning to the side of its late enemy, and endeavoured to minimise the conditions which the Allies were justified in exacting from Russia. The Emperor was evidently bent on securing for himself the eventual support of Russia, and he was seconded in this policy by Walewski and Morny, his two principal advisers. The latter personage figured with great splendour at the coronation of Alexander II. at

* ‘Greville Memoirs,’ Third Part, vol. ii. p. 21.

Moscow in the following year, and brought back with him a Russian wife. In exact proportion to the growing intimacy between France and Russia, the close relations which had subsisted for some years between France and England became more cool; and a variety of incidents led them within measurable distance of a rupture, when the Orsini conspiracy shook the nerves of Napoleon III. and hurried him into the Italian campaign. These incidents have nowhere been traced so clearly as they are in these volumes. The design to attack Austria in Italy lay at the bottom of them. Some British statesmen, especially Lord Palmerston, Lord John Russell, and Mr. Gladstone, were animated by so strong an interest in the cause of Italian independence, and by feelings so hostile to Austria, that they were not unwilling to abet the aggressive policy of the Emperor. But Prince Albert was entirely opposed to it, and in this he had the support of Lord Clarendon. That minister was not less desirous than his colleagues to ameliorate the condition of Italy; but he was of opinion that the maintenance of the peace of Europe, and of the existing settlement of Europe, was of more importance to British interests than any change to be effected by the armed intervention of France backed by Russia. He had penetrated the subtle designs of M. de Cavour, and in his judgement it was desirable to strengthen our good understanding with Austria in presence of dangers which threatened to lead to great and uncertain changes. Hence, while France was drawing nearer to Russia, the foreign policy of this country tended to a closer understanding with the German Powers. This is the inference we draw from the curious and minute details furnished to us by the volumes before us. The germ of the Italian war may be traced in them at a much earlier period than is commonly supposed. The plan of the Emperor was to attack the German States separately, or, as he once said to Nigra, to bring them to attack each other, and Austria was marked out for the first onset. But, however cunningly devised may be the forecasts of politicians, they sometimes lead to results diametrically opposed to their intentions and desires.

These schemes of Napoleon III. were in great part realised. Austria was defeated, Italy was raised to independence, Prussia and Austria came to blows at Sadowa. But instead of remodelling the map of Europe in the interests of France, the Emperor only succeeded in creating powers on her frontier which led to his own overthrow and destruction, and in the Mediterranean he called into being

a State jealous of French influence and closely allied to England.

In spite, however, of the incidents which had operated against the close alliance of France and England, the Emperor (whose variable disposition has been noted) continued to acknowledge its importance. In a very remarkable conversation with Count Vitzthum in the spring of 1858, after the rejection of the Conspiracy Bill, he used these words:—

‘Je n’ai pas besoin des Anglais pour me défendre. Je suis un homme providentiel. J’ai une mission à remplir, et tant que la Providence aura besoin de moi elle saura me protéger. La nation que je suis appelé à gouverner ne connaît pas l’Angleterre, ignore ses institutions et n’apprécie pas comme moi les intérêts réciproques que protège notre alliance. J’aurais donc désiré que les ministres de la Reine et le Parlement donnassent à la France une preuve évidente de la valeur qu’ils attachent à ma vie et à ma personne. L’alliance, je le répète, c’est moi ! S’ils ne le comprennent pas, tant pis pour eux et pour nous. Les deux peuples ne se connaissent pas et ne s’aiment guère.’

On another occasion Napoleon is reported to have said: ‘J’irai avec les Anglais jusqu’aux dernières limites du possible,’ and if that fails, ‘je jouerai mon va-tout.’

Such was the state of feeling in which he plunged into war with Austria—a war which, as we shall presently show, changed not only the character and policy of his reign, but the entire state of Europe. But we must first see what Count Vitzthum has to say on the matter. He treats it in the spirit of a German diplomatist, with a strong conviction of the legal rights of Austria, with very little sympathy for the Italians, and with a positive contempt for the conduct of the ruler of France.

Napoleon meanwhile, at Plombières, had placed himself entirely in the power of the only Sovereign who at that time knew what he wanted—Victor Emmanuel. This King possessed in Count Cavour a minister who cared nothing for either law or treaties, but who knew how to carry through his bold projects with the cunning of a Machiavelli. Just as the King of Sardinia looked down on his minister and made him serviceable to his aims, so did Cavour regard the short-sighted Emperor of the French. Cavour, versed in every intrigue of Italian cunning, had soon perceived that the fear of death and the love of pleasure were the surest means of making Napoleon the blind tool of Victor Emmanuel. He confirmed the French Emperor in the belief that the liberation of Italy was the only means of protecting his life from the daggers and bombshells of his former fellow-conspirators. Without the knowledge of his own ministers, Napoleon had, with unequalled *naïveté*, given promises in *writing*, which made Victor Emmanuel master of the situation. It was clear that this King had it

quite in his power, following the example of his father, to resign the crown in case Napoleon should repent of keeping his promises. It was equally obvious, however, that the abdication of Victor Emmanuel, if publicly known to be due to a breach of faith by France, would unchain the Revolution in Italy and probably lead to the murder of Napoleon. But, at the same time, the crafty Piedmontese did not neglect another means of influencing the French Emperor, namely female diplomacy. It was generally known that Walewski, who was always on confidential relations with Thiers, had been warned by him against Italian *aventures*. Thiers could not conceal his conviction that a united Italy would be an awkward neighbour to France. Walewski was entirely dependent on the favour enjoyed by his wife with the Emperor and Empress. He would have been overthrown and replaced by Persigny had it not been for the successful homage of the Countess Walewska. Cavour's only hope of weakening her influence on the irresolute and fickle Napoleon was to engage the inflammable heart of the Emperor in another quarter. This was to be the task of the daughter of a Sardinian *diplomat*, as beautiful as she was cold, and she succeeded in accomplishing it. The Countess C—— was undeniably, if not the most beautiful, one of the most beautiful women of the century. Schooled in all the arts of female coquetry, she fascinated men by the contrast between her ice-cold temperament and her voluptuous beauty. Through her Cavour learnt everything that went on, not only in Paris, but also in the wavering mind of the Emperor, who was not always silent. All the contradictions between his words and deeds during the first few months of 1859 find an explanation in these snares, which were hidden at the time from the public eye.' (Vol. i. pp. 290-292)

We are not aware that anyone has previously ascribed to Victor Emmanuel the intellectual power necessary to conceive and execute a great scheme of policy. But that is Count Vitzthum's opinion of him. When the King came to Windsor to receive the Order of the Garter from the hands of her Majesty, the impression he produced was widely different. The Duchess of Sutherland said that he looked like the veritable St. George who had killed the dragon, and his conversation was as coarse as his manners. He had the traditional ambition of his race, undaunted courage, and a manly resolution to adhere to his constitutional engagements. If he did not kill the dragon, he certainly did kill that spirit of revolution on which Mazzini had relied to effect the emancipation of Italy, and he obtained just as much foreign support as was required to accomplish his purposes without a sacrifice of his own independence. But it was the subtle genius of Cavour that turned these qualities to advantage, and made an empire obey the impulse given by a principality. Count Vitzthum is of an opposite opinion.

'The National idea, formulated in the vainglorious and impracticable phrase, "*l'Italia farà da sé*," had been awakened, it is true, by some men of distinguished ability, such as Gioberti, Massimo d'Azeglio, Alfieri, and others; but, notwithstanding the activity of secret societies, it met with little appreciation or sympathy from the masses. These theoretical attempts to manufacture a united nation out of the fragments of so many nationalities, and notwithstanding the jealousy of so many townships, the House of Savoy, ever greedy of territory, took care to encourage and turn to practical account. The man who created Italy was not Cavour, but Victor Emmanuel. He combined with the cunning of the chamois hunter the most perfect good nature, and with the courage of the soldier the acuteness of a bold statesman. The future will do justice to this Sovereign, whom the present generation fails to understand. Cavour, Rattazzi, Ricasoli, La Marmora, and others, whatever their names, were simply his puppets. About details he never troubled himself. The dirty work he left to his ministers. The constitutional forms, which had become indispensable, he observed as means to attain his own objects. Hence, as the representative of the National idea and of unity, he always held the reins of power, and remained dictator to the end of his life. That he reckoned Napoleon also among his marionettes is a fact of which the French Emperor, in his self-blindness, had no idea. A mediæval Condottiere, armed with the cunning of a Machiavelli, he alone was able to control the ferment, and construct at least a temporary edifice out of the heterogeneous materials at his command. He sacrificed his daughter and the cradle of his house, but he brought out Young Italy from the flames of the Revolution for himself and his son, in spite of Pope and Emperor.' (Vol. i. pp. 293-294.)

The efforts of the British Government to preserve the peace of Europe have been described in more than one recent publication, and justice is now done to Lord Malmesbury's energetic and judicious conduct with Lord Cowley at this crisis. But we were playing against loaded dice. The determination to attack Austria and to try the effect of the new rifled artillery in the field had long been taken. The Emperor had sold himself to Italy; Italy had already sold Savoy and Nice secretly to France, and war was inevitable. It was conducted with equal incapacity on either side.

'The friends of Austria hoped that the now unavoidable war would be conducted with vigour and energy, and that Piedmont would be defeated before France could come to her assistance. But Radetzky was dead, Hess had grown old, and Gyulai was no general. Thus Austria's conduct of the war was on a par with her diplomacy. The Ticino, indeed, was crossed, but instead of making a rapid march on Turin and annihilating the Piedmontese army on the way, precious time was wasted, the French were allowed to pass the Alps unmolested, and a retreat was made, with the view of awaiting the enemy's attack on Austrian soil. Thus the brave troops were worn

out and demoralised with marches and countermarches, and the campaign was morally lost before it began.

'After a few unimportant skirmishes of outposts, came on June 4 the battle of Magenta. On that day it was made evident that the conduct of the campaign had been quite as faulty on the part of the French and Piedmontese as on that of the Austrians. As the Duke of Malakoff had predicted, Napoleon's presence on the battle-field was a mere embarrassment. Instead of animating his troops, like Victor Emmanuel, by the example of his brilliant bravery, this phantom Emperor rode irresolutely here and there, and was within a hair's breadth of being captured, together with his escort, by Count Clam's Uhlans, when he was rescued by MacMahon. This general's appearance decided in favour of the allies the battle which, apparently at least, had been won by the Austrians. How indecisive was the whole affair, is shown by Napoleon's own candid confession. "Vous aviez gagné la bataille de Magenta," said the Emperor a few weeks afterwards to Prince Metternich, "mais puisque vos généraux ne s'en doutaient pas, je me suis empressé de télégraphier à Paris que c'était moi qui avais remporté la victoire." Thus history is made.' (Vol. i. pp. 302-303.)

Meanwhile Lord Derby's Ministry was defeated and dissolved, and Lord Palmerston, far more hostile to Austria and more cordial to Italy, succeeded to power.

'Palmerston had been only six days in office when he had the satisfaction of receiving the news of the French victory at Solferino (June 24). This battle was one of those which are decisive from a political, but indecisive from a military, point of view. The Austrians, after extraordinary losses, quitted the battle-field in perfect order, and without leaving any trophies in the conquerors' hands. Benedek had dealt the Piedmontese a mortal blow. The French army was so far exhausted, that no thoughts could be entertained of following up the enemy. In view of the fact that the Quadrilateral was still intact, Napoleon thought it necessary to ask for an armistice.

'Of the battle of Solferino several contradictory versions were current. According to the unanimous verdict of the English officers who were present in the Austrian and French headquarters at this murderous conflict, the Austrian troops of all ranks fought admirably, while the French only purchased victory by the sacrifice of their *corps d'élite*. The generalship was as defective on the one side as on the other. The presence of both Emperors served only to increase the confusion. The last fact was confirmed to me a few weeks after the event by Count Schlik in Dresden. This brave cavalry officer, who had been entrusted only on the day before the battle with the chief command in place of Gyulai, had had no time to make the necessary dispositions. Thus the Austrian army had been made to take up a position which impartial strategists condemned as untenable. "The worst was," Schlik said to me, "that I could take little care of the battle on that disastrous day. My constant business was to prevent

“ my Emperor from exposing himself too much. He was always “ where the shells were bursting most thickly.” ’ (Vol. i. pp. 304–305.)

An attempt was made by Persigny in London to bring about the mediation of England and Prussia to terminate the war, and he even telegraphed to the Emperor the terms on which he conceived that peace could be made. These terms were not approved by the Queen and the Prince, and the message was deceptive. But it was not without effect. It is impossible to doubt that if the Emperor of Austria had withdrawn within the Quadrilateral, and declined to treat after Solferino, he would have placed his adversary in a most embarrassing position, for the French were wholly without the means of attempting the siege of four of the strongest fortresses in Europe. But, says Count Vitzthum :—

‘ Neither the French nor the Austrian Emperor could have seen with indifference the countless victims of this bloody campaign on the ghastly battle-field of Solferino. Both desired, therefore, to bring the unhappy war to an end. The beaten army was less threatened, being under the protection of their fortresses, than the victorious one. The latter had lost not only its best troops, but also a disproportionately large number of officers, and was suffering from the drought occasioned by the unusual heat as well as from the marked hostility of the population. In addition to that, Napoleon was well aware that he had not only to deal with the Austrian army, which had retreated in good order, and with the almost impregnable Quadrilateral. The German armies were ready to march, and Pelissier was not strong enough to prevent the Prussian troops from pushing forward on Paris. In the event of a declaration of war by the German Bund, Napoleon would have been obliged to retire across the Alps without achieving the object of his campaign. It was therefore of vital importance to conclude peace on the terms of *uti possidetis*. Though he had promised to the Piedmontese the “ freedom of Italy from the Alps to the Adriatic,” and proclaimed this in his manifesto of war, he saw now that to carry out his programme must infallibly expose him to the dangers of a European coalition. Of two evils, the less seemed to him a breach of his word. Accordingly he despatched a trusted agent, General Fleury, behind the backs of his allies to the Austrian headquarters, with instructions to invite the Emperor Francis Joseph to a personal meeting at Villafranca. This chivalrous monarch had been gradually convinced of the incompetence of his ministers and generals, and the sufferings of his brave army had torn his heart. He consented, therefore, to the proposed interview. At this meeting, where no witnesses were present, the main points of the preliminaries of peace were agreed on between the two Emperors direct. As was to have been expected, Persigny’s telegram played the chief part in this discussion. The Emperor Francis Joseph, far too high-minded to think such perfidy possible, concluded peace under the impression that Napoleon was really, as he boasted, imposing more favourable terms than those

which the mediating Powers, England and Prussia, would have demanded of him. He attached great weight to the assurance that his relatives, who were under his protection, the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and the Dukes of Modena and Parma, as well as the Pope, should suffer no loss of territory. But the chief reason that induced the Emperor to sacrifice Lombardy was the financial straits of the Empire, which were insisted on so urgently by Baron von Bruck. The unpleasant discovery of considerable embezzlements may also have contributed not a little to demonstrate the necessity of administrative reform, which could only be effected in time of peace.' (Vol. i. pp. 306-307.)

Such was the termination of that brief but eventful campaign. The views of Prince Albert at the outset of the war, especially with regard to its effects on the Anglo-French alliance and on Germany, are related in an interesting letter of March 3, 1859:—

'The game stands simply thus. Every time I have seen the Emperor Napoleon, he has endeavoured to persuade me that there was only one means of preventing the complications he foresaw, namely that England and France should come to a previous understanding as to the reconstruction of the map of Europe. A last attempt of this kind was made at Cherbourg. To this I invariably replied: We in England maintain that there are no better means of bringing about the complications feared, than to tie one's hands against eventualities of the future, since by so doing the party who has an interest in change can morally compel the other to co-operate. To play such a part no British statesman would either now or at any future time consent, and least of all would I. The Emperor regretted what he called these mistaken English theories. I cut short the discussion by remarking that he would find himself convinced to his cost of the correctness of our principle. I know that during the Conferences at Paris, and indeed at Compiègne also, a similar attempt was made with others, but each time in vain. The Emperor has found at length his man at Plombières. Is Cavour the tool of Napoleon, or Napoleon the dupe of the Piedmontese Minister? I know not. Secrets hid in the bosom of a third party are past finding out. In our own interest, as in the interest of peace, we cling firmly at present to the most favourable conjecture. We assume that the French Emperor does not desire war at any price, but has only given assurances to the Sardinians for certain eventualities. In all probability he has promised to support Piedmont in the event of an attack. I conclude this from what Cavour himself says, who continues to talk idly about a pretended attack by Austria. The Emperor has written to us saying that he desires the maintenance of peace, but must beg that people in England and Germany will leave off taking precautions against the impending danger of a war. These might easily oblige him to draw the sword, in order to retain his own position in France.' (Vol. i. pp. 319-320.)

The future historian of the nineteenth century will per-

ceive in these events and in the motives which prompted them the turning-point in our times and in the state of Europe. When Napoleon III. drew the sword against Austria, he renounced that policy of peace which he had declared to be the foundation of his empire. He broke the ties which had united him to this country, ever desirous of the maintenance of peace and jealous of the faith of treaties, in order to give effect to his chimerical designs for remodelling the map of Europe. Down to that moment the great European settlement of 1815 had maintained its influence, or we may say its sanctity, in spite of the Revolutions of 1830 and 1848; or, if modified at all, it had been modified with the consent of all the Great Powers. All the States, whether great or small, respected and relied on that vast international contract, because they felt that even when it was contrary to their interests and desires, it was the palladium of their rights, and that once broken it would be long before it could be restored. A system of alliances sprang up, that of the North more favourable to absolutism, that of the West more favourable to liberty; but both alike professed their adherence to their common obligations. The rights of nations, like the rights of individuals, can only be protected by law or by force; and if the reign of law was overthrown by war, force alone could be relied upon to defend their existence. Hence ensued from the destruction of the treaties of 1815 those enormous military armaments which are now the curse of Europe, those tremendous conflicts which have since occurred, and the cessation of those confidential relations between governments which had so powerfully contributed to the maintenance of peace. The independence of Italy and the unification of Germany are no doubt important and beneficial results; but the price paid for them is a heavy one, and to none more heavy than to France, which originated the change and plunged headlong into the conflict.

Nothing can more effectually demonstrate the fatal effects of the shock given to the faith of treaties by the Italian war than the fact that all international engagements entered into since that period have proved more or less futile and precarious, and that all confidence in them is lost. The Treaty of 1853, for the maintenance of the integrity of the Danish monarchy, was speedily repudiated, and the duchies were torn from that Crown. The Treaty of Zurich, which terminated the Italian war, proved to be impracticable, and was followed by convulsions in Italy. The Treaty of Paris,

which neutralised the Black Sea, was violated in 1871 by Russia, and Turkey was again attacked in 1878. And we are told by the highest authority that the Treaty of Frankfort, imposed by Germany on France, is only binding on the parties until one of them is strong enough to break it. These are the deplorable results which have destroyed public confidence and public faith, and will probably lead to still more inhuman contests. We do not yield to Mr. Bright himself in our desire of peace; but when he says that he wishes that the Foreign Office and all the treaties in it were burnt, he forgets that it is only by international contracts, honourably observed, that the peace of the world can be preserved.

In the second volume of Count Vitzthum's work, through which our limits do not allow us to follow him, he traces with a faithful pen the various transactions that arose out of this great crisis, illustrated by his conversations with the leading statesmen of this and other countries; and we do not think so faithful a picture of them has been given to the world by any other writer. It would require another article to follow him through the vicissitudes of the Italian revolution, which entirely baffled the intentions of Napoleon; the struggle in Denmark, which was marked by signal breaches of faith, and led indirectly to hostilities between Prussia and Austria and the extinction of the Germanic Confederation; and even to the commencement of the Civil War in America. All these subjects are treated by Count Vitzthum with an inexhaustible supply of personal anecdote and authentic information from headquarters. With his own opinions we do not always agree. We think he relied too much on the somewhat rhapsodical conversation of Mr. Disraeli, and took too unfavourable a view of the leaders of the Whig party. But it is natural that we should regard these events from a different point of view; and even when we differ from him, we recognise the good sense and dispassionate judgement which he brings to bear on these controverted subjects. We are persuaded that his recollections will be read with the greatest interest in this country, and we regard them as a valuable contribution to the memoirs of our own times.

ART. II.—*Railway Problems: An Inquiry into the Economic Conditions of Railway Working in different Countries.* By J. S. JEANS, Fellow and Member of Council of the Statistical Society. London: 1887.

ENGLAND has long been proud, and not without reason, of the excellence of her means of travel. Her roads, her horses, her carriages, her speed and convenience of transport, were, fifty years ago, as a whole, absolutely unrivalled. That admirable system, of which each summer still produces such a faint reflexion as to move the pity of the old lovers of the road, faded like a dream before the progress of the locomotive. But it was England that cradled the railway system. It is to the genius and the industry of Englishmen that the world owes the invention and the practical introduction of the means of the greatest physical revolution recorded in history. How is it, then, that we are now everywhere confronted with the thorny perplexities of the railway question? How is it that, session after session, Parliament witnesses the introduction of bills for railway reform, each of which breaks down more hopelessly than its predecessors? How is it that, while English railway shareholders have to struggle for a pittance of return on the money—more than eight hundred millions sterling—that they have spent on our internal communications, commercial men are loud in their denunciations of the excessive and unfair charges of the great carrying companies, and manufacture is transferring her centres of activity from the mouth of the coal mine to the shores of our navigable rivers?

Few things are more intolerable than that expression of triumphant condolence, ‘I told you so!’ Perhaps the more truthful the claim the more odious is the assertion. It is, therefore, only a strong sense of the gravity of the actual condition of the English railways that leads us to reprint, from the ‘Edinburgh Review’ of April, 1876, the statement, ‘We believe that the railway proprietors, and therefore the public, have suffered, and are likely to suffer yet more heavily, from a mistaken policy, based on unacquaintance with controlling facts.’ The managers of the railways of the United Kingdom may claim the unenviable distinction of being the only persons in a like position who steadily refuse not only to publish, but even to ascertain, the respective working costs of the different and mutually interfering kinds of business that they carry on. Such neglect

of the prime conditions of business success generally leads towards bankruptcy. As it is, every hundred pounds of railway capital now earns seven shillings a year less of profit than it did when the above words were printed.

‘The railway managers of this country,’ says Mr. Jeans, ‘profess that they are unable to furnish the exact cost of working any description of traffic. It would be extremely ungracious to suggest that it probably does not suit their purpose to know too much on this subject. But it is beyond all question that if this item is not known on English lines, it is well enough known on foreign ones.’ In most of the French railway returns, and in Mr. Danvers’s report on the Indian railways for 1875,’ says a reviewer in the ‘Athenæum’ of November 2, 1878, ‘actual weights and distances are given, so that it is possible to arrive at the cost of the work done, and in some American reports every kind of detail is stated. But it is Mr. Rae (the Commissioner of Railways of New South Wales) who has been the first to bring forward, officially and exactly, that information which is the real clue to the question of railway profits and railway losses.’ The report of the present Commissioner, Mr. Goodechap, for the year 1885 is now in our hands. It is difficult to speak too highly of this report, and of the value of the graphical and tabular forms in which exhaustive information is supplied in the appendix.

Continental Europe has, in many respects, bettered the lesson that she learned, in the first instance, from England. The French, the Austrian, and the Italian railway managers—using the term in its highest sense—have been unwearied in the scientific, as well as in the practical, analysis of the conditions and cost of railway working; and their lines owe much of their prosperity to the sound basis of treatment thus laid down. ‘*Les Chemins de Fer Français, par M. Alfred Picard, conseiller d’état, ingénieur en chef des Ponts et Chaussées, ancien directeur des chemins de fer au Ministère des Travaux Publics*’ (a book which appears, from his remarks on French railways, to be unknown to Mr. Jeans), is an admirable and exhaustive work, a true literary record and monument of the French railway system. The report, in 1879, to the Belgian Chamber of Representatives, by M. Le Hardy de Beaulieu, on public works, includes a comparison of the financial state of the Belgian railways with that of French and English lines which is full of warning as to the results of neglected accounts. These works offer but one or two of the numerous proofs that exist both of the

possibility of keeping proper railway accounts and of the national benefit secured by their publication.

In many respects the railways of the United Kingdom, and more especially those of England and Wales, are unlike those of other countries. They have cost, in round numbers, twice as much per mile as the average of foreign railways, and four times as much as the railways of the United States. They run trains at a higher speed than is elsewhere maintained. The facilities that they offer to passengers, in the way of hours of starting, are as exceptional as is their speed. The comfort of the vehicles (with some scandalous exceptions) is great. The old policy of driving passengers to take the more expensive seats by the extreme discomfort of the third-class carriages is now pretty generally abandoned; and it is rather to the introduction of special comforts for the first-class travellers than to any other method of influencing the choice of a vehicle that we have to look for any arrest of that gravitation towards the cheapest mode of travelling which is so marked a feature of the present time. Safety is now the rule, and is as remarkable in the densest traffic in the world as it is on the non-metropolitan lines. As to punctuality—an element of safety no less than of economy of time—we have no data for exact comparison with foreign railways; but on the whole there can be but little irregularity to counterbalance the gain of time due to higher speed. The saving of time to the passenger is the great motive and advantage of high speed on railways. The rate of travel of freight trains is of comparatively little importance over so small an area as that of our island. The economy of time to the traveller is a positive addition to the sources of our national wealth. But with these great advantages for the travelling public we have to couple the facts that the gross earning of railway capital in the United Kingdom is lower than that in any of the principal countries of Europe, that it is one-fifth less than that in the United States, and that it is appreciably less than that attained in 1874. As to the 10 per cent. dividends of 1844, they have vanished before the steady increase in the proportionate working charges which has accompanied *pari passu* the increase of unremunerative traffic.

The fact that the cost per mile of our railways has doubled, while the profit on the capital has appreciably diminished, is one of most serious import. It is one among many proofs that a main element of railway prosperity has been overlooked, at all events by English railway projectors. This

element is the cardinal question of the capacity of a railway for traffic. Such capacity may be regarded in two ways. The one is as to the actual amount of traffic, measured by the number and weight of trains, and the amount of live or paying load which they carry, that a pair of railway tracks can convey, due provision for collecting and distributing such load being made. The other is the proportion of gross and of net earnings per cent. on the capital laid out. The two are intimately connected, and the sharp limit which we find to be everywhere put on the latter shows the importance of investigating the former.

Those of our readers who may be disposed to enquire into the details of the question of the physical capacity of the railway for the transport of traffic we must refer to the report of the Select Committee on Canals, 1883, in which they will find much and valuable information on the subject. But without going into any detail, it is evident that the maximum capacity of a railway, be it more or less, can only be utilised on the condition that all the trains shall run at the same speed, and stop, for equal intervals, at the same stations. When, as at the commencement of railway travelling, trains are few and far between, this consideration does not apply. But the moment there arises the question of turning on to a pair of rails as much traffic as they can carry, the uniformity of speed becomes of paramount importance. It is not the question of actual speed. An equal number of loaded trains can follow one another over a pair of rails in twenty-four hours, whatever be their rate of motion, so long as that motion is uniform. But introduce two rates of speed—to say nothing of three—and the capacity of the line is at once decreased, and that (supposing it to be taxed to the full) in the ratio of the difference of the speeds. The time lost to allow the slow train to get out of the way of the following fast train, or to allow it to proceed to a station where it can get into a siding to allow a fast train to pass it, is so considerable that it will be found, as a rule, to pay far better to make two, or even three, railways (always supposing that there is an ample traffic), each to work at its own speed, than to run trains at two or three rates of speed over the same rails, involving at the same time increase of capital and decrease of capacity.

This fact—on the cardinal importance of which it is needless to insist—is capable of very simple geometric demonstration. Passing over that—and the mathematician will grasp the law in a moment—it is admirably illustrated

by the return of the number of persons engaged on the English railways in the year 1883. A writer in the 'Times' newspaper, on September 4, 1884, gives an analysis of this return, as showing the relation between the number of men employed and the mode of conducting the traffic; and concludes: 'It thus appears, subject to any correction for variation in rates of freight and of fares, that it takes nearly double the labour to earn an equal amount of gross revenue per mile when three speeds are introduced than when one only is maintained, and that the cost of the use of two speeds is intermediate between that of one and that of three rates of travel.' We thus obtain a simple and practical measure, apart from, but in exact accordance with, the mathematical proof of the decrease in the earning capacity of a railway dependent on any variation of the speeds at which the different trains are run.

A great change has come over the utterances of railway chairmen and managers since 1876. At that time it was the custom to say that the mineral traffic was the most lucrative of any that was carried on the rail. Sir James Allport, as cited by Mr. Jeans (p. 402), gave evidence—or, rather, committed himself to the statement, that minerals could be carried on the Midland Railway at a price very little exceeding that which was paid, as reported by the Royal Commission of 1867, for the hire of wagons alone. No member of the Committee on Canals put the pertinent question, 'What has become of the prodigious profit on the whole traffic if so much is secured from that conducted at the lowest prices on the tariff?' Enormous sums have been laid out to provide for this bulky and low-priced freight; and now—not at one or two half-yearly meetings, but as a general rule—railway chairmen, while still maintaining that some profit is derived from mineral transport (on trunk lines of main traffic), admit that it is but a small one. 'To carry at a small profit,' they add, 'is better than to lose the traffic.' That statement sounds plausible. It might, perhaps, have been true when a daily couple of passenger trains, and the same number of goods trains, each way, would have been enough to carry all the traffic between London and Birmingham. But the moment the limit of capacity for transport of a line is approached, small profit means large loss. It is not only the case that a slow and unprofitable train occupies the line to the displacement of a more rapid and profitable train, but that it actually blocks the way for two or three of such despatches. On this view, as

was shown in evidence before the Select Committee on Canals, there is reason to conclude that nearly a million a year is lost to the railway proprietary in consequence of the carriage of coals by railway to London.

The existence of such a state of things—or, let us say, the possibility of any rational conjecture that such a state of things may exist—would be impossible in the presence of such accounts as are kept by the great continental railway companies; and more especially if the luminous method of the New South Wales reports were adopted on the English railways. The English lines are indisputably the most costly in the world. That cost, measured per mile, is steadily and rapidly increasing. The earning capacity of the capital does not increase; it is, on the contrary, slowly declining. The carrying capacity of the lines is minimised by the mixed method of working; and it is under these conditions that the railway proprietors, the Board of Trade, Parliament, and the public have been hitherto content to allow railway directors to keep no proper accounts—no such accounts as are kept almost everywhere out of England, and as have been long since declared to be desirable by the Board of Trade. Section after section of Mr. Jeans's book shows a breakdown in the prosecution of statistical enquiries owing to absence of accounts.

While the disastrous results of working at different speeds are thus so evident, even without waiting for the details which have been refused, the question of the cost of speed is one which is no less involved in unnecessary obscurity. So far is Mr. Jeans from having obtained any information on this important point from the statistics that he has collected and consulted, that we find him (on p. 265) tacitly adopting the wholly imaginary and incorrect hypothesis of the 'Speed ton.' That hypothesis is to the effect that it will cost the same to convey a ton for a mile at the speed of fifty miles an hour, that it will to convey fifty tons for a mile at the rate of one mile in an hour. It is easy to show that, taking wages into account as well as fuel, it will cost more to make the same train crawl along at the lower speed than it will to hurry it forward at the higher velocity. It may thus be estimated how wild and confusing are all such proposed distributions of cost as depend on so absurd an assumption.

It has been distinctly shown by the investigations of Herr von Szabo, Professor of the Imperial and Royal Polytechnic School at Buda-Pesth, in an essay contributed to the Hungarian Academy of Sciences, that difference of running speed

makes no difference in the cost of maintenance of way. It is thus probable that it has no influence on the cost of repairs of vehicles. All that certainly increases with speed of running is the consumption of fuel, and that in an ascertainable proportion. On the contrary, the incidence of wages and of all outlay dependent on time (such as interest of money) diminishes as speed increases. The balance between these different items of expenditure is such as to render a regular speed of about thirty miles an hour the most economical at which the traffic on the English railways can be worked. The calculation refers to running speed. Every stoppage is a direct source of increased cost. The most expensive mode of working possible is, as in the case of the Metropolitan Railways, to get up a fast running speed between stations, which is reduced to a low speed from terminus to terminus by repeated stoppages.

The limit of the most economical speed falls lower and lower as what are called the 'traffic expenses' decline. Thus on the American lines, where the locomotive cost forms a far larger proportion of the total working expense than is the case in the United Kingdom, a much lower speed of travel is normally the cheapest. Enormous trains are therefore run at low speeds, with economical results. On lines in England which are worked almost exclusively as mineral lines (the passenger traffic being reduced to the speed of the mineral trains) something to the same effect occurs, as in the case of the Taff Vale and the Maryport and Carlisle lines, with admirable results. But in these cases the most is made of the capacity of the lines by maintaining substantially a single speed.

'With the cost of conveying traffic,' says Mr. Jeans, 'the question of tare has very much to do.' This is a very modest way of putting a cardinal truth. The amount of tare, or dead weight, moved on a railway is such as to devour two-thirds of the prodigious saving effected by the application of locomotive power. It is one main reason why land transport is so much more costly than water transport. The hull of a vessel is water-borne. It is the internal capacity on which both freight and cost of working depend. On the railway barely a third of the weight of the loaded train consists of paying load; and that without counting the enormous weight of the engines and tenders; which also are transported, but which may be set against the weight of the steam machinery by sea. The amount of this voracious source of cost is increased by two circumstances.

One is that, in the passenger traffic, the carriages are rarely more than a quarter filled. The other is, that, in the goods traffic, the balance of weight transported is generally heavily in one direction. The pioneer of English lines—the London and Birmingham Railway—had been but a little time at work before the question how to get the empty wagons back to Birmingham pressed very anxiously on Mr. Robert Stephenson. This is one of the great causes of the cost of carrying coals. The transport is in one direction only—from the mines. The wagons have to be brought back empty. The tare is thus double that due to the weight and the capacity of the vehicles.

Competition between rival lines enormously increases the loss by tare. It makes little appreciable difference in the cost of running a passenger train, whether it is full or empty. The weight of the passengers forms so small a proportion of the total weight of the loaded train as to tell but little on the consumption of coal, while no other expense is appreciably increased by filling the train. But it is easy to halve or to double the receipts of a train, by running empty or full carriages. And when two trains, on two rival lines, run (as is often the case) at almost the same hours, between the same termini, the ill-effect on the pocket of the shareholder is double. First, the fares are materially reduced, as may be seen by comparing those on the Northern and on the Western lines out of London. Secondly, the tare is doubled—the passengers who might have gone by one train being accommodated with the choice of two.

Mr. Jeans says nothing that is very new or very notable as to this ancient and still afflicting sore. In fact, he has by no means collected all the information that exists as to the proportion of tare which may be approximately arrived at on the English lines, and which is directly ascertainable on others to which we have referred. The most interesting facts that he cites on this part of his subject are those bearing on the introduction of enormous freight cars on the American railways—an expedient connected with their low running speed and their great length of haul. This result, however, is only one more case of the general law which has been illustrated by the whole of our railway experience, and the appreciation of which is now rapidly transforming the mercantile navy of the world. It is a law which was originally grasped by the genius of Isambard Brunel, whose knowledge of it led to the two conceptions of the broad-gauge railway and the 'Great Britain' and 'Great Eastern' steam-

ships. It may be expressed in the phrase that the earning power due to size increases far more rapidly than the cost. In his application of the scientific law Mr. Brunel was before his time. But our shipbuilders are now racing one another in the path which he was the first to indicate; and the freight cars of the American railways are a rule-of-thumb method of obtaining the advantage which would by this time have been secured by the broad gauge, if allowed fair play.

On the subject of the internal carrying trade Mr. Jeans has a chapter that will be read with interest. His enthusiasm, indeed, leads him to overleap the statistical bounds which he has staked out; but the subject is of sufficient importance to render exaggeration natural, if not wholly defensible. By a hasty and unconsidered citation from a blue-book, accompanied by a no less hasty confusion between the rate of interest on capital and the rate of profit on working, Mr. Jeans gives figures (p. 419) which would make the revenue of the English canals amount to more than three times the total railway revenue from general merchandise, or to a greater number of crowns than the real canal revenue contains of penny pieces. This error unduly swells his estimate of our inland goods transport, which costs, or at all events earns (independent of the carriage of minerals), little more than half the amount that Mr. Giffen tells us that we pay for shipping freight. It would be well for England if such a Pactolus shed its golden streams through our land. The error is the more remarkable in a statistical work which tells us on another page (p. 415) that 'canals are almost useless.' On this important portion of our inland traffic, as to which so much definite information is furnished by the evidence before the Select Committee on Canals, Mr. Jeans has either written with ill-considered haste, or must be taken as an exemplar of the great difficulty which attends any attempt to master a subject by statistical study alone, without some practical acquaintance with real facts. Thus, on page 422, Mr. Jeans makes a statement as to the relative cost of transport by railway and by steam collier which any carrier would at once see to be ridiculous. He cites for it the authority of a witness before the Committee on Canals. But nine pages back he has printed a tabular statement put in by this very witness, which shows that the cost of railway transport is eight times as great as that by steam colliers, instead of only one third more, as Mr. Jeans now says. The explanation is, that Mr. Jeans has overlooked

the difference between the cost of transporting a ton of loaded train, and that of transporting a ton of goods, and is thus altogether in the air in making a comparison which he has enabled his readers only too easily to check. It is a pity that his accuracy is not equal to his good faith.

In fact, the question of the cost of inland transport is one demanding the gravest attention. It is one of which English writers have never grasped the backbone. It has received the profoundest study from foreign statesmen, the worth of whose inductions is but little understood among us. 'It is,' says Mr. Jeans (p. 409), 'chiefly as imposing a check upon the railway system that the French Government attach importance to the developement of their canals, and for this purpose they never expended large sums within recent years.' Such is a not uncommon view in this country. It is not that of the intelligent and thrifty Frenchman, whether in or out of a Government office. The omnipotence of competition as a regulating power is a doctrine the belief in which is confined to one side of the Channel. Most foreign statesmen are aware of a truth to which, if misfortune were utilised as a teacher, we should not so firmly close our eyes in this country. Unbridled competition is a form of gambling for encouraging which a nation usually has to pay very dearly, and the more so the longer the competition is kept up. Such competition, when it takes the form of laying out a double capital to compete for a single business, has the result either of ruining one or both of the capitalists, or of doubling the charges on the public. Between land and water transport there is no such opening for legitimate competition as could induce an intelligent and scientifically served Government to lay out forty millions sterling on the improvement of the latter as a check on the former. In a report to the Chamber of Deputies, dated May 25, 1833, M. de Berigny

'faisait allusion aux craintes que concevaient déjà quelques esprits sur la concurrence entre les chemins de fer et les canaux, mais il les repoussait comme mal-fondées, en faisant valoir que chacune de ces deux catégories de voies de communication avait son domaine spécial et distinct. Rien n'est encore plus vrai aujourd'hui ; presque partout, où des voies navigables et une voie ferrée ont été accolées, le développement de l'industrie et du commerce a été tel qu'après une crise passagère, de faible durée, le trafic de la voie préexistante s'est trouvé notablement accru. Loin de se faire la guerre, les chemins de fer et les canaux s'entraident mutuellement en accomplissant le rôle naturel qui leur est dévolu ; les uns transportent les voyageurs, les marchandises de prix, les produits manufacturés, tout ce qui ne peut subir de

longs délais; les autres, au contraire, transportent les matières premières, de peu de valeur, pour lesquelles la vitesse est secondaire, qui ne sont pas susceptibles de supporter des tarifs élevés, et qui, par suite, ne constituent pas, pour les chemins de fer, un trafic rémunérateur.'

Which is the true statesmanship: that which has allowed the railway companies to buy, to bribe, and to strangle the canals; that which feebly thinks that canals should be subsidised or supported as a check on railway charges; or that which, taking its stand on physical law, regards land and water transport as the essential complements of each other?

It is not only on behalf of the ill-remunerated creators and owners of a great system of transport, on which they have laid out, within fifty years, a sum larger than our whole national debt, that we call attention to the need of ascertaining the real condition of their property. To the manufacturers of England the cost of inland transport is matter almost of life and death. Already we have seen noble buildings deserted, vast outlay sacrificed, and great industrial establishments moved, as far as their *personnel* goes, to the seaboard, because the products could not pay the charges of transport on those railways which had for a time grown with the growth of the industries in question. The English public, the English Ministry, Parliament, all look on this vital question askew. The manufacturer denounces the railway rates which his product cannot afford to pay. The railway director denounces the niggardliness of the manufacturer who will not pay charges that ill cover working cost and modest interest on capital. Everyone takes a side. Everyone fights in the dark. To establish the fact of the price at which the railway can carry, with due regard to solvency, is the first step towards an adjustment of the difficulty. And it is just this step that the railway companies, whose ruin must follow that of the manufacturers, persistently refuse to take.

It is by utilising the full capacity of the railway as a means of transport that the only conceivable issue is to be found from this *impasse*. And there is not a chance that this can be effected until the parties interested are made aware, not only of the cost of each description of traffic, but of the cost of each if carried on alone, compared with the cost of each if carried on altogether. That the actual working charges of each description of traffic must be increased by any arrangements in consequence of which one train has to wait

for another to pass or to hasten to get out of its way, there can be little doubt. Fuel and wages are both wasted by all such makeshifts. But that is the smallest part of the evil. The real source of waste lies in the reduction of the capacity of the line for traffic that is caused by the exigencies of the different rates of travel. It is shown by a table in the report of the Select Committee on Canals that, notwithstanding a double cost per mile of construction, the railways of the United Kingdom only transport about one-sixth more gross load than do those of France and of Belgium, only one-fifteenth more than do those of the United States. When a traffic thus limited in amount has to pay interest on a double amount of capital, how is it possible that anything like the same rates can be maintained? Nor is that all. The disparity grows daily worse. Year after year the English railways cost more and more per mile. Year after year the great foreign railways approach nearer to the time when their capitals will be redeemed, their debts paid off, and the charges for transport reduced to little more than the actual working expenses, unburdened by interest or by profit. 'What then,' to use the language of the able Belgian statesman before named, 'will be the condition of that industrial people which has neglected thus to extinguish the charge weighing on its traffic?'

With regard to passenger traffic, we cannot allow that any grounds exist for the doubt expressed by Mr. Jeans 'whether passenger traffic or the transport of goods is the more remunerative to a railway.' Imperfect as the accounts of the English railways are, they yet leave no doubt, if carefully analysed, as to this question; and the high return obtained from the low-priced passenger traffic on some of the Indian lines is a conclusive testimony to the primary value of this class of business. On the New South Wales railways the net profit on a ton of passenger train is rather more than double that on a ton of goods train, for equal distances. The only excuse for any hesitation is derived from a confusion between the two distinct elements of the cost of making and the cost of working a railway. The heaviest passenger traffic in the world—that on the London railways—is worked at by far the lowest proportion to receipts of any English lines. And this is notwithstanding the fact that the high price of fuel in London and the rapid running, with frequent stoppages, raise the locomotive cost on these lines to double the price per ton of loaded trains moved on the ordinary English lines. It is the enormous

cost at which these lines have been constructed that prevents the shareholders from reaping the full benefit of the lucrative nature of the traffic, regarded in itself. A mixed traffic on such lines would hardly pay working expenses. And a careful analysis of the working cost of the principal main trunk lines radiating from the metropolis tells the same tale. In every case the proportionate costs of locomotion and of maintenance are lowered as the passenger traffic is larger, and rapidly increase as the receipts from minerals form a larger portion of the gross revenue. Much the same lesson is taught by comparing the working costs of the Great Western and other lines of railway before and after they began to carry minerals. Mr. Robert Stephenson, nobly refusing to be influenced by his own personal interest as a coalowner, declared that he never would be a party to such a robbery of the London and North-Western Railway as would be involved in obtaining the carriage of coals at a price higher than that now prevalent on the northern trunk lines of railway. The shareholders have good cause to lament the neglect of the counsel of Mr. Stephenson.

The great drawback on the lucrative character of our urban and suburban traffic is occasioned by the frequent stoppages, combined with the high rate of speed of the intermediate running. Wages and repairs are increased in their incidence by the former; consumption of fuel by the latter. Thus the candle is burned at both ends. With regard to the remarkable change in the proportionate numbers of first and of third class passengers which characterises the present time, its cause is easy to understand. It costs substantially the same to run a first and a third class carriage for a given distance. But if both are full, the latter will earn one-fourth more than the former. And the proportion of empty seats, as a rule, is much larger in the former than in the latter. The practical outcome of these conditions has been such as to lead the railway companies to increase the comfort of the third-class passengers—a policy that has had the effect of enormously increasing their numbers, and that to a considerable extent at the cost of the first-class traffic.

As to the safety of railway travelling, a vast improvement has been effected by the introduction of interlocking signals; and the proportionate number of injuries to life and limb is lower among English railway travellers than is the case in most parts of the world, notwithstanding the much greater density of the English traffic. The subject of most anxiety to us is the number of casualties among the servants of the railway com-

panies. As to this, Mr. Jeans is content to refer his readers to the report of the Royal Commission on Railway Accidents of 1877. The fact that the total number of injuries to life and limb amongst the servants of the railway companies is considerably more than double that amongst the whole number of passengers is startling enough at first glance. It has led to fierce denunciation of the 'railway Moloch.' But the comparison is a misleading one. The millions of 'railway passengers' returned represent only so many individual trips of less than half an hour each on the average. The numbers of railway servants represent so many years of daily employment. Brought to the test of time, the discrepancy vanishes. In fact, the fatal injuries to railway servants in the year 1883 were less than one quarter of the number of lives of seamen lost by wrecks, exclusive of passengers. And the railway servants are nearly double the number of those who man our mercantile navy.

It is true that an undue number of casualties still occurs in that particular part of the railway service which is a main incident of the goods, and especially of the mineral, traffic, viz. that sorting of the wagons called 'shunting.' The demand for automatic couplings, in order to avoid this risk, is rendered very difficult to meet in consequence of the almost endless diversity of forms of wagons which our habitual dislike of system has allowed to grow upon our railways. As to this, however, the men have found a means of safety which ought, pending the introduction of any perfect automatic coupling, to be universally adopted. By the aid of a pole provided with a hook, the shunters can rapidly couple and uncouple the wagons without going between them, and that in perfect safety. This simple implement, which has been used for twelve months without mishap, is calculated to remove the most serious blot on the practical service of our railways.

'Prominent attention,' says Mr. Jeans, 'has been directed 'within recent years, in most of the leading countries of the 'world, to the comparative merits of railways and canals as 'means of transport.' The contribution made by Mr. Jeans to our information on this important subject is hardly such as might have been expected from a member of the Statistical Society. It rather bears the impress of a collection of notes made from time to time, and printed without due revision or care to reconcile contradictory statements. Two tables are given to show the different rates charged for the carriage of certain articles at different dates by different

methods. The first of these gives prices without any indication of the quantities or distances to which they apply. The second states as 'rate per ton per mile' prices which would be more applicable for a hundredfold that unit either in quantity or in distance. 'There are no two cases,' says Mr. Jeans, 'in which the cost of canal transport has been put at the same figure.' The public, however, are not now concerned with the canal rates of fifty years ago. As to the present rates, those tabulated on pp. 401 and 413, and taken from the report of the Select Committee on Canals, as actually in force in France, Belgium, and the United Kingdom, are accordant and highly instructive. Costs are given by Mr. Jeans as 'ascertained' for the working of mineral traffic on the English railways which very little exceed the price which on a former page (216) is allowed for the hire of mineral wagons alone, leaving next to nothing for all other expenses, including traction. In two consecutive pages Mr. Jeans italicises the contradictory statements that a mineral traffic has been carried on a railway at twenty-seven per cent. less than the minimum cost shown for canal transport, and that on the same volume of traffic the railways would require to make a considerably higher charge in order to obtain the same financial return. It is trifling with his readers for an author to permit such contradictions to escape correction.

Two points, however, call for remark in this chapter. One is as to the canals of the United States. Mr. Jeans's figures (p. 410) are to us inexplicable, as he gives to the canals a traffic nearly three times as heavy as that of the railways, but yielding less than a third the revenue. But the fact remains that the railways, at double the rates of the canals, maintain the lion's share of the transport. One main cause, not mentioned in '*Railway Problems*,' is no doubt the closing of the inland navigation in the winter, during which season the railway rates are—or, at least, some few years ago were—always much higher than when the waterways are open.

The other point is the very just remark 'that a very great deal hangs upon the important qualification of the amount of traffic.' As an abstract maxim it may be quite true that 'figures that are based upon a hypothetical quantity cannot strictly be applied to the solution of the problem.' But as far as the figures cited (p. 413) from the report of the Select Committee on Canals go, they are taken on the assumption of a traffic which is substantially that of the

railways of the United Kingdom. This traffic, which is thus practically, if not theoretically, a maximum one, is less than a third of that which can be carried on such a waterway as the Grand Junction Canal. The much greater capacity for transport of an ordinary canal than of a railway as ordinarily worked is a fact that lies at the root of the whole question of the economics of transport.

It is not our intention on the present occasion to enter into any details on the subject of the relative cost of transport by railway and by canal. The subject has been amply illustrated by the evidence given before the Select Committee on Canals. We are perfectly content to rest on the report of the Commission, named by the Chamber of Deputies on the completion of the internal navigation of France, upon the draft bill deposited by the Minister of Public Works on November 4, 1878. The Commission, after minute investigation, report that coal can be transported by canal at less than half the lowest rate practicable on a railway, even for long distances. It is for those who deny a conclusion that is in full accord with physical science to impugn it by the production of clear and independent audited accounts.

If our readers have accompanied us in an enquiry from which we have been careful to exclude the figures of arithmetic, they will not fail to be struck with the very grave position of the English railways. This gravity is increased by the fact that railway reformers on the one hand, railway defenders on the other hand, alike blink the real points of the question. Differences of detail as to rates, on which controversy now chiefly hinges, are as nothing compared with the questions, 'How can railways be made to pay, and 'at the same time to carry at rates that will compete with 'continental lines? What will be the result of a constant 'increase in the capital cost per mile, proceeding at a higher 'rate than the increase of earning capacity? And what 'will be the outcome of a continuous increase in the demand 'for interest on our railway capital, when the railways of 'the Continent shall have not only closed their capital 'accounts, but wiped out the greater part of this amount 'by the lapse of the time for which the concessions were 'granted?' We are within a measurable distance of the period when the railways of France will be, as the canals of Belgium now are, the property of the nation, freely open to public use without any charge except that of working expenses. As to the consequences of this contract, we can only for the moment refer to the very serious view enter-

tained by foreign statesmen, in face of the neglect of this essential question by our own. Our attention is limited, at present, to the hand-to-mouth difficulty—how to reconcile the welfare, if not the existence, of the railways with that of the manufacturers.

Viewed from this standpoint, it will be seen that all the squabbles and impossibilities as to arrangement of rates and like matters aimed at in recent railway bills are but as the cloud which the cuttle-fish throws around him when in danger of capture. The question is not one of skill, but one of money—of money for bread and cheese. If our railways maintained the dividends that they earned before they took on their shoulders the traffic fit only for water transport, there would be little heard of any failure to give content to their customers. If our manufacturers commanded the same position in the markets of the world that they held forty years ago, they would have no time to squabble for a shilling or two a ton more or less for transport. It is the fact that there is so little to divide which makes it so difficult to agree as to a division. It is the old story that it is ill to argue with a hungry man.

As to very much about which academic questions have been raised, the practical reply is, that it is too late now to talk of radical change. Abstractly regarded, it may be an economical crime to allow of any charges that are not to a certain extent determined by distance. But how is that rule to be enforced when Parliament has authorised two or three lines, of unequal length, to compete for the same traffic? Take terminal charges, again. No doubt it costs much less per mile to convey a given load for a long distance than for a short one, because the same terminal expenses are divided by a larger figure in the former case. That this difficulty should be met by dividing the charge, as in many continental lines, would probably be most just and fair for all parties concerned. But that is not what was contemplated by the Legislature; and the rough rule adopted, to take long and short together, is consonant with our national dislike to guide our practice by science. It is all very well to clamour for change. A just change, no doubt, would be a good thing. But who cares a straw for a just change, or for a remodelling of our railway charges in order to base them on consistent principle? The railway managers ask for terminals, in order to raise their revenues. The manufacturers call for revision of tariff, that they may reduce their payments for carriage. It is not that it would be

difficult, by any means, to find a *via media*: it is that one party wants to go up, and the other wants to go down, and both alike only agree in discontent at their actual position.

‘On a survey of the whole matter,’ says Mr. Jeans (p. 372), ‘there would appear to be too much reason to believe that the financial position and prospects of English railways are going from bad to worse.’ And he gives reasons for the conclusion not easy to dispute. He also gives seven ‘sources whence economy in the working of English railways, and consequent increase of profits, may be expected in the future.’ Of these the first—viz. the adopting a slower average rate of speed for goods trains—would probably rather increase than diminish working cost. The next four are objects that have been anxiously sought by every enlightened railway manager for fifty years. As to the sixth—the transfer of a great part of the heavy traffic to the canals—we have no doubt that it is as desirable for the railway companies as it is for the freighters. We can see no excuse whatever for the persistent neglect of the teachings of experience on this score. The seventh head goes even more directly to the root of the question. It is ‘the publication of railway accounts on a principle that would allow of the ton mile rates being readily ascertained, both as regards cost and profit.’ In our opinion, no improvement in railway prospects is probable until this step be taken; or, indeed, until a system like that of the New South Wales Railway accounts is universally enforced in this country. Transference of non-remunerative traffic, we may safely conclude, will never be effected until it is made so plain as to be perfectly indisputable what traffic is unremunerative.

Here, then, we come to what, in our opinion, is the best ground of hope for a better future for the English railways. It is, that the locomotive, or moveable, part of the complex apparatus should be so arranged that the railway, or fixed part of the apparatus, should be utilised to the utmost extent of its capacity. Probably no one will hesitate to accept that as a *desideratum*. It follows that the conditions of that capacity should be no longer neglected; and chief of these conditions, as being not matter of special detail but matter of mathematical law, is the maintenance of homogeneous speed. The introduction of that principle on our lines would at once more than double their capacity for traffic. We should not propose that it should be effected by reducing passenger speed, or by running heavy trains at rapid velocity. But we would determine a normal speed, which

possibly might be about thirty-five miles an hour, for each line, and refuse to take any heavy traffic that could not pay for transport at that speed. The immediate result might be a decline in the gross revenue, of which it is easy to determine the maximum. There might possibly be, in the first instance, a decline also in the net revenue, perhaps to the extent of a tenth of that in the gross. But outlay of capital on the lines would immediately cease. And year by year, at a rate which past experience shows would be notable, the gross revenue would recover, while the net revenue would rise in more rapid proportion than the gross. When a fifth of the gross revenue lost had been restored, the whole of the net revenue would have been recovered; with each successive year it would increase, and the restoration of the railways of England to a value as investments equal to that of the continental lines of good traffic would be a matter of pretty closely ascertainable time.

By this means, we believe that our manufacturers would be enabled to continue their operations in the actual centres of industry. The value of that property which first gave an impulse to our industrial prosperity would be restored at a bound; heart-burning and contention between carriers and their customers would cease; and the railway shareholder would exchange a condition of declining, for one of advancing, prosperity. Or, if we have erred, let the railway managers come forward, books in hand, and point out the error. Then, and not till then, will the old industrial centres of England find themselves face to face with the widespread depression of the present times.

The Railway and Canal Traffic Bill of the Government has been introduced into the House of Lords since the above lines were written. As a revised edition of a measure which, originally drawn up by the care of a Conservative administration, was substantially adopted by their successors, the measure has had the advantage, such as it is, of keen discussion. If it were more imperfect than we hold it to be, the value of the 28th clause alone is such as to afford an unanswerable argument in favour of the measure. 'The return required of a railway company,' this clause enacts, 'shall include such statements as the Board of Trade may from time to time prescribe.' The enactment of this provision, which has for many years past been sought for by the Board of Trade, will throw on that branch of the administration the very grave responsibility of laying broad and deep the foundations of railway prosperity in the United

Kingdom. Rightly viewed and treated, it will permit the basis for just and effective legislation which at the present moment is wanting. It will relieve the English shareholder from the incubus of irresponsible management, and enable him to see for himself where are the leaks through which his dividend escapes—provided, that is to say, the Board of Trade are sufficiently well advised to take such returns as those of the New South Wales railways as their model. Too much importance cannot be attached to this provision, on which it is all the more needful to insist from a slip which occurs in paragraph 4 of clause 33. The provision as to returns from the canal companies required by the Bill are, apparently, taken from a form which the Chairman of the Select Committee on Canals requested a witness to prepare (Q. 2437), and which is numbered 10 in the appendix to the report. But the clause in the Bill only calls for ‘the tonnage transported.’ The draft form requires ‘the number of tons transported one mile in one year,’ distinguishing moreover the up from the down transport; the difference is cardinal. The draft form would allow of the determination of both cost and revenue in proportion to the work done. The clause in the Bill would be a mere blind, as to give ‘tonnage transported’ tells us next to nothing, unless we know for what distance the transport is effected, and the oversight of the framers of the Bill is the more serious inasmuch as it raises the doubt whether they have at all comprehended the statistical requirements of sound accounts either on canals or on railways.

As to the 24th clause of the Bill, on which no little debate is likely to arise, it would in our opinion be better to postpone it until the returns before referred to have been made. To call upon every railway company to submit a classification of traffic and schedule of rates to the Board of Trade could only result either in the legal establishment of as many rate books as there are railway companies, to the confusion of the public; or in the devolution on the Board of Trade of the task of evoking from this chaos such a clear general system as the officials of that Board seem not even to have imagined as possible. What is required in the first instance is to indicate the principles on which charges should be regulated. The weight of a consignment; the area of floor room in a wagon that it will require, which measures the tare; the quantity in which it is carried, as being more or less than a wagonload; the cost of handling at stations; and the speed at which it is carried—these are the main points to determine. These once fixed, it will be easy to

form block categories into which goods can be readily divided, and a matter of infinite detail may be reduced to one of considerable simplicity by a sort of *Railway Code Napoléon*.

One other remark must be made as to a part of clause 25, which, as it stands, is only an evasion of a difficulty, and an evasion which, without satisfying the railway managers, will be fiercely contested by the freighters. It is the provision which authorises the commissioners, in deciding as to undue preference, to take into consideration whether a lower charge on foreign goods 'is necessary for securing the traffic in 'respect of which it is made.' For any excuse which was to be made for the introduction of such a condition, the prime requisite is absent. It is the proof, not only that such traffic cannot be secured at a higher rate, but also that it will pay a proper proportionate profit to the company at the low rate. This is, in fact, the reappearance of the old difficulty which clause 28 is intended to remove. It is to the interest of the public that freight charges should be fair and equal. It is to the interest of the shareholders, and, in the long run, to that of the public, that they should be remunerative. It is contrary to public policy, and ruinous as a business principle, to make one description of freight pay for the carriage of another. This, it is the contention of reputable experts, is what the mineral traffic now involves. Whether it be coals from an English colliery, or cattle, hops, or ironwork from a foreign port, it is very easy to see that some traffic can only be secured at a very low rate. The real key to the justice of the rate is, not its necessity, but its profit. If that can be shown to be normal, there is no question of undue preference. If it be less than the normal rate, it is certain that either the shareholders, or the complainants as to undue preference, have to pay for 'securing the traffic' to the railway companies. In this case, as in almost every other disputed point, the solution of the question is to be found in an honest and public system of bookkeeping.

Clause 28 is the vital clause of the Bill, in so far as the true interest of all connected with railways is concerned, and it would be well to defer all contentious matter that might endanger the enactment of that valuable clause. As to the first part of the Bill, there will probably be a pretty general accord, and the association of canal with railway law is an undoubted step in the right direction. In each case, however, a demand for a classified return of the servants of the company, on the lines of the English railway return of 1883, should not have been omitted.

ART. III.—*The Life and Work of the Seventh Earl of Shaftesbury, K.G.* By EDWIN HODDER. 3 vols. 8vo. London: 1886.

THE lives of great men are being constantly written in increasing numbers. Anyone who achieves distinction in war, in politics, in art, or in letters, seems certain, in this age of writing, to obtain a biographer. The biographies, indeed, which win most popularity are those of selfmade persons. The public derives both pleasure and advantage from learning how men of resolution and genius have raised themselves from small beginnings, have surmounted apparently insuperable obstacles, and have attained, after a life of successful toil, position, power, wealth, rank, and honour. Just as the French soldier is stimulated by the reflection that he carries a possible marshal's *bâton* in his knapsack, so the English lad perceives from the examples of Lord Eldon and Lord Campbell that the woolsack may be won by the humblest of his fellow countrymen; and that no career is impossible in a country which has produced, in this century alone, a Turner, a Stephenson, a Cobden, a Tenterden, and a host of other selfmade heroes.

Yet, if the imagination is impressed by the stories of men who have risen, the reader should not lightly pass by the lives of those other men who have refused to rise. Men there have been, men there are, whose whole life has been a noble self-sacrifice to duty; who, intent on carrying out the work readiest to their hands, have never turned aside to catch the passing blast of fortune which might have wafted them to distinction; who, devoting their abilities to the service of their fellowmen, have neglected the opportunities which might have led them to office and to fame. It is no exaggerated flattery to say that one of the brightest and best examples of this class of workers is the peer whose biography Mr. Hodder has given to us.

In preparing himself for the work which he has undertaken, Mr. Hodder enjoyed many advantages. He commenced his labours during Lord Shaftesbury's lifetime; he gained much information from Lord Shaftesbury's own lips; and the journals which Lord Shaftesbury kept were placed at his disposal. In addition to such assistance, Mr. Hodder has brought to his task a knowledge of his hero's views, and a sympathy with his opinions, which combine to make him a feeling exponent of Lord Shaftesbury's

career. His style, too, is always clear, and occasionally vigorous; his volumes are, on the whole, commendably free from inaccuracies; and he has succeeded in placing Lord Shaftesbury before his readers, and in giving them a very clear insight into his character. He has written a good book—a book which is, in fact, so good that we wish he had followed two or three rules which would have made it better.

Before, however, explaining the particulars in which Mr. Hodder has, we think, erred as a biographer, we must discharge a reviewer's duty by pointing out the few inaccuracies which we have noticed in his pages. In his first volume (p. 75) he has inserted a letter from the Duke of Wellington, dated October 13, 1827, referring among other things to 'that unfortunate affair, the battle of 'Navarino.' The battle of Navarino was not fought—as indeed Mr. Hodder rightly explains in a note—till October 20. It is evident, therefore, that the Duke of Wellington could not have referred to it on the 13th. William IV. ascended the throne in 1830; his Majesty of 1829 was George IV. (vol. i. p. 111). Newark was not disfranchised by the first Reform Act (*ibid.* p. 111). No less a person than Mr. Gladstone represented it after 1832. Sir C. Wether'll never spelt his name *Wetherall*; Lord Cottesloe's surname is *Fremantle*, not *Freemantle*; Sir James Stephen is the judge; the best known Stephens is the Fenian; the famous deputation of Irish bishops waited on William IV. (vol. ii. p. 196) during the Administration of Lord Grey and not during the Ministry of Lord Melbourne. Dante wrote '*nessun maggior dolore*;' '*maggiore dolore*' (*ibid.* p. 281) is offensive both to ear and rhythm. Mr. Gladstone was President, not Vice-President, of the Board of Trade in 1845 (vol. ii. p. 95). The Corn and Customs Bill of 1846 passed the Lords on the same night that Sir Robert Peel's Administration was overthrown on the Coercion Bill; it did not receive the royal assent (vol. ii. p. 137) till some time afterwards. It is inaccurate to say (vol. ii. p. 459) that, on November 1, 1853, Russia declared war against Turkey: a state of war arose on October 23, when the ultimatum of Turkey was not complied with. These are slight errors which we have noticed in reading Mr. Hodder's volumes, and which we merely mention to enable him to correct them in any future edition.

There are, however, two other and graver criticisms which we must offer on Mr. Hodder's work. It is, in the first place,

inordinately long. We are prepared to admit as fully as our author the great merits of Lord Shaftesbury, and the signal benefits which he conferred on his fellow countrymen. But is it necessary to devote nearly 1,600 pages to describing them? Lord Shaftesbury's career, it must be recollected, is solely interesting from his incessant labours to improve the condition of the poorer classes. It throws no new light on the political or literary history of England; and the story could have been told in half the space which Mr. Hodder has allotted to it. No doubt any writer whose works are worth reading must be impressed with the superior importance of the subject which he has chosen. He cannot hope to interest his readers if he has not first interested himself. But authors should try to recollect that, in this age of bookmaking, the most industrious readers find it impossible to digest the ever increasing accumulations of literature; and that diffuseness is incompatible with immortality. However ready people may be to read three volumes about Lord Shaftesbury in 1887, few persons will care to read three volumes on such a subject in 1907. 'Hew out every other word'—such was Sydney Smith's precept. Hew out every other page is the advice which we should give to many modern authors.

In the next place, Mr. Hodder's volumes would have been not only shortened, but improved, by the omission of most of the extracts from Lord Shaftesbury's diary. Lord Shaftesbury himself told Mr. Hodder that his diaries were of no value to anyone but himself; that they had never been seen, and never would be seen, by anyone. He actually prepared on one occasion to destroy them, and it was only after repeated applications that he allowed Mr. Hodder to make use of them. We cannot help thinking that Lord Shaftesbury was right. 'Thoughts jotted down' as they pass through a writer's mind cannot always be published without injury to the writer. Thoughts, too, we must add, on the most sacred subjects, jotted down on the most solemn occasions, and, as Lord Shaftesbury himself declared, for his own eye alone, cannot be given to the world with any advantage. We recollect, indeed, that in the life of the elder Wilberforce his sons have preserved copious extracts from their father's pious meditations. But we always read these passages with pain. They seem to us too solemn and too private to be given to general readers. The publican's prayer becomes no better than the Pharisee's if it is embodied in its author's journal and published by his literary executor.

Take such a passage as this, which we have selected from many others at random. In it and in all instances in this article Mr. Hodder is responsible for the italics.

'Yesterday, Easter Sunday, took Lord's Supper: God be praised! When reading St. John, and the last words on the Cross, "It is finished," convinced that, if the doctrine of transubstantiation be true, Christ would have said, "It is begun." It is begun, the series of sacrifices, now commenced by my death, to be repeated to the end of time. Again, in Corinthians: "Ye show forth the Lord's death till He come." On the Romish assumption we do not *show forth*, or *proclaim*, or *commemorate* the Lord's death. Each time we take the Holy Sacrament we *cause* his death, we *renew* it, we *compass* it. All alike foolish and blasphemous.' (Vol. iii. p. 21.)

Mr. Hodder would probably say that the insertion of such a passage as this illustrates a phase of Lord Shaftesbury's character. Our complaint is that it deforms it. Can any human being, acquainted with Lord Shaftesbury, believe that he would have wished the fact that he attended sacrament on Easter Sunday recorded for thousands of readers, or imagine that, if he had desired that his views on the doctrine of transubstantiation should be known, he would not have wished to state them fully, reverently, and in a form free from offence to many into whose hands these volumes will fall? A passage such as this is natural enough in a private diary; it is an error both of taste and judgement to publish it.

If, however, we object to the publication of such a passage as the foregoing, we protest against the insertion of some of Lord Shaftesbury's hasty judgements upon men who were friends of his own. Lord Shaftesbury had a singularly sensitive nature. He was subject to alternate moods of hope and depression; and, in moments of discouragement, he wrote down statements which in no sense represented his real opinions, and which ought not to have been reproduced. Take, for instance, the following:—

'I have thought for some years that Peel and John Russell are the most criminal of mankind: they are invested with enormous powers of doing good to the human race, and they utterly neglect them.' (Vol. i. p. 177.)

We do not enter into the justice of the latter part of this verdict, though most persons will consider that few statesmen have done so much for the human race as Sir Robert Peel and Lord John Russell. What we complain of is that an exaggerated denunciation of two men who were living on terms of intimacy with the writer, hastily jotted down in a

private diary, and manifestly untrue, should be made public. Is it possible to doubt that Lord Shaftesbury would have been deeply shocked if he had thought that he would have gone down to posterity describing two great and beneficent ministers as 'the most criminal of mankind'?

One more instance we cannot help quoting. We have no doubt that Lord Shaftesbury thoroughly disliked and disapproved the 'Leben Jesu.' But can it be supposed that, in writing in his diary the following notice of its author's death, he saw the full meaning of his own words, or that he would have wished to be permanently identified with a verdict so utterly devoid of charity?

'In the *'Times'* of three days ago I saw announced the death of Strauss! "We shall soon know the grand secret," said the murderer Thistlewood, of Cato Street—so the chaplain of Newgate, who was near him, told me—just before he was executed. Strauss knows it now. The thought is awful beyond expression.' (Vol. iii. p. 351.)

Lord Shaftesbury himself wrote: 'I bless God that we are *'hereafter to be judged by Christ, and not by Calvin'* (vol. iii. p. 21). We, at any rate, believe that this extract, and not that which we previously quoted, represents the more accurately Lord Shaftesbury's true feelings.

While, then, we desire to give Mr. Hodder every credit for his industry, his accuracy and skill—while we have every reason to thank him for his book, and to congratulate him on his success—we wish to record an emphatic protest against the publication of numerous passages, of which we have only given isolated samples, which were never intended for the public eye, which, so far from illustrating, distort Lord Shaftesbury's character, which must necessarily cause pain and give offence to many people, and which we cannot help believing that Lord Shaftesbury himself, if he could have been consulted, would have struck out of the narrative.

Anthony Ashley Cooper, seventh Earl of Shaftesbury, was born in Grosvenor Square on April 28, 1801. His father, of whom we shall have more to say, was for many years chairman of committees in the House of Lords. His mother was a daughter of the fourth Duke of Marlborough. The ancestors of the earl both on his mother's and his father's side had been distinguished men. The first Earl of Shaftesbury had been the famous minister of Charles II.; the third earl had been the equally famous author of the *'Characteristics'*; the second, fourth, and fifth earls achieved no distinction or left no mark on the history of their times.

Lord Shaftesbury's father, the sixth earl, does not appear in Mr. Hodder's pages in a very pleasing light. He was, indeed, an excellent chairman of committees, and 'on questions of parliamentary law and usage his authority was unquestioned.' But, in the forty years during which he discharged this duty, he acquired dictatorial habits which, if they facilitated the business of the House of Lords, did not add to the charm of private intercourse. Throughout his life he had no sympathy with his son, and he was frequently estranged from him. If, too, the father were immersed in politics, Lord Shaftesbury's mother was occupied with the claims of fashion and pleasure. Both parents ruled by fear and not by love; their early harshness left permanent traces on the recollection; and, throughout his life, Lord Shaftesbury never seems to have either consulted or considered his father and his mother.

A child, however, is like ivy; it requires the support of some nature stronger than its own. Lord Shaftesbury found the help he needed in an old servant, once his mother's maid and then her housekeeper, 'a simple-hearted, loving Christian woman,' who took the boy on her knees, told him Bible stories, and taught him to pray. Lord Shaftesbury was fond of saying that this good old woman was the best friend he ever had in the world. But the friends were soon parted by death, and Lord Shaftesbury was again virtually alone. Unfortunately, too, the boy was deprived of this counsel and help at a time when he was in need of comfort. For, from 1808 to 1813, he was sent to a private school at Chiswick; and of this establishment he said, in his old age, 'I think there never was such a wicked school before or since. The place was bad, wicked, filthy; and the treatment was starvation and cruelty;' or, to quote another passage, 'It was very similar to Dotheboys Hall.' We have said that Lord Shaftesbury was singularly sensitive. When his feelings were affected, he frequently used exaggerated language; and we have no doubt that this school, which stands in Mr. Hodder's pages as a 'hotbed of every kind of evil,' was no worse than the ordinary private school of the first decade of the present century. Mr. Hodder tells us that it was kept by Dr. Thomas Horne, who, he admits, was 'a good classical scholar capable of imparting to his pupils plenty of Latin and Greek.' He omits to tell us that Dr. Horne was the father of Sir William Horne, Attorney-General under Lord Grey, and afterwards Master in Chancery; that the school was both successful and fashionable; that no

less a person than Lord Lyndhurst was educated in it; and that the letter, which Lord Lyndhurst wrote from it as a boy, which will be found in Mrs. Amory's life of the Copleys, or, copied from her pages, in Sir T. Martin's biography, creates a very different impression of the establishment from that which we derive from Mr. Hodder's volumes.

In fact, there is strong internal evidence to show that the school was not so repulsive as Lord Shaftesbury himself believed. For Mr. Hodder tells us that 'the fear with which Ashley regarded his schoolmaster and the bullies of the school was less than the fear with which he regarded his parents.' And again: 'The severity of home was bearable, inasmuch as it was of short duration, and the return to school was hailed with delight as a welcome relief.' A school must surely have had some merits which was preferable to home. Whether this be so or not, however, two changes made a marked difference in the boy's comfort. In 1811 the father, succeeding to the title, went to live at St. Giles, the family seat in Dorsetshire; and in 1813 the son was sent to Harrow. 'Harrow and its beautiful surroundings' did 'much to dissipate the gloom which had gathered over his childhood, and St. Giles helped to finish what Harrow had begun. His mind was braced up and invigorated; new hopes and aspirations were kindled, old perturbations of spirit were allayed, and the prospects of life looked brighter than they had ever done before as he viewed them under the influence of these country scenes.'

Lord Shaftesbury was of opinion that he learned very little at Harrow; he was idle and fond of amusements. As, however, he left soon after fifteen years of age, and as he had obtained some prizes and had reached the sixth form, we think it probable that he was, like many eminent men, a severe critic of his own youth. After leaving Harrow he went to reside for two years with a clergyman in Derby, 'and,' he tells us, 'perhaps no two years were ever so misspent.' In 1819 his father decided on sending him to Christ Church. 'Dr. Short, afterwards Bishop of St. Asaph, was appointed to be my tutor. . . . I remember well his first question, "Do you intend to take a degree?" I answered at once, "I cannot say, but I will try."' His biographer adds, 'He did try,' and the result was that in 1822 he took a first-class in classics. Lord Shaftesbury modestly said himself, 'I have had a great many surprises in my life, but I do not think that I was ever more surprised than when I took honours at Oxford.' We have

ourselves a high respect for Lord Shaftesbury's ability and industry. But, while we recognise them to the full, we contend that his degree affords a tolerably good proof that his time both at Harrow and Derby had been more usefully employed than his self-depreciation would have otherwise allowed us to imagine.

The eldest son of an earl, who had taken first-class honours at Oxford, would probably in these days be brought into Parliament. In the days of an unreformed Parliament his introduction to the House of Commons was almost a matter of course. Accordingly, at the general election of 1826, Lord Ashley was returned for his grandfather's—the Duke of Marlborough's—pocket borough of Woodstock; and in January, 1828, after having previously refused office when offered to him by Mr. Canning, he accepted a seat at the Board of Control from the Duke of Wellington. This situation—almost the only office of profit he ever held—he retained till the fall of the Tories in 1830.

There are various passages in Lord Shaftesbury's diary which prove that, at this period of his career, he was at once animated by strong ambition and disappointed at his own failure. He wrote on his twenty-fifth birthday in his diary: 'I am twenty-five years old—a great age for one who is 'neither wise, nor good, nor useful, nor endowed with capability of becoming so. . . . No man had ever more ambition;' and again: 'Visions without end, but, God be 'praised, all of a noble character;' and exactly a year afterwards: 'My birthday again. . . . It has been a year of 'study and exertion, but I have neither learnt nor done 'anything. . . . And yet I cannot keep down an aspiring 'sentiment which, God knows, aims at all virtue, and 'through that at all greatness.' One difficulty, indeed, seemed to interfere with his success in Parliament. He had not the readiness which is essential in debate; and, perhaps conscious of his own deficiencies, he did not venture to break silence in the House of Commons till he had been nearly two years in Parliament. Even then he spoke 'in so low a 'tone that he was nearly inaudible in the gallery;' and in his own judgement, though he did not disgrace himself, 'the 'exhibition was far from glorious.' Twelve years afterwards, when he had become a man of mark, he summed up his own defects as a debater in this way: 'My memory is deficient, 'my knowledge scanty; I have no readiness for impromptu 'speaking; all must be prepared, and the greater part even 'to the language.'

It was perhaps a consciousness of his defects as a speaker that induced him, at this time of his life, to devote his attention to other than parliamentary pursuits. In 1827 we find him studying Welsh; and in 1829, 'after completing his study of Welsh,' he 'turned his attention to Hebrew.' In 1828 he earnestly desired to devote himself exclusively to scientific pursuits. For a month he spent all his leisure on the study of astronomy. In fact, in these earlier years of his life, he was like a vessel drifting with the tide, showing no outward signs of the course which he was ultimately to take, and of the work which it was his destiny to accomplish.

He was, however, about to take one decisive step, which had the best influence on his career. From the very first he had evidently disliked a single life. His mind was at once too serious and too religious for the amusements and occupations which unhappily occupy the leisure of many young men of position. So early as in 1826, during a short continental tour, he fell desperately in love. 'Man,' he wrote, 'never has loved more furiously or more imprudently. The object was, and is, an angel; but she was surrounded by, and would have brought with her, a halo of hell.' We are not permitted to know more of this perfect being, whose future was destroyed by her disagreeable surroundings; for Lord Ashley, with a courage which few men of his age would have displayed, subdued his feelings and returned home. Perhaps, however, the recollection of his charmer still lingered on his memory, for nearly four years passed before in solitude he began again 'to feel how truly God pronounced, "It is not good for man to be alone."' But he still hesitated. 'I dread the chance of a Jezebel or a Cleopatra, or that insupportable compound of folly and worldliness which experience displays every day, but history has not yet recorded. Give me the mother of the Gracchi, exalted by the Gospel.' It is not, however, given to every age to produce a Cornelia; and Lord Ashley obtained something which was better suited to him. In June, 1830, he married Lady Emily Cowper, who, in his own language, was 'a wife as good, as true, and as deeply beloved, as God ever gave to man.' It is interesting to add that, according to Lord Granville, Lord Ashley at this time was 'a singularly good-looking man, with absolutely nothing of effeminate beauty.' Perhaps, however, we get a still better idea of him from his own phrase, 'They call me and William (his brother) the Sublime and Beautiful.'

Other changes had, in the meanwhile, affected Lord Ashley. At the general election of 1830 he was elected to represent Dorchester. At the dissolution in the following year he contested and won Dorsetshire. He was, however, a poor man, and he frankly told his friends that, though he was ready to fight their battle, he could not bear the cost of the contest. The battle was fought, the expense of it exceeded 15,000*l.*, and the fund raised for defraying it proved altogether inadequate. 'The burden of payment fell upon Lord Ashley, and he became involved in harassing and distressing difficulties.' To add to his embarrassments, his opponent threatened to petition against his return; and Lord Ashley, with characteristic despondency, declined to throw good money after bad, and threatened to retire. The Tory party, however, if it had not fulfilled all its promises, stoutly defended the seat which Lord Ashley had won. His election was confirmed, and for the next fifteen years he continued to represent the county in Parliament.

It was a circumstance of no slight importance, both to Lord Ashley and his country, that he was thus enabled to preserve his seat in the House of Commons. For the opportunity was at last arriving, which perhaps presents itself to us all, and the man was thus secured who was ready to avail himself of it.

Perhaps few people, who have not made the subject a special study, have any acquaintance with the deep misery of the English poor which commenced after the peace of Paris, which increased after the Reform Act, and which attained its maximum during the first years of the present reign. Yet it may be traced clearly enough in the statistics of blue books, and in the pages of fiction, of poetry, and of other literature. If, too, the condition of the poor generally was miserable, the state of the women and children who worked in mines and factories was degraded. In 1802, indeed, the first Sir Robert Peel succeeded in carrying an Act for the care and education of the poor children who were apprenticed to manufacturers. The Act had the effect of gradually doing away with the apprentice system. But the manufacturers succeeded in replacing the apprentices, who were generally drawn from a distance, with children living in the neighbourhood of their mills. Thus legislation so far had only relieved one set of children at the expense of another set. Struck by this circumstance, Sir Robert in 1819 obtained the assent of Parliament to another measure which forbade the employment in a cotton factory of any

child under nine years of age, or any young person under sixteen, for more than twelve hours a day. This Bill, however, only applied to cotton factories; in all other industries infant labour was unregulated. Children of the tenderest age were commonly worked for fifteen hours a day with brief intervals for rest and food. Large numbers of them actually perished, worn out by toil, before they attained their full age; stunted and deformed, the survivors bore on their persons indelible marks of the cruel severity of their labour.

‘In 1825 Sir John Hobhouse (afterwards Lord Broughton) passed a Bill by which it became unlawful to employ any child in a cotton factory who should be under eighteen years of age for more than sixty-nine hours a week;’ and in 1831, with the assistance of Lord Morpeth, he endeavoured to extend the provisions of the law to other textile industries. ‘The opposition to the measure,’ however, was very strong; the millowners succeeded in restricting it to cotton mills; and, even in the case of these mills, the measure of 1831 did not materially improve the condition of the operatives.

In the same year in which this measure was thus mutilated, Mr. Michael Thomas Sadler ‘introduced his famous Ten Hours Bill into the House of Commons.’ Modern history is so little known that perhaps few people in the present day recollect the debt which factory operatives owe to this remarkable man. Brought originally into Parliament by the Duke of Newcastle to resist the emancipation of the Roman Catholics, Mr. Sadler, during his short parliamentary career, was a Tory among Tories. In the political contests of the time he was the eloquent and uncompromising opponent of political and religious freedom. But in social matters his humane and earnest temperament made him the warm advocate of the working classes; and it should always be recollected to his honour that he proposed the Ten Hours Bill fifteen years before the Legislature adopted its provisions. Originating the measure in 1831, he introduced it in 1832, and he succeeded in compelling the House of Commons to refer the question to a Select Committee. Unfortunately for his reputation, his conduct of the matter terminated at this point, for he failed to secure a seat in the Reformed Parliament. In his absence the delegates of the operatives resolved on inviting Lord Ashley to take charge of the Bill. Lord Ashley at that time had paid so little attention to the subject that a few weeks before he was actually ignorant that an enquiry into it had been instituted by the

House of Commons. 'I have only zeal and good intentions 'to bring to this work,' so he said himself. 'I can have no 'merit in it; that must all belong to Mr. Sadler. It seems 'no one else will undertake it, so I will; and, without cant or 'hypocrisy, which I hate, I assure you I dare not refuse the 'request you have so earnestly pressed. I believe it is my 'duty to God and to the poor, and I trust He will support 'me.'

Animated by these views, Lord Ashley, immediately after the meeting of the first Reformed Parliament, introduced the measure into the House of Commons. The manufacturers, alarmed at the possible consequences of its provisions, urged the necessity for further enquiry, and, by a narrow majority of only one vote, carried an address to the Crown for a Royal Commission. The commissioners, however, instead of supporting the fears of the employers, confirmed the conclusions which had already been expressed by Mr. Sadler's Select Committee. They reported that children employed in factories worked the same number of hours as adults; that the protracted toil permanently deteriorated their strength; that, at the age at which they were engaged, they were not free agents; and that a case was consequently made out for the interference of the Legislature. But, though the report was thus in favour of legislation, the commissioners were hardly prepared for the effective remedies which were proposed by Lord Ashley; and Lord Althorp, on behalf of the Grey Ministry, accordingly undertook to remodel the measure. His views naturally prevailed, and Lord Ashley, who was pledged to reject all compromise, threw up the further conduct of the Bill. Lord Althorp, taking the matter into his own hands, then succeeded in carrying a measure which forbade the employment of children under nine, and which limited the labour of children under thirteen to nine hours a day and forty-eight hours a week, but which imposed no new limitation on the toil of older children.

Lord Ashley long afterwards admitted that this measure, in its amended shape, contained 'some humane and highly 'useful provisions.' Whatever shortcomings it may have had, it set the question at rest for another five years. Men, however, like Mr. Oastler, throughout this period, condemned the Act as fraudulent and inoperative; and in 1838 Lord Ashley, strengthened by a new agitation, introduced a new Factories Regulation Bill. Before introducing the measure, he took a course eminently characteristic of the determina-

tion by which he was constantly actuated to see and judge in all cases for himself. He went down to Bradford.

‘I asked for a collection of cripples and deformities. In a short time more than eighty were gathered in a large courtyard. They were mere samples of the entire mass. I assert without exaggeration that no power of language could describe the varieties and, I may say, the cruelties in all these degradations of the human form. They stood or squatted before me in the shapes of the letters of the alphabet. This was the effect of prolonged toil on the tender frames of children at early ages.’

But, though the need for further reform was thus urgent, years were still to pass before it was to be accomplished. Lord Ashley’s bill of 1838 was defeated by a narrow majority. A measure promoted by the Government in 1839 was withdrawn by its promoters, the House was counted out on a debate on the subject in 1840, and a bill in 1841 fell in consequence of the dissolution. The change of government during that year did not materially assist the cause of the operatives. Sir Robert Peel declined to support the Ten Hours Bill, and Sir James Graham, as Home Secretary, took the conduct of factory legislation into his own hands.

The contest thus begun lasted almost without intermission for another six years. Lord Ashley and his fellow labourers called for their bill and nothing but their bill; they were supported by a constantly increasing section of Conservatives, on whom the claims of party discipline sat lightly, and by a large and important band of Whigs, which included Lord John Russell, Lord Howick, Sir George Grey, and other Whig leaders. They were opposed by most of the employers of labour and by all the official representatives of the Conservative party. We are far from blaming men like Sir Robert Peel and Sir James Graham for the course which they thus took. No doubt, now that experience has proved that their fears were unnecessary, their determined opposition to the ten hours clause appears both unreasonable and unwise. Years afterwards, indeed, Sir James Graham admitted that he had been wrong, and declared that the Factory Bill, ‘that great measure of relief for women and children, has contributed to the wellbeing and comfort of the working classes, whilst it has not injured the masters.’ But the consequences of the change were not so plain in 1844 as they appeared ten years afterwards. Men in responsible office naturally hesitated to incur the risk of deranging the labour market and of driving industry to other countries. The issue, no doubt, proved that they were wrong. But the readiness

with which, in support of their opinions, they encountered abuse and defeat, shows at least that they were sincere.

At that time, too, the rapid extension of the movement which Lord Ashley was originating apparently justified the alarm which responsible statesmen were feeling. In 1840 Lord Ashley moved for a commission of enquiry into the labour of children in mines and collieries. In 1845 he introduced a bill to regulate the labour of children in print works. The report which the Commission produced was called by Lord Ashley himself 'that awful document' which excites 'a feeling of shame, terror, and indignation.' The few people still alive who have had occasion to consult it will not think this description of it an exaggeration.* But the sensation which the revelations contained in it produced, though they strengthened Lord Ashley's hands, concurrently increased the alarms of large employers of labour. Their fears were intensified afterwards by Lord Ashley declaring on the Print Works Bill that he would never stop 'so long' 'as any portion of this mighty evil remains to be remedied.' Such a declaration produced an impression that the representative of the operatives was engaged in a gigantic crusade against the employers of labour, and the latter, perhaps naturally, rallied in defence of their order.

So long as Sir Robert Peel's Administration endured, the opposition of the employers was, on the whole, successful. But after the formation of Lord John Russell's Ministry the question passed into another phase; the new ministers were pledged to the support of its principles, and with their assistance the bill became law. It is a striking proof of the singular ignorance of modern history that Conservative reviewers are fond of claiming the Ten Hours Bill as a

* One curious error was made in the debates on this report, to which Mr. Hodder does not refer, but which is perhaps worth relating. It was stated, we think by Lord Ashley, that a miner had thrown a hundredweight at a boy and hurt him seriously. The statement made some sensation, but admitted of a very simple explanation. The miners, an uneducated race, kept all their records in the mine by tallies, or, as they called them, cuts. A cut was a piece of wood on which notches for reckoning were made. It was given in evidence that a miner had thrown a cut at a boy and hurt him seriously. The clerk who copied out the evidence had never heard of a cut, and, changing one letter, wrote 'cwt.' The printer, improving on the error, gave the word at full—'hundredweight.' We ourselves had the curiosity some years ago to search out the mistake in the very voluminous evidence attached to the commissioners' report.

Conservative measure. We ourselves have always thought that the credit which attaches to it was properly attributable to neither of the great parties in the State. But, however this may be, it is difficult to understand how it can justly be given to the Conservative party. For it is certain that, so long as the Conservatives were in office, their leaders successfully resisted the passage of the bill, and that the measure, after their retirement, was carried with the active assistance of the Whig ministers.

Lord Ashley was not in Parliament at the time at which the Ten Hours Bill became law. He had thought it right to resign his seat for a protectionist county on the production of Sir Robert Peel's measure for securing free trade in corn, and he did not return to the House of Commons as member for Bath until after the Ten Hours Bill had been passed. Out of Parliament, however, he strenuously supported the measure, and after 1847 he worked hard to ensure its enforcement. The Ten Hours Bill had enabled the manufacturers to commence work at half past five A.M., and to continue working till half past eight P.M., employing no young person, however, for more than ten hours during the fifteen. Some manufacturers endeavoured to evade the law by having relays or shifts of hands, so as to keep their machinery in motion for the whole time during which the mill could be legally open. The adult labourer was thus deprived of the protection which had indirectly been conferred on him by the regulation of infant labour, and the inspector found it impossible to ascertain what number of hours the children employed in the mills really worked. The Court of Exchequer decided that the masters were right in their construction of the statute; and ministers, finding it impossible to prevent the evasion of the law, desired to effect a compromise. Lord Ashley, who had now returned to the House of Commons, found it necessary to cope with a new Factory Bill. By his efforts the working day for women and children, which by the Act of 1847 had commenced at 5.30 A.M. and continued to 8.30 P.M., was fixed to begin at 6 A.M. and to end at 6 P.M. As intervals of one hour and a half were allowed for meals, the effect of this measure was to extend the time of work from ten to ten and a half hours.

This compromise, which, like all compromises, was unpopular, practically endured for twenty years, when Mr. Cross (now Lord Cross), in consolidating the Factory Acts, reduced the hours of work to ten.

There is no need, at the present day, of insisting on the

benefits which have resulted from the legislation which was thus carried. No one probably in the whole country would wish to return to the gross evils which the Factory Acts remedied. But it may be desirable to point out the vast extent of the protection which has been accorded by these Acts. Lord Shaftesbury himself said in 1874 that the Protective Acts in the Statute Book now cover a population of nearly 2,500,000 persons. The women and children thus protected were nearly four times as numerous as the slaves in British colonies in 1833. When the abolition of the slave trade was finally accomplished in 1807, Sir Samuel Romilly raised an unreformed House of Commons to a height of unusual enthusiasm by a graceful allusion to that honoured individual who would 'this day lay his head upon 'his pillow, and remember that the slave trade was no 'more.' Yet the contest which Lord Ashley had waged was at least as stubborn as that in which Mr. Wilberforce had been engaged, and the evils which he had terminated affected the happiness of individuals as numerous and as helpless as the negroes sold into slavery in the West Indies.

'The rewards of virtue exceed those of ambition,' and we hope that it may have been so with Lord Ashley. For, if his conduct of factory legislation made his name a household word, it deprived him of political advancement, and it exposed him to painful differences with his own father. We have already seen that Lord Ashley, soon after his entry into Parliament, received honourable and useful office in the Wellington Administration. He perhaps naturally thought that, as he had gained the first rung in the ladder, his future promotion was assured; and he was undoubtedly disappointed when, in 1835, on the formation of his short-lived administration, Sir Robert Peel only offered him a seat at the Board of Admiralty.

'Had I not, by God's grace and the study of religion,' so he wrote at the time, 'subdued the passion of my youth, I should now have been heart-broken. Canning, *eight years ago*, offered me, as a neophyte, a seat at one of the boards, the first step in a young statesman's life. If I am not now worthy of more, it is surely better to cease to be a candidate for public honours.'

The Prime Minister induced him on that occasion to reconsider his refusal of office by explaining to him that it was intended that he should represent his department in the House of Commons. During the ministerial crisis of 1839, however, Sir Robert Peel made Lord Ashley a much

more singular offer. 'The formation of a Cabinet,' so he said, was 'a trifle' compared with the composition of the Household; Lord Ashley's character and his connexion with the religious societies marked him out as a proper attendant on a 'young woman on whose moral and religious character the welfare of millions of human beings depended;' and he prevailed on Lord Ashley to say that, if the minister really and truly thought he could serve his purpose, he would 'accept the office of chief scullion' at Court. In 1841 Sir Robert Peel reverted to this proposal. But Lord Ashley replied that 'the case was altered; the Court was no longer the same; the Queen was two years older, had a child, and a husband to take care of her.' In short, there were not the same reasons as in 1839 for surrounding her with the influence of religious men; and Lord Ashley declined to devote his energies to 'ordering dinners and carrying a white wand.' His decision, we have no doubt, was wise. The duties of a court would have been as irksome and ill suited to Lord Ashley as they had proved half a century before to Miss Burney. But we are not so sure as Lord Shaftesbury and his biographer that Sir Robert Peel was insincere in making the offer. After all, it was a great object to surround her Majesty with men of principle and character; and it was not so plain in 1841 as it is now that Lord Ashley had higher work before him which had more pressing claims on his abilities.

However that may be, Sir Robert Peel in 1845 was ready to make our hero a much more suitable offer. He wished him to take the Chief Secretaryship of Ireland, an office which at that time was free from some of the inconveniences which attach to it now, and which was one of the most responsible and useful situations outside the Cabinet.* Lord Ashley, however, considered that he could not accept the office unless the minister were prepared to support the Ten Hours Bill. He could hardly have expected that a strong administration would recast its policy for the sake of securing his support, and the offer accordingly fell through. Years afterwards the late Lord Derby offered him the Duchy of Lancaster and a seat in the Cabinet, and the offer was again refused on the old grounds. There still remained '1,400,000 women, children, and young persons to be brought under

* Mr. Hodder says in the Cabinet (vol. i. p. 350); but we imagine this to be an error. Then, as now, the Chief Secretaryship was occasionally, but not usually, accompanied with a seat in the Cabinet.

‘the protection of the Factory Acts,’ and while the law was still inapplicable to them his duties lay elsewhere.

So far, then, as worldly advancement was concerned, Lord Ashley deliberately sacrificed it to the cause which he had adopted. And the sacrifice, it should be recollected to his honour, was no slight one. Lord Ashley was never one of those who could say, in the Laureate’s fine language—

‘Fame! what is fame to me?’

On the contrary, he had a keen ambition to be recollected both as great and good. And the loss of office was not the only sacrifice to which he submitted. The course that he ‘had marked out for himself had, from the first, met with ‘the strong disapprobation of his father;’ and Lord Ashley for ten years—from 1829 to 1839—was estranged from his father’s home. Unhappily a reconciliation, effected in 1839, did not last long. The large manufacturers, smarting under Lord Ashley’s attacks on the condition of the operatives whom they employed, were asking why his charity did not begin at home; and even Miss Martineau, writing as an historian, declared that ‘he need but have gone into the ‘hovels of his father’s peasantry to have seen misery and ‘mental and moral destitution which could not be matched ‘in the worst retreats of the manufacturing population.’ Sensitive to a fault, Lord Ashley winced under this censure, and took occasion at a meeting at Sturminster to utter what he called himself ‘some strong truths respecting wages, ‘dwellings, truck, delay of payment, and exclusion from ‘gleaning.’ His father was annoyed—was perhaps naturally annoyed—at this language. He told Lord Ashley that he was exciting the people: ‘they got on very well, he did not ‘know how, with seven and even six shillings a week; that ‘their wages (and he then passed through all the arguments) ‘could not be raised. . . . As for their dwellings, it was very ‘easy to point out the evil: where was the remedy? He, ‘at least, could not afford it . . . had been engaged all his ‘life in gradually abating the mischief; these things cost ‘too much.’

Thus the cause which Lord Ashley had adopted not only brought him public disappointment, but private anxiety. He was learning the truth of a prediction which the ‘Examiner’ made that ‘this young lord must expect, if he go about ‘telling everyone the plain truth, to become odious;’ and, while some men were reviling him for doing nothing, ‘he ‘was turned out of his father’s house for doing too much.’

Sympathising, as we do, with Lord Ashley, we cannot avoid seeing that there was much reason on his father's side. No one likes his own shortcomings publicly exposed in his own neighbourhood by his own son, and it is not plain that the old lord was wrong in urging that he could do nothing. When Lord Ashley, eight years after the Sturminster speech, became Lord Shaftesbury, he had a painful awakening to the difficulties of a landlord :—

‘ Inspected a few cottages—filthy, close, indecent, unwholesome. But what can I do? I am half pauperised; the debts are endless; no money is payable for a whole year; and I am not a young man. Every sixpence I expend—and spend I must on many things—is *borrowed*.’

The debt on the estate hung upon him like a nightmare, and it was only after a desperate struggle of a quarter of a century that—

‘ by hook and by crook, by dodges and devices, by small sales of outlying property, and disposal of tithes to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, (he) paid off, at last, the ruinous mortgage on the St. Giles estate.’

We hope that his own embarrassments may, at least, have induced him to understand his father's difficulties, and to realise the causes of what he calls—we trust by an exaggeration—his father's hatred.

We have dwelt at some length on the efforts which Lord Ashley made in the cause of factory operatives, because the Factory Acts were the great work of his life, the achievement for which he will be always recollected. But it must be remembered that this legislation forms only one portion of his labours, and that he was throughout his career associated with many other movements for the relief of suffering. So early as 1828 he seconded a motion for leave to introduce a Bill to amend the law relating to lunatic asylums; as he said himself, ‘ seventeen years of labour and anxiety obtained the ‘ Lunacy Bill in 1845,’ and from this date till his death forty years afterwards he was the unpaid but hardworking chairman of the Lunacy Commissioners. It was in a debate on this subject that Mr. Sheil paid him the graceful and well-deserved compliment :—

‘ There is something of a *sursum corda* in all that the noble lord says. . . . It may be truly stated that “ he has added nobility even to “ the name of Ashley, and that he has made humanity one of Shaftesbury's Characteristics.” ’

The passage of the Factory Acts and the reform and

administration of the lunacy laws would, if they had stood alone, have justified Mr. Sheil's praise. But Lord Ashley never allowed his devotion to one cause to blind him to the necessities of any other classes. During the years in which his time was thus occupied, he succeeded, after a protracted struggle, in preventing children being employed in climbing chimneys; he was dealing with juvenile mendicancy and youthful offenders by persuading the Legislature to sanction the institution of reformatory schools; he was promoting the establishment and providing for the regulation and inspection of model lodging houses, a measure which Mr. Dickens described as 'the best law ever passed by an English Parliament;' and he was presiding as unpaid chairman over the councils of the Board of Health. It would be impossible within any reasonable limits to describe the objects and nature of these various labours; but it may be of some little interest to recall the main features of the struggle which ultimately led to the prohibition of the employment of climbing boys. Perhaps few things illustrate more accurately the slow and gradual manner in which humanity advanced in the old days, or the rapid progress which it has made during the present reign.

For more than a century good men had drawn attention to the miseries of climbing boys.

'In 1760 a letter appeared in the 'Public Advertiser' advocating the cause of the little sweeps, and, in particular, suggesting that masters should be punished if they let their apprentices go about without proper covering. Among the readers of that letter was Jonas Hanway, a fellow-worker with Robert Raikes in founding Sunday schools. . . . In 1785, Hanway published his "Sentimental History of Chimney Sweepers in London and Westminster," showing the necessity of putting them under regulation to prevent the grossest inhumanity to the climbing boys, &c. Three years afterwards, Parliament was induced to pass an act forbidding master chimney-sweepers to have more than six apprentices, or to take them under eight years of age. And this was all that could be wrung from Parliament for nearly fifty years. . . . Attempts were vainly made in 1804, 1807, 1808, and 1809 to induce Parliament to grant the little chimney-sweepers further protection. The subject was referred in 1817 to a Select Committee, and the printed report is a record of sickening horrors. It reveals how children of a suitable size were stolen for the purpose, sold by their parents, inveigled from workhouses, or apprenticed by poor law guardians, and forced up chimneys by cruel blows, by pricking the soles of the feet, or by applying wisps of lighted straw. . . . All this was set forth for the benefit of both Houses of Parliament, and made known to the public in a harrowing article by Sydney Smith in the "Edinburgh Review." The Commons passed an

amending Bill to improve the Act of 1788, but it was thrown out on a third reading in the House of Lords. In 1834 an Act was passed with stricter clauses for ensuring that no apprentice should be employed under ten years of age. It was also made a misdemeanour to send a child up a chimney on fire for the purpose of extinguishing it. Hitherto, this atrocity had been of frequent occurrence.' (Vol. i. p. 295.)

In the beginning of the present reign the improvement of machinery deprived the master sweeps of the last excuse for employing little children in sweeping chimneys; and the exertions of Mr. Stevens, the secretary to a large insurance company, induced the insurance offices to see that 'the old system was as unnecessary as it was cruel.' A measure was passed in 1840 punishing with fine all who should compel, or knowingly allow, anyone under the age of twenty-one years to ascend or descend a chimney, or enter a flue for the purpose of cleaning it. Lord Ashley took a leading part in the debates on this Bill, and after its passage he used his utmost efforts to secure obedience to it. In some instances he even brought test actions against persons who infringed the law. Abuses, however, die slowly. For more than thirty years after the Bill of 1840 became law, 'little children, from four to eight years of age, the majority of them orphans, the rest bartered or sold by brutal parents, were trained to force their way up the long, narrow, winding passages of chimneys, to clear away the soot.' In 1851, in 1853, and in 1854, Lord Shaftesbury, as we shall in future call him in this article, vainly endeavoured to induce Parliament to deal effectually with this cruel wrong, and in 1864 he actually succeeded in carrying a Bill which made it unlawful for a chimney sweeper to take into a house with him any assistant under sixteen years of age, and which empowered magistrates, in case of a breach of the law, 'to impose imprisonment with hard labour instead of a fine.' But even this measure did not terminate the prevalent abuses. In 1872 Lord Shaftesbury was 'stirred' by learning that a poor climbing boy had been suffocated in a flue in Staffordshire. In the following year he drew public attention to the case of a 'poor little chimney sweeper, seven and a half years old, killed in a flue at Washington in the county of Durham.' In February, 1875, George Brewster, a boy of fourteen, was suffocated in a flue in Cambridge. But this case at last excited the public mind. George Brewster's master was sentenced to six months' hard labour; the 'Times' declared that his em-

ployers were morally guilty of the crime of murder; and Lord Shaftesbury, strengthened by popular excitement, was able at last to carry an effectual measure for the suppression of the practice.

In relating Lord Shaftesbury's efforts in the cause both of the factory operatives and of the climbing boys, we have been necessarily dwelling on public labours undertaken in the cause of humanity. But we should give a very imperfect idea of the work which Lord Shaftesbury accomplished if we did not describe the private efforts made by him rather as an individual than a statesman in the cause of the poor. Much, indeed, as we admire the perseverance which characterised Lord Shaftesbury's legislative achievements, we are still more impressed by the toils which he undertook for the sake of relieving distress or reducing vice in the darkest corners of the metropolis. In his public career, indeed, our judgement cannot always follow him, and we think that he was occasionally unjust to those who thought it their duty to oppose him. But on his private career we have no such criticism to offer; the head goes with the heart in saying, 'Well done, good and faithful servant!'

Let us enumerate only a few of the movements with which Lord Shaftesbury was thus associated. He was the first president of the Ragged School Union, and one of the earliest, most active, and most persevering promoters of ragged schools. He assisted in founding the Labourers' Friend Society, or, as it was afterwards called, the Society for improving the Condition of the Labouring Classes; and, in connexion with the society, he exposed 'the shameful dwellings in which the poor were compelled to live,' and urged on the public the duty of remedying the evils inseparable from them. He was the earliest advocate, if not the originator, of the model lodging-house system. He was one of the fathers of the Shoe Black Brigade. He was one of the founders of night refuges for casual vagrants, and of permanent refuges for the support and education of outcast children. He promoted, with the best results, the emigration of children from ragged schools; and he persuaded the Government to place a fifty-ton frigate, the 'Chichester,' in the Thames, on board of which destitute and homeless boys could be trained for the navy. He took up the cause of the costermongers, threw himself into their work, and gained their confidence. He established, in connexion with the Watercress and Flower Girls' Mission, a fund out of which loans were made to deserving women to help them in their

business. He constantly presided over the flower shows held in Dean's Yard under the auspices of the Society for promoting Window Gardening. He was ready to attend a thieves' meeting, and to confer with them on their future. He was the welcome visitor at the poorest and vilest houses of the London poor.

Such was some of the work which Lord Shaftesbury undertook and accomplished. Mr. Hodder tells us, on more than one occasion, of the apt manner in which he addressed himself to the strange audiences which it was almost the business of his life to collect around him. We confess that we are not surprised at his winning the hearts of the poor when we read of some of his sayings. At one of the costermongers' meetings, for instance, Lord Shaftesbury told the men, when they had grievances which he could assist them to get redressed, to be sure to write to him. 'But where shall we write to?' asked one of them. 'Address your letter to me at Grosvenor Square, and it will probably reach me,' he replied; 'but if after my name you put "K.G. and Coster" there will be no doubt that I shall get it.' 'But will you ever come back to see us again?' was the enquiry of a thief at a thieves' meeting. 'Yes,' was the reply, 'at any time and at any place, whenever you shall send for me.' 'Please, sir, may I give you a kiss?' said a little girl to him at one of the Dean's Yard flower shows. 'I said, "I am sure you may, my dear, and I will give you one too."' It was at one of these shows, after the death of his wife, that he made the beautiful remark, 'The garden of Paradise was only to be approached through the garden of Gethsemane;' and a voice cried out from the crowd, 'That is the best thing you have said.'

Sayings of this kind, slight in themselves, form the best evidence of the deep sympathy which was at once the cause of Lord Shaftesbury's influence with the poor, and the stimulant to his own exertions in their behalf. He, indeed, would probably have given a different reason for his life's work. His actions, he would certainly have said, were based on his religion, and his exertions for struggling humanity were the consequence of his creed. But men do not always understand their own motives so clearly as bystanders; and to us at any rate it is plain that the deep love of mankind which distinguished Lord Shaftesbury would have animated him under any circumstances. He was not good because he was religious; he was religious because he was good.

In recording this conviction, however, we have no de-

sire to ignore the influence which religion had on Lord Shaftesbury's life. His faith was a part of the man, and his character will never be understood by anyone who does not realise the deep conviction with which he clung to his creed. 'I am essentially, and from deep-rooted conviction'—so he said on one occasion—'an evangelical of the evangelicals;' and his whole public and private influence was thrown into the ranks of that party in the Church. He regarded 'the only conservative principle the Protestant religion as embodied in the doctrines and framework of the Church of England;' and he thought Tahiti 'the only kingdom which, from its head to its feet, in all its private and public relations, in all that it said, permitted, or did, was a Christian state, founded on the truths of the Gospel, and governed by the simplicity of God's word.' When we read this remarkable opinion, we could only entertain a sincere hope that Lord Shaftesbury did not know much about Tahiti. He had no more doubt of the literal inspiration of the Bible than of the efficacy of prayer. He was as certain as of his 'own existence that science, in a more extended compass, long, very long, before it is perfect, will be the surest, stoutest, most irresistible apology for the Bible in the whole history of facts and arguments since controversy began. It will prove the Mosaic Creation, the authenticity of the Pentateuch; it will establish the Deluge and Noah's Ark. It will render all Joshua credible; the miracles of Moses and the Red Sea. It will make every syllable of the Old and New Testament as clear and certain to our minds and souls as hunger and thirst, food and raiment, pain and pleasure, are to our bodies.' Under these circumstances he was a stout opponent of Biblical revision, which in his eyes opened a prospect 'of confusion, distrust, doubt, difficulty, enmity, and opposition;' and he was a warm supporter of the decision of the Bible Society to celebrate its jubilee by presenting one million New Testaments, in the Chinese language, to the people of China. With these views, it was natural that he should regard with horror any works which endeavoured to reconcile the language of the Bible with modern thought. He declared of 'Essays and Reviews' that 'if that book were true, the Bible must be false.' He regarded Bishop Colenso's work on the Pentateuch as 'a puerile and ignorant attack on the sacred and unassailable Word of God.' He said that the 'Vie de Jésus' was written by M. Renan 'for the most iniquitous purposes;' and he denounced 'Ecce Homo' as the most pestilential book ever vomited from the jaws of hell.

Holding these opinions, Lord Shaftesbury, though he regarded himself as a sound churchman, did and said things which he could hardly expect to be acceptable to all parties in the Church. The elder Wilberforce complained in his diary that the bishops gave him no support in his efforts to promote Christianity in India. In similar language Lord Shaftesbury grumbled at the bishops going away to dinner when the Vivisection Bill was before the Lords. 'Of what use,' he went on to ask, 'are the bishops in the House of Lords?' In the height of the excitement on the so-called Papal aggression in 1850, he publicly declared that he would 'rather worship with Lydia on the bank by the riverside than with a hundred surpliced priests in the temple of St. Barnabas' (i.e. in St. Barnabas Church, Pimlico). Many of his warmest efforts in the cause of humanity were made in close association with Nonconformists; he encountered opposition from many churchmen in his persistent and successful efforts to organise religious services for the people in the halls and theatres of the metropolis. He called an education rate 'a water rate to extinguish religious fire among young people.' He said of a service at St. Alban's, Holborn: 'In outward form and ritual it is the worship of Jupiter and Juno.' Like other men, too, of his school of thought, with no intention of irreverence, he used Scripture texts in a manner which seems irreverent to other people. Of the galleries at Bologna he wrote, for example, 'One day in thy courts is better than a thousand.' The flaps of the envelopes which he daily used bore the inscription 'Even so come Lord Jesus' in the original Greek. The contest for the Oxford professorship of poetry in 1841-2 led to a controversy between Dr. Pusey and himself which interrupted their friendship for many years; and we regret to add that, in charity and tolerance, the honour in this unhappy quarrel did not lie with Lord Shaftesbury.

In a religious sense, however, the two most important incidents in Lord Shaftesbury's career remain to be noticed. The first was the institution of the Jerusalem bishopric; the second the influence which he exercised on Lord Palmerston's ecclesiastical appointments. In 1838 Lord Shaftesbury had been singularly affected by the appointment of an English vice-consul at Jerusalem. 'If this is duly considered,' he wrote, 'what a wonderful event it is! The ancient city of the people of God is about to resume a place among the nations, and England is the first of Gentile nations that ceases to tread her down. . . . I shall always

'remember that God put it into my heart to conceive this
 'plan for His honour, gave me influence to prevail with
 'Palmerston, and provided a man for the situation who
 '“can remember Jerusalem in his mirth.” Wrote by him
 'a few lines to Pieritz, and sent him a very small sum of
 'money for the Hebrew converts there (I wish it were larger),
 'that I might revive the practice of apostolic times (Romans
 'xv. 26), and “make a certain contribution for the poor saints
 '“that are at Jerusalem.”’ In the same year he contributed
 an article to the ‘Quarterly Review,’ in which, in speaking
 of a proposal to found a church in Jerusalem, if possible on
 Mount Zion itself, he declared that ‘a small but faithful con-
 ‘gregation of proselytes hear daily the evangelical verities
 ‘of our Church on the mount of the holy city itself, in the
 ‘language of the prophets, and in the spirit of the apostles.
 ‘To anyone who reflects on this event, it must appear one
 ‘of the most striking that have occurred in modern days,
 ‘perhaps in any days since the corruptions began in the
 ‘Church of Christ.’ These being his feelings, it will readily
 be understood that he regarded, three years later, the insti-
 tution of the bishopric of Jerusalem with enthusiasm. ‘May
 ‘the blessing of the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob,
 ‘the father of our Lord Jesus Christ, be with it now and
 ‘for ever! I wish I had put in detail the whole progress
 ‘of this wonderful measure, of all I have said, felt, and done
 ‘in it; but time has failed me for half of the things I would
 ‘perform or write.’ Dr. Alexander was selected for the new
 bishopric at his suggestion; and the choice was certainly
 a happy one. ‘The successor of St. James,’ wrote M.
 Bunsen, ‘is by birth an Israelite; born a Prussian; belong-
 ‘ing to the Church of England; ripened (by hard work) in
 ‘Ireland; twenty years professor of Hebrew in King’s
 ‘College.’ At Lord Shaftesbury’s suggestion, too, the
 Government acceded to his ‘main and most dear object . . .
 ‘the grant of a steamboat to carry out the bishop to Jaffa.’
 It is true that even at that time some mutterings among
 Churchmen betrayed the disagreement which the new policy
 was exciting. Alas for ‘the monstrosities of Puseyism!
 ‘The Bishop of London is beset and half browbeaten by the
 ‘clamorous and uncatholic race;’ and Mr. Hodder might
 perhaps have reminded us that the institution of the new
 bishopric drove Mr. Newman from the Church of England,
 and that Mr. Bright afterwards complained in the House of
 Commons that the new bishop had travelled in a steam-
 frigate, the ‘Devastation,’ and had landed ‘within a stone’s

‘throw, no doubt, of the house in which an apostle lived, under a salute of twenty-one guns.’

Looking back now at these events over an interval of nearly half a century, we see them dwindled to their true proportions by the perspective of time; and the enthusiasm which they excited in Lord Shaftesbury seems as much out of place as the alarm which they created in Mr. Newman. Mr. Newman, on his part, lived to admit that he had ‘never heard of any good or harm that bishopric has done;’ and when Bishop Alexander died, four years after his consecration, Lord Shaftesbury concluded that ‘the thing was not according to God’s wisdom and pleasure.’ And so, though he attended the consecration of Dr. Gobat, Dr. Alexander’s successor, he seems to have taken very little further interest in this famous bishopric.

But, if the concern which Lord Shaftesbury had in the Jerusalem bishopric did not lead to the result which he expected from it, the influence which, at a later period of his career, he exercised in the choice of Church dignitaries at home was attended with great, we had almost written lasting, consequences. It is not too much to say that, during Lord Palmerston’s Administration, Lord Shaftesbury practically appointed all the bishops that were made; and that, as an exceptionally large number of bishoprics fell vacant at the time, he succeeded in imparting tone and colour of his own to the episcopal bench.

It will be recollected that Lord Shaftesbury was married to Lady Emily Cowper, the daughter of Lord and Lady Cowper. Lord Cowper died in 1837, and in 1839 his widow, Lady Cowper, was married to Lord Palmerston. This marriage made Lord Shaftesbury the son-in-law of the lady who was the centre of London society, and whose husband was perhaps the ablest member of the Whig party and the most popular Prime Minister of the century. From one point of view there was little in common between the two peers who were thus thrown together. According to Lord Shaftesbury himself, Lord Palmerston did ‘not know, in theology, Moses from Sydney Smith;’ and his brisk, happy temperament formed a striking contrast to the puritanic gloom which shrouded Lord Shaftesbury’s brow and hardened his features. Yet these two men were drawn together in the closest friendship. Lord Shaftesbury excused in Lord Palmerston language which he would have denounced with the gravest censure if it had proceeded from any other person. He received from Lord Palmerston on more than

one occasion the most munificent assistance and the wisest and kindest advice ; he accepted from Lord Palmerston the Garter, which he refused when it was offered to him by Lord Aberdeen ; and, when Lord Palmerston died, he recorded the fact in his diary in these words :—

‘ I lose a man who, I know, esteemed and loved me far beyond every other man living. He showed it in every action of his heart, in every expression of his lips, in private and in public, as a man, as a relative, and as a minister. His society was infinitely agreeable to me ; and I admired, every day more, his patriotism, his simplicity of purpose, his indefatigable spirit of labour, his unfailing good humour, his kindness of heart, and his prompt, tender, and active consideration for others in the midst of his heaviest toils and anxieties.’

Some of the most pleasant pages in Mr. Hodder’s volumes are those which are devoted to the relations between these men. But we have no space in this article to dwell on the private intercourse of the two friends. We only allude to it because it explains the influence which Lord Shaftesbury exercised on Lord Palmerston’s Church appointments, and which made him for some years the bishop-maker of the Ministry.

Mr. Hodder has given in his third volume a complete list of the bishoprics and deaneries which were thus filled by Lord Palmerston, almost uniformly on Lord Shaftesbury’s advice. We have no desire to criticise these appointments. All of them were those of men to whose qualifications it is difficult to take exception. But we should imagine that, though each individual appointment stands in need of no apology, few persons would care to defend the list as a whole. Lord Shaftesbury himself admits that ‘ the first bishops were decidedly of the Evangelical school ; ’ but the later bishops were, almost without exception, taken from the same school. Grave offence was consequently given to the High Church party. ‘ To yield everything to a ‘ Ministry,’ wrote Bishop Wilberforce, which every sound ‘ Churchman feels insults the Church almost every time it ‘ has to recommend to the Crown a bishopric, is exceedingly ‘ hard.’

We have purposely refrained throughout this article from expressing any opinion on Lord Shaftesbury’s peculiar religious views. Such matters, indeed, cannot properly be discussed in reviewing a book dealing with many other subjects ; and we have, therefore, contented ourselves with allowing Lord Shaftesbury to speak for himself, without expressing either concurrence in, or dissent from, his opinions.

Whatever judgement, however, others may pronounce on the merits of Lord Shaftesbury's creed, his warmest admirers will hardly claim for it breadth or comprehension. So long, indeed, as the narrow views which he held on religion only affected his own life, the public had no concern with them. But things were very different when Lord Shaftesbury became the chief adviser of the Ministry on ecclesiastical subjects. The Church of England, whether we like the fact or not, comprises in its fold men who hold widely diverging views on many points of doctrine. It has been the fortunate result of recent decisions of the Privy Council to enlarge the foundations on which the Church is built; and the wisest men are almost unanimous in thinking that, if the Church fail to be comprehensive, it will cease to be national. Yet no one can doubt that if the policy, which Lord Shaftesbury originated, had been pursued a little longer, the whole basis of the Church must have been narrowed. A steady determination to select all its dignitaries from a single school might have encouraged uniformity of doctrine, but must ultimately have driven from the fold the men who were thus practically told that they had neither part nor lot in its heritage.

So far, then, as the public consequences of Lord Shaftesbury's religious views are concerned—and we repeat that we confine ourselves to the public results of his opinions—there is little either to praise or to admire. The Jerusalem bishopric was a failure, and the Church appointments were exclusive and therefore objectionable. But we are not inclined to judge Lord Shaftesbury severely on these accounts. We recollect, and sympathise with, the reproof of the little shoeblack: 'Don't you speak against Lord Shaftesbury, sir; if you do, God Almighty will never bless you.' We feel that Lord Shaftesbury is to be remembered not for what he said or thought, but for what he did; and that, if his opinions were narrower than those of his age, his sympathies were broader than those even of the best of his contemporaries.

We have already described the main achievements of Lord Shaftesbury's career. But, before we close our subject altogether, we wish to dwell on the chief characteristics of his work. And, in the first place, we ought perhaps to point out that, though he was the greatest philanthropist of his age, he originated nothing. Mr. Sadler preceded him in the Ten Hours Bill; Mr. Robert Gordon introduced the Bill to regulate lunatic asylums, which was the subject of Lord

Shaftesbury's first speech in Parliament. It was a Bill in Parliament, introduced on other responsibility, which directed his attention to the wrongs of climbing boys. It was an advertisement in the 'Times' which gave him his first interest in ragged schools and Field Lane. Mr. S. R. Starey, a solicitor's clerk, was the founder of the Ragged School Union; Mr. W. J. Orsman, a civil servant, was the first to devote himself 'to the hard task of evangelising the benighted costermongers;' and we might probably show that nearly all the movements with which Lord Shaftesbury's name is associated were originated by others and not by himself. But if Lord Shaftesbury cannot have the credit of originating work of this kind, he had, at least, the rare distinction of selecting for encouragement schemes which were both good and wise, and his energy and determination were the forces which made these schemes successful. He rarely adopted a cause, however hopeless, which he did not galvanise into life; he seldom joined a movement, however humble or obscure, which he did not make known and popular.

His position and his rank were, no doubt, powerful aids to him. People who would not have listened to Mr. Starey or Mr. Orsman were forced to attend to Lord Ashley or Lord Shaftesbury. But position and rank alone would have been powerless but for his perseverance and his enthusiasm. He succeeded in what he undertook because he believed in what he attempted. His convictions were so strong that he was rarely able either to appreciate or to understand those who happened to oppose him. And those who condemn the harsh judgements and gloomy ideas which were the natural outcome of his narrow opinions should recollect that faith in his creed sustained him in his labours, and never failed him in his philanthropic efforts.

But there is another and still more noteworthy circumstance about Lord Shaftesbury's achievements. If he rarely undertook a work which he did not carry on to victory, he still more rarely adopted a movement which did not lead to beneficial consequences. In this age, fortunately, many wealthy and earnest men are anxious to assist in relieving the distress which we all deplore; but some, perhaps most, of them are deterred by the consciousness that charity frequently does more harm than good. Mr. Thackeray's cynical remark in the 'Newcomes'—'The wicked are wicked, no doubt, and they go astray, and they fall, and they come by their deserts; but who can tell the mischief that the very

‘ virtuous do ? ’—is emphasised by the striking verdict, which we think was pronounced by the late Mr. W. R. Greg, that the wise men of the world pass most of their time in undoing the harm which the good men of the world are doing. If we are tempted to give to a poor man in the streets, we recollect the example of Archbishop Whately, who, on principle, always refused to relieve a beggar. If we contribute to a public fund for the relief of distress, we are sure to learn, from some source or other, that the money thus spent is actually creating the pauperism which it was intended to mitigate. If even we subscribe to a hospital, we are assured that many persons, who could afford to pay for their own medical attendance, are unfairly availing themselves of the advantages which the institution offers. We suppose that Lord Shaftesbury was sometimes imposed upon like other benevolent men, and that he was occasionally deceived by vice when he thought that he was assisting virtue. But we imagine that no man, of whom we have any knowledge, whose benevolence was equally wide, made fewer mistakes. His efforts to excite the public charity, numerous as they were, are uniformly such as the reason can approve; and we feel, while we read, that, whether he was labouring to reduce the hours of infant labour, to improve the administration of lunatic asylums, to reclaim the vicious, to protect the waif, to improve the dwellings of the poor, or to open out in new countries a fresh career for those who had no chance at home, he was working on right lines—on lines which were calculated not merely to relieve the misery which he found, but to diminish, to a certain extent, the growth of wretchedness afterwards.

Those who have followed Lord Shaftesbury’s career, either in Mr. Hodder’s pages or in this slight review of them, will observe with regret, but perhaps without surprise, that his life, however useful, was far from happy. Perhaps, indeed, happiness is not attainable by those who are best acquainted with the condition of society. The consciousness of a vast sea of seething misery and sin, which even workers like Lord Shaftesbury are only able slightly to reduce, and with which most men are incompetent even to contend, fills both the thinkers and the workers of the world with a despair which is incompatible with happiness. For these reasons we do not believe that the best and most thoughtful men can ever be included among the happiest of mankind. But Lord Shaftesbury, we imagine, under no circumstances could have led a life of enjoyment. His religious opinions and his

sensitive nature both interfered with his pleasure. At Carlsbad in 1843 he was momentarily made happy by drinking ‘coffee *sub Jove* on the esplanade of the Wiese,’ and it occurred to him, as it has occurred to many other tourists, that foreigners ‘surpass us in the nature and variety of their ‘social enjoyments. What,’ he went on to say, ‘could ‘surpass the simple and cheap luxury of a pretty scene, a ‘splendid day, delicious air, well dressed company, green ‘trees, and coffee and milk enough to satisfy five persons, ‘for about a shilling?’ Verily we should have imagined that the sternest puritan might have temporarily surrendered himself to such simple pleasures without remorse. Not so, however, Lord Shaftesbury. The trail of the serpent was over it all. ‘Such a facility and such a character of amusement would prove my ruin; I should fall like Hannibal’s ‘soldiers at Capua, and surrender all sense of duty, all effort ‘for mankind, to the overwhelming fascinations of ease and ‘selfishness.’

Thus with Lord Shaftesbury the bow was always strung; and, if all work and no play did not make him dull, he became prematurely sad. This sadness, moreover, was increased by the sensitiveness which made him wince under criticism. In the height of the factory agitation, the employers of labour naturally said many hard things of him. But, instead of recollecting that their opposition was after all compensated by the enthusiastic admiration of the working classes, he persuaded himself that he was the object of ‘constant, minute, and pointed hatred.’ Perhaps such an impression may have been not unnatural amidst the anxiety and abuse of a great struggle.* But thirty years afterwards, when he was perhaps more respected and more popular than any man in England, he could use almost the same language: ‘I am making enemies on all sides, and God, as ‘ever, is my only friend.’

Thus a sensitive, we had almost written a morbid, nature threw a perpetual gloom over Lord Shaftesbury, and carved those deep furrows in his countenance which all who knew

* The abuse was occasionally funny. When Lord Shaftesbury was engaged in the anti-slavery campaign, one of the religious papers of the Southern States wrote:—‘Who is this Earl of Shaftesbury? Some ‘unknown lordling; one of your modern philanthropists suddenly ‘started up to take part in a passing agitation. It is a pity he does not ‘look at home. Where was he when Lord Ashley was so nobly fighting ‘for the Factory Bill, and pleading the cause of the English slave? We ‘never even heard the name of this Lord Shaftesbury *then*.’

him will remember. But, besides the trouble which he thus made for himself, he had anxieties and sorrows to endure which left their mark on his character. In the first place, his means were never adequate for his wants. He complained in 1846 that more than half of his income was borrowed 'to be repaid at some future day' with heavy cumulations of interest; that he had eight children, the two eldest costing him 200*l.* a year each; that he had a ninth coming; and that the allowance from his 'father was only 100*l.* more 'than that which he had received as a bachelor at Oxford.' Towards the close of his life he was cheated by his steward, and 'incurred expenses, amounting to some thousands of 'pounds, in inevitable lawsuits, civil and criminal.' Overwhelmed by sadness and despair, he declared that 'our 'blessed Lord endured all the sorrows of humanity but that 'of debt. Perhaps it was to exemplify the truth, afterwards 'uttered by St. Paul, "Owe no man anything but to serve 'him in the Lord."

Pecuniary embarrassments, moreover, were not Lord Shaftesbury's only trouble. His second son Francis, a boy of much promise, died at Harrow in 1849; his son Maurice, the victim of a sad malady, was removed while his parents were abroad in 1855; his daughter Mary died of consumption after a lingering illness in 1861; another daughter, Constance, died of the same disease in 1872; and Lady Shaftesbury was herself taken from him in the same year. Such losses necessarily saddened Lord Shaftesbury's declining years. He paid the penalty, which is perhaps inseparable from age, of seeing those who were nearest and dearest to him go before.

Yet, if he were gloomy from his opinions and saddened by his personal trials, we cannot help hoping that, in his declining years, he must have felt a pleasure which a hasty perusal of Mr. Hodder's volumes will hardly reveal. In the satisfaction inseparable from success, in the knowledge that the world at large had at last adopted his opinions on social subjects, in the approval and admiration of his friends, and in the respect and affection of the people, he must, we trust, have found both his consolation and his reward.

Signs of approval reached him from many quarters. 'Over his bed in Grosvenor Square hung a handsome sampler 'worked by factory girls, the first fruits of their leisure 'hours; the clock in his dining-room was presented to him 'by flower and watercress girls; his bed coverlet, under 'which at St. Giles he always slept, was made out of little

‘bits of materials, with a figure in the middle and a large ‘letter S, the work of a number of ragged children.’ But perhaps the most eloquent tribute was paid to him by Dean Stanley in 1873, when Lord Shaftesbury, after his wife’s death, begged the Committee to procure some new and younger chairman for the annual flower show in Dean’s Yard, adding that he was in the condition of a tree which, as Lucan says, casts a shadow no longer with its leaves, but only by its stem. The Dean’s reply was published, after Lord Shaftesbury’s death, in the ‘Times;’ it has been republished by Mr. Hodder, but it will bear quoting again:—

‘“Trunco, non frondibus, efficit umbram,”

Well said old Lucan. Often have I seen
A stripling tree, all foliage and all green;
But not a hope of grateful, soothing shade,
Its empty strength in fluttering leaves displayed.
Give me the solid trunk, the aged stem,
That rears its scant but glorious diadem;
That through long years of battle or of storm
Has striven whole forests round it to reform;
That plants its roots too deep for men to shake;
That rears its head too high for grief to break;
That still, thro’ lightning flash and thunder stroke,
Retains its vital sap and heart of oak.
Such gallant tree for me shall ever stand
A great rock’s shadow in a weary land.’

For twelve years more after these lines were written the good old tree still reared its crest unbroken in the forest, a shelter for the weak, a beacon for all. At the end of that time ‘a troublesome complaint, which had produced great ‘weakness, made rest and change of air indispensable, and ‘towards the end of July,’ 1885, Lord Shaftesbury went down to Folkestone. There, ‘free from great distressing ‘pain, with consciousness perfectly clear, surrounded by his ‘sons and daughters, whom he loved with an untold and ‘untellable love, undisturbed by any fear of death, unshaken ‘in faith, and in full assurance of hope, he calmly awaited ‘the end.’ And on October 1, 1885, it was possible to say of him too—

‘Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.’

ART. IV.—1. *Lettere di Gino Capponi e di altri a lui. Raccolte e pubblicate da A. CARRARESI.* 4 vols. 8vo. Florence: 1882-6.

2. *Gino Capponi, i suoi tempi, i suoi studi, i suoi amici. Memorie raccolte da M. TABARRINI.* 8vo. Florence: 1879.

3. *Gino Capponi, ein Zeit- und Lebensbild.* Von A. VON REUMONT. 8vo. Gotha: 1880.

4. *Scritti editi e inediti di Gino Capponi.* Per cura di M. TABARRINI. 2 vols. 8vo. Florence: 1877.

ON the eve of the dissolution of the first Napoleonic Empire a new race of men had sprung up in Italy, different in many respects from any of the generations which had preceded it, and no less unlike the one now living after it. Eighteen years of French occupation (1796-1814) had no doubt inflicted grievous calamities on the country, but were not without some important compensating results for the inhabitants. The invaders had given the long-prostrate nation a standard and a name. They had trained the youth to arms. They had called upon them to be men.

The mass of the people, it is true, would soon have sunk back into its former slough. But submission was not in every case without protest; not without the consciousness of intolerable, unmerited wrong; not without hope of eventual redress. In every town and district of the Peninsula there were interpreters of national aspirations. Every locality had its acknowledged leaders. These were for the most part men of high standing, of independent means, of unblemished character, and considerable attainments. And the most conspicuous of them was the Marquis Gino Capponi of Florence. Gino Capponi was twenty-three years old at the fall of Napoleon, and he died in 1876, in his eighty-fourth year. He went therefore through every phasis of the revival of Italy. He saw the last Austrian battalion rowed out of the Venetian lagoons. He saw the French flag hauled down from the battlements of Castle St. Angelo. He lived to witness all those portentous changes which so many of his fellow-workers and fellow-sufferers had desired to see, but which their shorter span of life did not allow them to see. Capponi's heart-longing was fulfilled. Yet there was for him no unalloyed happiness. Perhaps the success which transcended his most sanguine hopes exceeded also his most ardent wishes. Perhaps he got more than he had bargained for.

Memoirs of Gino Capponi were published in Florence by the senator Marco Tabarrini, in 1879, and in the following year, at Gotha, by Alfred von Reumont, a Prussian diplomatist long a resident of Florence and Rome; both well-known men and perfectly competent to deal with the subject. But now we have here before us, in four volumes, the whole of Capponi's private correspondence from his early youth to only a few months before his death; 1,045 of his letters addressed to almost every man of note among his European contemporaries and as many of their answers to him; long letters a good number of them, relevant to almost every interesting topic of the day and meant for the intimacy of private intercourse—a mass of documents equally available for a biography of the man and for the history of his time.

This correspondence has been put together with great care by Signor Alessandro Carraresi, for five-and-thirty years in attendance upon the Marquis in the capacity of an amanuensis (his *oculus cæco*, as Capponi himself called him), during the progress of that ophthalmic affliction which in 1840 had already disabled him for unassisted literary work, and which ended in total blindness many years before the end of his life.

The first letters in this collection are written in the country at Monsoglio, Varramista, and other of the Capponi villas, in holiday time, to his tutor the Abate Giovambatista Zannoni to whom he was evidently much attached, and whom in later years he addressed in the loving words of Dante to the shade of Brunetto Latini, whose 'dear, benign, 'paternal image' met him in the lower regions, reminding him of the sage who, when in the flesh, 'had taught him 'the way to win eternity.'*

To the same kind instructor were also sent the short accounts of Capponi's first juvenile trips to Rome, Naples, and Sicily; nor is the tutor forgotten when, after 1814, peace had re-opened the communication across the Alps, and the young nobleman, complying with the fashion, set out on his two years' European tour, through France to England,

* 'In la mente m'è fitta, ed or m'accora,
La cara e buona imagine paterna
Di voi quando nel mondo ad ora ad ora
Mi 'nsegnavate come l'uom s'eterna.'

(Inferno, xv. 82.) Lett. 18, to the Abate Zannoni, London, Nov. 5, 1819, vol. i. p. 40.

Scotland, and Ireland, and back *viâ* Holland, Germany, and Switzerland; only returning to Florence at midsummer in 1820. He was then twenty-eight years old, and the tutor had heard reports of the 'golden opinion' his former pupil had gained wherever he went, 'by his talents and his good manners doing honour to himself and to his country;' reports which had been to him (Zannoni) 'one of the greatest consolations he had ever experienced.'*

Capponi came into the world richly endowed by nature and fortune. He belonged to one of those historical families whose name alone is acknowledged as true nobility in a country where titles are from their cheapness of no more account than mere dross. He was tall, handsome, of a manly bearing and refined manners, of studious habits, of ready sympathies; earnest, sociable; and he deserved the designation given to him by Vincenzio Monti and Giulio Perticari of Milan, two of the great lights of the Napoleonic era, who in a joint letter dubbed him 'the Pattern, or Mirror of Gentlemen.'†

Capponi came back from his wanderings an altered man. He awoke as from a dream to find himself famous, but he had to pay dearly for the distinction he had achieved. He was no longer inclined to echo his countrymen's pious wish 'that the whole world should be but one vast Tuscany.'‡ The more he had seen of other lands, the less favourably he thought of his 'miserable country;' § yet the stronger grew his patriotism. Italy was not what he had believed and wished it to be: the stronger the reason for him to devote his life to making it what it should be. That was henceforth the aim of all his thoughts and deeds.

Like Alfieri and other noble-minded Italians, Capponi fell in love with England at first sight. 'I am,' he writes, 'delighted, very greatly delighted, with my stay in England, and prefer it to any other country.' || On the Boulevard, in Paris, he misses those 'blessed goodly English faces which make of a man a rational being.' ¶ He envies the friend

* Zannoni's Letter, Nov. 28, 1819, vol. i. p. 43.

† 'Al fiore dei cavalieri.'—Monti and Perticari's Lett., Dec. 31, 1821, Milan, vol. i. p. 134.

‡ 'Deh' ch'è non è tutto Toscana il mondo?'

§ Lett. 57 to Barone Friddani, Flor., May 23, 1823, vol. i. p. 157.

|| 'Sto volentieri molto, anzi moltissimo in Inghilterra, e di preferenza a qualunque altro paese.'—Lett. 17, to Marquis Giuseppe Pucci, Dublin, Oct. 13, 1819, vol. i. p. 32.

¶ 'Benedette quelle buone faccie degl' Inglesi che ispirano la

whom he has left in 'dear Bond Street,'* and in any fit of ill humour he declares that he 'will go back to Piccadilly 'and there abide to the end of his days.' He congratulates Foscolo on his living in what is called the 'land of hypocrisy,' adding that, 'if he can manage it, he will go back 'among the hypocrites and be one of them, for hypocrisy at least implies some shame of the vices which other nations 'seem anxious to parade and boast of.'† He laughs to scorn the fears his friends entertained of the riots which he might have to witness in a country torn by unbridled political factions; contending that 'no people had so sound an instinct 'of that order on which true freedom must needs be based as 'the English.'‡ And his valet tells us how they chanced to be at a place called Salisbury at the mayor's election; an occasion on which, he had been told, 'these people cudgel 'each other within an inch of their lives;' but he, on the contrary, found it all 'great fun.' He attended his master at the banquet of the mayor-elect, where the Signor Gino proposed the health of the worthy magistrate in an English speech, 'at which all present greatly marvelled.'§

On the other hand, Capponi could not think of his homeward journey without a shudder. He contrasted the anniversary of the happy day he left Paris with a friend, both bound to London, with the leave-taking from the same friend, in the same city of Paris, but with Capponi this time, alas! on his way back to Florence.|| He acknowledged that his longing for home has grown much cooler than he would wish; and the idea of his return does not in the least smile upon him.¶

There was enough indeed in the condition of his country at this juncture to perplex and distress the mind of any man anxious for its honour or welfare. Men were still stunned by the great catastrophe of 1814. They could scarcely believe that the 'independence' so loudly proclaimed

ragionevolezza!'—Lett. 47, to Ugo Foscolo, Paris, Dec. 29, 1819, vol. i. p. 47.

* 'Oh beato Bond Street! Adhæreat lingua mea faucibus meis si non meminero tui!'—Lett. 26, to Ugo Foscolo, vol. i. p. 73.

† Lett. 51, to Foscolo, May 10, 1822, vol. i. p. 142.

‡ Lett. 18, to Abate Zannoni, London, Nov. 5, vol. i. p. 37.

§ Lett. of the valet, Antonio or Tonino Morelli, London, July 18, and Edinburgh, Aug. 18, 1819, vol. i. pp. 33, 35.

|| Lett. 34, to Count Girolamo Vela, Flor., April 12, 1821, vol. i. p. 98.

¶ Lett. 26, to Ugo Foscolo, vol. i. p. 73.

by the Allied Powers for all nations should in the case of Italy be construed into an extension of Austria's dominion over a large part of the peninsula and into a boundless increase of her indirect ascendancy over the rest. Their minor states, their own princes—the Italians reasoned—whether natives or aliens, ought at least to wish to be masters within their territories; and, that being the case, it ought to be possible for well-meaning subjects to come to terms with them. The Cadiz proclamation on January 1 of that very year (1820) had been sufficient to enable the Spaniards to wrest from their Bourbon a most liberal constitution; and the example had been followed at Naples a few months later with the most signal success. What was there to prevent Piedmont, Parma, Modena, or especially Tuscany, doing the same? or why should not the Italians go their way unmolested, as the Spaniards had hitherto been doing with the applause of Europe, and with the apparent acquiescence of the Allied Sovereigns?

Alas! Capponi's disposition was not sanguine enough to share the common delusion. It was, doubtless, the commotion spread all over the world by the report of those happy, bloodless revolutions which determined his reluctant journey across the Alps. He was still at Geneva in June 1820, and yet able in the following month to send from Florence to his friend Pucci in London a clear account of the situation in Italy, clear though guarded, in consideration of the watchful activity of the police and the insecurity of letters at the post-office.* In Naples, he thought, the new order of things proceeded with the same energy which insured from the first the success of the movement. Little to fear from discord or anarchy on the mainland. But matters went otherwise across the Strait, where the Sicilians, with his friend Ruggero Settimo at their head, were standing up for what is now called 'Home Rule'—i.e. for a prince and parliament of their own; insisting on a separation which, he says, 'were it even expedient for them, 'would be a fatal blow to the common cause.' In Romagna, he continues, there is ferment; but in Piedmont as yet both army and people give no sign. The Government receives daily hints of the party favourable to a constitution; but they know they have to settle accounts with Austria, which threatens an occupation of Alessandria, is sending twenty-three regiments into Lombardy, and has entrusted the

* Lett. 29, Flor., Aug. 24, vol. i. p. 83.

management of Italian affairs to the Austrian Archduke Francis IV., Duke of Modena, the prince, as we all know, who aspired to supplant the Prince of Carignano, Charles Albert, in the succession to the throne of Sardinia. 'Here in Tuscany,' the letter goes on, 'we are perfectly quiet, as you *knowing us* may well believe, and deem ourselves so far 'most fortunate.'

But there was an end to all that. In the ensuing January 1821 the Allied Powers held their Congress at Laibach, where they established the right of intervention of every state in the internal affairs of its neighbours in the interest of the common tranquillity, whereupon the Austrian regiments swept all over Italy, entered Naples without striking a blow, March 7, and one month later (April 8) they overpowered at Novara a few insurgent Piedmontese battalions which had too late ventured on a partial and hare-brained movement in some of the garrison towns of the Sardinian mainland; the results being arrests and proscriptions which began in every part of the peninsula. The worst forebodings of Gino Capponi turned out true, and in his anguish he turned to his intimate friend Federigo Confalonieri of Milan, proposing to join him for at least a twelvemonth's journey to some far-off country, anywhere beyond the boundaries of civilised life.

In the letters exchanged between these two eminent men, and written without reserve, as they were entrusted to an unsuspected female messenger, was revealed the mind of all right-thinking Italian patriots of the period. Neither of those two was uneasy about his personal safety. Capponi informed his friend that the Prince of Carignano's papers were in the hands of the police, and their names could not fail to be found in them. He was bowed to the ground by the sense of the national disgrace, but had no fears on his own account. 'There had been a deal of talk about him,' he says, 'and he had received endless warnings. But he carried his head high, though his heart was deep in the mire,* and he would greatly deceive himself if he fancied there might be in his case the slightest reason for apprehension.' A few arrests had been made, but only of individuals of little note, with the exception of the Abate

* Lett. 35, to Federigo Confalonieri, Flor., April 26, 1821, vol. i. p. 102. 'Ma io porto la testa alta, per quanto abbia il cuore nel fango, e m'ingannerei molto se potessi io avere motivo della più piccola apprensione' (p. 104).

Renzi, an upright and accomplished literary man. But he 'was anxious about his friends at Milan,' and inquired after them, naming Pecchio, Trecchi, Porro, and others.

Far more than about private sufferings, however, he was concerned about the turn public affairs had taken. Bitter was his disappointment at the ignominious collapse of the Neapolitan revolution after so loud a flourish of trumpets, 'after such a show of unanimous enthusiasm as never had 'been equalled in the records of history.' Still bitterer was his denunciation of the stolid apathy and dastardly supineness of the people in other parts of Italy, and especially of his own Tuscany, during the whole crisis—'a behaviour by 'which the name of his country and countrymen had been 'dragged into the dust; degraded to such a point as to 'preclude all hope of recovery for a period beyond the limits 'of human calculation.' That Europe should long continue at peace, he added, was rather unlikely, and there were men speculating on the chances of Italy making the best of other people's quarrels. But 'the game would be ignoble 'and dangerous; the dream that Italy could work out her 'destinies by her own exertions had vanished, and the 'power to revive its bright illusions was even beyond the 'reach of imagination.'

Confalonieri's answer, longer even than his friend's epistle, was written amidst the terrors of Austrian proscriptions in Lombardy. Many of the best patriots, he says, are scattered abroad; many are already in the toils of the police. The only one still unmolested, strange to say, is himself; but 'the 'storm is gathering,' and he ascribes this apparent calm to 'a strategy intended to bring down the thunderbolt on his 'head with terrible suddenness, leaving him no chance 'of escape. He knows it. He is prepared for it. But 'he has no dread of it. He will await the blow without 'stirring.'*

Nevertheless, he is not unwilling to absent himself for a time. He had almost completely recovered from his indisposition, and in his friend's company he would make arrangements to go to Spain, to Greece, or to the world's end. Capponi need only give him the route by writing, though *not by post*. Or 'if he could manage under some

* 'Ma sotto l'apparente calma si travaglia ad addensare il nembo intorno al mio capo, onde scoppiando ad un tratto io non vi possa sfuggire. Io so: vi son preparato; nol temo: non mi moverò per evitarlo.'—Federigo Confalonieri's *Lett.*, May 5, 1821, vol. i. p. 113.

‘pretext a visit to Milan, a personal interview would be the ‘most advantageous and safest course.’

But that meeting was destined never to take place. Travelling from state to state in Italy at that crisis was no easy matter. To ask for a passport was suspicious; to attempt to dispense with one, very hazardous. There is another letter of Confalonieri, at a few days’ interval, but sent by post, in which he proposes a direct journey to Constantinople, adding that at all events a change of air was necessary for his health.* Whether the projected move was interfered with by Confalonieri’s ailments or by the close watch set by the police over all his steps, and the wholesale arrests of his friends and alleged accomplices, is not clear. But the fact is that his name after this date vanishes from the Capponi correspondence, only to reappear at the close of his fifteen years’ imprisonment (*carcere duro*) in the state fortress of Spielberg.†

Capponi had not deceived himself when he felt so easy as to his personal security. His friend was caught (December 13, 1821). But he himself was ‘too big a fish’ for the nets of the Tuscan police. He was too utterly a stranger to all underhand plots or intrigues, ‘too free from ‘even a speck of charcoal dust,’ to be suspected as a *carbonaro*.‡ Several years later, indeed, on his way to the baths at Carlsbad, he was stopped at the Lombard frontier and compelled to go back to Bologna. But no sooner was the occurrence known at Milan and Vienna, than humble apologies were tendered to him; the too zealous agents were reprimanded, and ample assurances were again and again officially conveyed to him that his travels should never meet with molestation or obstruction.§

At this early period, on the first exodus of Italy’s political exiles, Capponi, loathing as he did all his surroundings, had no wish to join the swarm of fugitives. He was angry with himself and the whole world, and seemed to find no words hard and even coarse enough to express his

* Confalonieri’s Lett., Milan, May 5, 1821, vol. i. p. 113.

† Confalonieri’s Lett., New York, June 24, 1837, vol. i. p. 440.

‡ ‘Ainsi l’on fait de moi un Carbonaro; or je n’ai jamais appartenu à aucune secte de quelque espèce que ce soit.’—Lett. 764. To the editor of ‘Le Siècle,’ Paris, Flor., Feb. 1865, vol. iv. p. 46.

§ See the letters of Paolo Guicciardi, Austrian Chargé d’Affaires at Florence, dated Mantua, July 20, 1837, vol. i. p. 447, and Carlo Colombano di Schnitzer Meerau, Secretary of the Austrian Legation at Florence, Flor., May 6, 1841, vol. ii. p. 28.

contempt of men in general and of his own people in an especial manner. He spoke of Italy as 'this wretched country,' 'this swamp,' 'this sink;' * of Italian literature as a mass of 'vulgar squabbles and vile slanders.' † He stood up for his friend Niccolini, answering those who abused his 'Giovanni da Procida' for its severe 'unpatriotic' invectives, that the real foes of Italy were the flatterers who blinded themselves to the fact that she was now a lifeless thing, a 'putrid carcass.' ‡ 'The best of our men leave us,' he writes; 'those who remain rot.' § And he feels that the prevailing corruption is catching, and he is himself tainted with it. Fain would he go back to England; but he dreads the sneers of those pretty English girls who would call him names—those ugly names which his country has but too richly deserved.||

But he was, besides, unable to break loose from his domestic ties, as he was a widower with two beloved daughters, and his parents both living. His father was a confirmed valetudinarian, hardly knowing what was the matter with him, yet too helpless and slothful to shake off his ailments or his doctors; for 'the art of living to a good old age,' he adds, 'is no part of a gentleman's education in Italy.' ¶ And, indeed, whether the fault lies with the air and climate of the country, or with the diet and habits of the people, it is a fact that one hardly ever meets a man of a certain rank in Italy in the enjoyment of perfect health. They all seem either brooding over a coming malady or just recovering from a departing one; and there is no theme

* 'Questo miserabile paese; questa palude, questa sentina.'—Vol. i. pp. 104, 156, 160.

† 'Quì la letteratura non è che pettegolezzi e villà.'—Vol. i. p. 160.

‡ 'Si accusa il Niccolini di amar poco l'Italia, e si comunica come reo di sacrilegio e di alto tradimento contro la patria, non adulandola come fanno tutti i *chiarissimi* della nazione dacchè è divenuta una *carogna*.'—Lett. 86, June, 1827, vol. i. p. 216.

§ 'I migliori tra i nostri ci lasciano, quelli che rimangono *incarogniscono*.'—Lett. 65, Dec. 10, 18, 23, vol. i. p. 174.

|| 'Nè in Inghilterra potrei tornare per ora: *αἰδέομαι Τρῶας καὶ Τρωάδας*, e specialmente quelle belle ragazze inglesi delle quali non potrei soffrire il sogghigno o il tacito vitupero, annesso ai bruttissimi nomi ch' io porterei meco dal paese di dove uscirai.'—Lett. 60, to Ugo Foscolo, July 31, 1823, vol. i. p. 160.

¶ 'Disgrazia del suo carattere, e delle parchissime educazioni dei signori italici, le quali non insegnavano ad esser vecchi.'—Lett. 62, Sept. 11, 1823, vol. i. p. 167.

on which they descant more eloquently than their real or imaginary complaints.

From the *ennui* which threatened to wear out his soul there remained for Capponi no other refuge than in those literary pursuits which his European tour had in some measure interrupted. He had at hand in Florence the man best fitted to become his instrument, the very genius of a business man. This was Giampietro Vieusseux, born in Italy, but of Genevese parentage, the founder of a 'Gabinetto 'Scientifico e Letterario,' which soon grew up into what is called *an institution*, in that 'Athens of Italy,' that 'fairest 'of all fair cities.' which best could foster it, as the one where it would become the house of call for all the notable persons going through or lingering in it.

With the co-operation of Vieusseux, of Molini, and other enterprising publishers, Capponi started the 'Antologia,' for many years the only journal in Italy in any measure coming up to the standard of those English quarterlies which Capponi had admired during his stay in England, and with the first editor of the earliest of which he had probably become acquainted, as he recommended to him the Abate Renzi, then a political refugee in Edinburgh.*

With the same Vieusseux, Capponi laboured at the compilation of the 'Archivio Storico.' With Eugenio Albèri and others he edited the 'Relazioni degli Ambasciatori Veneti,' both publications of the highest interest to the lovers of historical studies in all countries. With Silvestro Centofanti and the other members of the 'Associazione Colombaria' he dived into deep researches of Etruscan archaeology. With Niccolini and other lovers of Dante he brought out a new edition of the 'Divine Comedy,' working at it with the same zeal which prompted him to erect the Dante monument in Santa Croce, thus repairing the negligence by which 'ungrateful Florence' for ages allowed her greatest poet to 'sleep afar.' As a 'Della Crusca' academician, Capponi also bore a hand in the republication of the famous 'Vocabolario,' and was foremost in the rank of combatants in the war that learned Florentine society had to wage against its philological adversaries of other parts of Italy, with the veteran poet Monti at their head.

Intimate with his cousin, the Marquis Cosimo Ridolfi, from early youth, Capponi brought his wonted energy to bear on

* Lett. 43 to Cav. Francesco Jeffrey, Edimburgo; dated Florence, Nov. 20, 1821, vol. i. p. 129.

the cause of popular education; joined his friend in his experiments of the various pedagogical methods then in vogue; overcame the Government's opposition to the opening of a young ladies' upper school, to which he sent his own daughters; and, in connexion with the same Ridolfi, he devoted himself to the promotion of agriculture, aided him in the creation of the '*Accademia dei Georgofili*,' in the publication of the '*Giornale Agrario*,' and in the management of the '*Istituto Agrario*,' or model farm, at Meleto.

Absorbed as he was by the variety of all these calls upon his time, Capponi still found leisure for an inner literary life of his own. There is no record of any poetical, dramatic, or romantic composition on his part. The tendency of his mind was towards historical research and criticism. He worked for some time at an essay on the condition of Italy during the period of the Lombard domination. He aspired to illustrate the reign of Leopold I., Grand Duke of Tuscany, the golden age of enlightened despotism, and he contributed both to his own and to other journals a great number of essays, reviews, and minor articles, many of which were collected in two volumes as his '*Scritti editi ed inediti*,' and published in Florence in 1879.

In later years he attended almost exclusively to his great work, the '*Storia della Repubblica di Firenze*,' which he brought out himself in 1875, a work like those of Prescott and Thierry, carried on for many years, with the infinite patience of a blind man, by the help of an amanuensis, yet which is held both in and out of Italy as the noblest monument of a political history about a subject on which, since Macchiavelli, so many distinguished writers, both native and foreign, have tried their hand, no one having come so near to the great old Florentine secretary as Capponi did, both in depth of thought and in his admirable simplicity and manly energy of diction.*

But it was not so much by his literary productions, not so much by his superior intellect, that Gino Capponi so powerfully influenced his contemporaries. The ascendancy lay in the man's character. As after the failures of 1821 he foresaw that there would be for a long time but little chance for action, he turned all his energies to the development and

* Of Capponi's '*Florentine History*' a review appeared in this *Journal* not long after its publication. He signed the copy which he sent us as 'from an old acquaintance of Mr. Jeffrey, Dr. Brewster, and Mr. Brougham.'

elevation of thought. Of that literature which in Italy had hitherto been at the best merely an academical pastime, he endeavoured to make an earnest, sober, solid work. He had no mean opinion of the intellectual faculties of his countrymen. It was not the *mind*, he believed, but the *heart* that was at fault. There was deficiency of strength of will, absence of worthy motives and lofty aims, and above all unreadiness to strive and endure; for he said, 'without suffering and without dying there could be no improvement in his country's destinies.'*

It so happened that since the accession of the House of Lorraine to the throne of Tuscany, about the middle of the eighteenth century, the Grand Duchy had become the centre of light for the whole peninsula. Though the Lorraine Princes restored in 1814 did not bring back the 'happy days' of Peter Leopold (Leopold I.), and though they were not free from the incubus of Austrian supremacy, which equally weighed on sovereigns and subjects all over the peninsula, a certain comparative mildness and benevolence still characterised their rule. So far as in them lay, despotism was based on a live-and-let-live system of forbearance and indulgence. Thought was allowed a wider and freer scope in Florence than anywhere else in Italy, and men who under Bourbon, Este, or even Savoy rule had felt the ground too hot beneath their feet, men like Matteucci, Albèri, Colletta, and others, were suffered to settle in a Tuscan home, their alien extraction and their outlawed condition being quietly ignored. The consequence was that the eyes of all aspiring Italians were fixed upon Florence as their Mecca; and as at Florence 'il nostro Gino' was the prophet, so the worship which, in consideration of his grand character, was paid to him in his native city, easily extended into all other parts of the country. For this dictatorship of the republic of letters no man could be better qualified than Gino Capponi was, as much by his social station as by the grace with which he knew how to lay it aside, without forgetting it. He had a wonderful right royal gift of remembering names, faces, and other minute particulars of persons, though only once seen or spoken to, and took a lively interest in all who approached

* 'Non sono le cognizioni quelle che ci mancano, e s' intende abbastanza quello che è buono; ma manca l' energia del volere, il petto per sostenere, e più di tutto la sofferenza del patire; perchè senza patire e senza morire non si può ottenere da sè un miglioramento della nostra sorte.'—Lett. 35, Flor., April 25, 1821, vol. i. p. 106.

him, especially in those working with or for him. He was aware of the jealous, touchy disposition of the *irritable genus* of his brothers of the pen, and stood up among them as a moderator and arbiter, settling disputes, clearing up misunderstandings, smoothing ruffled tempers. To mere beginners, to the young and unfriended, he was a kind of earthly providence, a caterer of employment, a broker between writers and editors, authors and publishers, an appraiser of work and work's wages. He was the friend in need, the present help in trouble, doing as much by advice and encouragement as by pecuniary relief. 'The first thought of every Florentine in distress,' said his friends, 'is to turn to Capponi.' And again: 'For a really noble act of generosity there is among our Florentine lords no one like our Gino.* His wealth, though considerable, was not, however, so boundless as to justify a charity untempered by discretion. 'What am I to give in your name to Signor Garibaldi?' asked Vieusseux, apparently the dispenser of the Marquis's minor bounties. 'He is ordered to quit Florence at a moment's notice, and has no means for the journey.' And Capponi's rescript was 'Give Signor Garibaldi twenty lire.' This was in 1833. Garibaldi was then twenty-six years old. Neither the giver nor the bearer of that donation knew him or aught about him. But Vieusseux was struck with the 'lion face, the sweet expression, and gentlemanly bearing' of this stranger.†

To men whom Capponi called friends, native Tuscans, Italians or foreigners, his home was always hospitably open. In town he was as often to be seen at Vieusseux's rooms on reception nights as at the Capponi Palace. But he lived more privately at Varramista, his country seat near La Rotta Station on the railway line between Florence and Pisa, a place on which he had bestowed his loving cares, and which he had laid out as an English park, with gardens and pine groves and an artificial lake, the wonder of the neighbourhood. Both in town and country the honours of the house were done by his two charming daughters, who, even after marriage, often made, with their husbands and children, one

* 'Ciascun Fiorentino nelle sue miserie spera in Gino;' and: 'Fra i nostri signori di Firenze solo il marchese Capponi è capace di bella generosità.'—Colletta's Lett., Oct. 1829, vol. i. p. 289.

† 'Ce Garibaldi est un superbe homme, qui a la physionomie la plus douce du monde et des manières distinguées.'—Vieusseux's Lett., Jan. 1833, vol. i. p. 346. And he adds: '*Il a laissé une femme et quatre enfans,*' a matter about which Vieusseux probably made some mistake.

family under the paternal roof, *more Italico*, enlivening the company, and allowing the master of the house freedom to attend to his studious pursuits, and occasionally to indulge his fits of solitary and melancholy mood.

Highly favoured individuals were welcome to live for weeks and months at Capponi's house, and some of them, like the poet Giusti and Professor Capei, actually fell ill and died there during their stay. One of Capponi's dearest fellow-labourers, the Neapolitan historian, General Colletta, lies buried in the family vault of the Capponi Chapel at Varramista, to which place he was a frequent visitor, and where his remains were laid, at his request, soon after his death in November 1831. To Capponi the dying man bequeathed his papers and the care of his work, '*Storia del Reame di Napoli dal 1734 al 1825*,' which came out as a posthumous work at Capolago, Canton Ticino, revised by the noble editor, who prefixed to it the author's biography.*

It was at the same Capponi's intercession that, about a year before his death, and in consideration of his failing health, Colletta obtained a delay in the execution of a decree of expulsion issued by the Tuscan police against him and others, in consequence of some petty Court intrigue hardly worth inquiring into at the present day; the respite being in the case of Colletta prolonged from month to month by the aggravation of the illness which ended fatally, thus enabling the sufferer to close his eyes in the Tuscan home of his choice.

Unfortunately, Capponi's influence was not equally availing in behalf of Pietro Giordani, Giuseppe Poerio, and other refugees, who had to quit Florence at twenty-four hours' notice. Indeed, this same paltry incident gave rise to a misunderstanding between the Grand Ducal Government and Capponi, which determined the Marquis, together with his kinsman Ridolfi and other nobles, to break off all connexion with the Court, sending back to the Sovereign the chamberlain's keys and other insignia of the merely nominal offices they had hitherto held in the Grand Ducal household.†

This spirited conduct on their part added to the inde-

* Lett. 125, Oct. 12 and 13, 1831, vol. i. p. 335, note.

† Lett. 119, to Ridolfi. Varramista, October, 1830, vol. i. p. 312; and Lett. 120, to the Grand Duke Leopold, October 12, 1830, vol. i. p. 323.

pendence of these noblemen's position and strengthened Capponi's ascendancy over public opinion, arraying the whole literary class into a pacific but resolutely avowed opposition party, not a little embarrassing to a Government already confronted by what it dreaded as more formidable because less scrupulous and less visible adversaries.

Of what might be called political life there had been from 1820 to 1831 scarcely any symptom in Tuscany. So thoroughly absorbed seemed every man by mere academical pursuits, that we find in this correspondence before us hardly any mention of the abortive insurrection of the Emilia in 1831, or of Mazzini's attempted invasion of Savoy in 1834; hardly any allusion to those tragic episodes, the execution of the brothers Bandiera at Cosenza in 1844, or the massacres of Romagna in the ensuing year; those hecatombs of victims by which young Italy's 'Party of Action,' under Mazzini's guidance, was intent on 'feeding with blood the sacred flame of Italian patriotism.'

Capponi and his friends in Tuscany had other views. They were satisfied with nursing present thought for eventual action. They hoped to use literature as the means to their end; to raise the intellectual and moral standard of their countrymen so as to establish in the world's opinion their title to a more humane treatment than they met at their present ruler's hands; to foster patriotic feelings, not on retrospective vainglory or present conceit, but on a patient and modest hope of future rehabilitation and redemption. 'It was in her endeavour to show herself worthy of better destinies,' these men said, 'that lay Italy's best chances of bringing them to maturity.'

Mazzini and Capponi tended thus by different ways to one and the same goal—a goal which most probably neither of them could ever have reached.

But 1846 came, and with it a well-meaning but irresolute king in Piedmont, and a good-natured but vain and self-deluding pontiff in Rome. The ideas which the Capponi school had sown were embodied in the writings of three Piedmontese disciples—Gioberti, Balbo, and D'Azeglio. In Turin and elsewhere men began, like Capponi, 'to carry their heads high;' to look their governments in the face, and to claim their right, within pacific and legal limits, to stir up an agitation which should equally turn to the welfare of the Italian princes and their subjects, and to rescue both from the ignominy of Austrian vassalage. These were the days in which Cesare Balbo published a book with the motto,

'Porro unum est necessarium,'* and the poet Giusti a song with the burden, 'E non vogliam Tedeschi.'

The high standing, the popularity, and, above all things, the blameless character of these men enabled them to speak out, to write and print and put forth their names, heedless of the frowns of the censor, safe from the intrusion of the policeman. And it was Gino Capponi who had first taught the Italians how a good man, in a good cause, and even under the worst of governments, might still conspire in the light of the sun, with a raised vizor, and with perfect impunity.

Never was a more Utopian programme so near its actual fulfilment. Italy was claimed for all Italians, for princes and subjects, for Church and State. There was but one enemy in the country, and against him a league of all free and independent states was to be arrayed. Only some important disturbing elements had been left out of calculation: the mutual jealousy of the members of the league, the dilatoriness and incapacity of its military leaders, and, worse than all, the ill faith and violence of the so-called 'party of action.' Mazzini and Radetzky were too strong for the wisdom and valour of all Italy.

Although blind and no longer young, Capponi found himself from beginning to end the Protagonist in the Tuscan episode of this sad Italian drama of 1848-49. He rose to power at the head of the Moderate party as Prime Minister of a constitutional prince, and he fell overpowered by the *sbarazzini*, the 'roughs' of Leghorn, led by the well-meaning but half-crazed Montanelli, and the thoroughly perverse, false, and turbulent Guerrazzi. And he came back with universal acclamation when the sobered Florentines, after a few days of mob rule, drove out the Leghorn rabble, imprisoned their leaders, and shouted, 'Vogliamo i galant-uomini.'

With the 'gentlemen's government' Capponi paved the way for the return of his constitutional sovereign. But the Grand Duke preferred to come back at the tail of the

* Independence is 'the one thing needful.' It was the motto in the title-page of Balbo's book, '*Le Speranze d' Italia*,' and the pious author lived to feel some qualms of remorse for having turned a Gospel phrase to a profane purpose!—'valendosi di una frase scritturale che volle poi cancellata siccome disconveniente mescolanza del sacro al profano.'—Lett. 395, to Balbo, Flor., Sept. 4, 1847, vol. ii. p. 334, note.

Austrian battalions, and 'as you were' became the order of the day in Tuscany as in all other Italian states, with but *one* exception.

There ensued for ten years a period of disenchantment and dejection. The notion that Italy could *far da sè* turned out as egregious a delusion in 1848 as it had proved in 1821 and 1831. Clearly Providence reserved to itself the great work of the deliverance of Italy, and wished to carry it out in its own good time, and with instruments of its own choice.

Capponi went back to silence and solitude, to think and fret.* The bitterness of his sorrow was not without some balmy admixture, for 'well or ill the Italians, and especially 'his own effeminate Tuscans, had fought this time;'† and there had been a stout defence at Rome and Venice, where men of all parties had laid aside their differences, shedding their blood for the common cause.‡

Neither was he without hope, for in the general prostration of all Italy there was still that *one* exception; and henceforth the nation had no other object than to follow with breathless interest the progress of that little Piedmont which had so fearlessly and irrevocably taken upon itself the management of the common destinies.

Time, an 'honest king,' an adroit minister, a well-disciplined army, and the hand of Providence enlisting in the cause of Italy a reckless and unscrupulous but not ungenerous imperial gambler, crowned the nation's desires. Solferino was fought in 1859. Seven years later, Sadowa. Four years afterwards, Sedan. The Italians, with their devotion, self-denial, and one-day's unanimity, did the rest.

The success was miraculous, and, in the world's judgement, complete. But not in the opinion of *all* Italians. We need not speak of the ultra-democrats, who had always proclaimed that the republic was merely a means, and the real object

* 'La prova è fatta, e non v'è per me altra vita possibile che pensare e rodermi.'—Lett. 452, to Morelli, Dec. 31, 1849, vol. ii. p. 503.

† 'Quant aux consolations, je n'en ai qu'une. C'est que cette fois-ci, bien ou mal, on s'est pourtant battu.'—Lett. 447, to Louis Doubet, Sept. 18, 1849, vol. ii. p. 492. And his friend Collegno, Charles Albert's minister, wrote to Capponi, June 8, 1848: 'I vostri Toscani, combattendo disperatamente, hanno dato tempo ai Piemontesi. . . . Ai Toscani poi lode doppia per aver dimostrato che anche i volontari italiani possono combattere davvero.'—Vol. ii. p. 410.

‡ 'Je ne suis pas de ceux qui ont condamné la défense de Rome, et elle m'a réjoui, quoique je ne sois pas de ce bord-là.'—Lett. 447, vol. ii. p. 492.

independence; yet who, when the end was attained, quarrelled with it because it was achieved in obedience to views other than those which they upheld, and which in every instance had proved disastrous. We need not mention Mazzini, whose constant declaration was that 'all political questions should be adjourned till the triumph of the national cause was ensured, when the form of government would be referred to the people's suffrage;' yet who, when the people's vote had gone against him, refused a seat in the Chamber (where he might, with Saffi, Fabrizi, and others of his party, have carried on a free and open opposition *à outrance*) because he preferred to plot in the dark to his dying day; to plot *against* that very Italy *for* which he had conspired all his lifetime.

But even for more sensible, for moderate men, and for Capponi himself, the settlement of the national edifice at which patriotism had so long laboured was not altogether satisfactory. In the first place, Italy's territory had not been stretched out to its natural boundaries. Capponi himself was not above that pardonable but not very reasonable grievance. He was not an out-and-out *Irredentist* clamouring for Trieste and Istria, the Canton Ticino, Nice, Corsica, and Malta. But he insisted on Trent. He could not endure those Austrian gunboats moored on the shore of Lake Garda at Riva. He would not go to war for all that; but he would get what he claimed by purchase, even if, to tempt Austria by a very large sum, it was necessary to swell by several score millions of lire the already too alarmingly inflated paper currency.* But while on the one hand Capponi and his friends of the Moderate party contended that on the borders Italy had not yet come by her own, they on the other hand feared that at the centre she might get more than her due, more than was good for her. They had no wish to go to Rome. They looked upon *Union* as something more attainable and also more desirable for Italy than *Unity*. An Italian Republic 'one and indivisible' was only the dream of the Mazzinians. But when the game was in their hands in 1849, when Mazzini was Dictator in Rome

* 'Ma Trento lo voglio (*delenda Carthago*) anche a pagamento.' Lett. 799, Aug. 3, 1866, vol. iv. p. 111. 'E in quanto a noi la sostanza credo che stia oggi nell' avere il lago di Garda senza cannoniere austriache, cosa che molto importa: ed oltre a ciò che stia in poche decine di milioni di fogli di carta che nulla importano.'—Lett. 800, Aug. 17, 1866, vol. iv. p. 112.

and Guerrazzi in Florence, the task of establishing unity, even between those two States, foundered against the ambition and jealousy of those democratic leaders. Capponi's word at the time was for a Confederacy.* And a variety of schemes for a League, of which the Roman Pontiff should have the presidency and the Piedmontese King the championship, recommended itself to all men who prided themselves on their practical sense. But 1859 began by the annexation of Lombardy to Piedmont. A state arose in the north, the preponderance of which placed any thought of a Confederacy out of the question. Capponi, who 'had fought for it to the last, was now ready to fight against it.'† Matters proceeded at an amazingly rapid rate. There was the vote of Emilia and Tuscany, the landing at Marsala, the plebiscite at Naples; the disasters of Custozza and Lissa. Italy equally sailed by fair winds or foul. 'It was God's will!' Italy was one.

But Rome was not Italy's. It was not right that she should be. There was no chance that she would be. There were the French garrisons; the Convention of September, 1864, and the transfer of the seat of government from Turin to Florence; there was the defeat of Mentana, and Rouher's *Jamais*, to close the gates of Rome against Italian ambition to all eternity.

Capponi and his party thought so. They were glad that things should be so. And though France's *Jamais* turned out a vain sound, though Sedan opened the way to Rome, to Rome they were still unwilling to go. It is not that they stood up for the temporal power. None of Dante's countrymen ever approved of a Pope King. They had all voted for the annexation of the Legations, the Marches, and Umbria, even Manzoni, the truest of all believers, who proclaimed that, whatever might be the solution of the Roman question, 'God would know how to take care of his Church.'‡ All good Christians in Italy wished the Pope to be in Rome, but not as a sovereign. He should have his palace, his court,

* 'Notre drapeau est la parole que vous avez justement mise en avant: il est ce mot "confédération."'—Lett. 562, to Eugène Rendu, Flor., March 1, 1859, vol. iii. p. 244.

† 'La fédération se présentait alors (1849) comme le seul moyen de salut. J'ai été le dernier à l'abandonner, mais maintenant je la tiens comme impossible à réaliser.'—Lett. 700, to Eugène Rendu, Flor., Jan. 7, 1863, vol. iii. p. 427.

‡ 'E Dio avrà cura (come dice il Manzoni) della sua Chiesa.'—Lett. 882, to A. de Reumont, July 10, 1869, vol. iv. p. 222.

his hierarchy with more than royal splendour, but he should not *own* a single subject. Very few of these moderate politicians might be called bigoted Catholics. Indeed D'Azeglio averred that 'Italy was one of the least Christian countries ' he was acquainted with ; far less Christian than France.'* But even sheer sceptics and unbelievers did not see their way to govern the State without a religion ; nor did they think that any other religion than Roman Catholicism would go down with the ignorant mass of their countrymen. Influenced by these views, Capponi, who, 'though not so much 'of a Guelph as Balbo or Gioberti,'† was as good a Christian as either of them, had not seen without dismay the war between Church and State to which the development of constitutional freedom in Piedmont was giving rise. He grumbled about the Siccardi laws abolishing the Ecclesiastical Courts in 1850. He even more strongly disapproved of the Rattazzi laws of 1853, doing away with many useless convents and nunneries. And though he had been inexpressibly *bored*‡ by the removal of the capital from Turin to Florence in 1864, he would not, had there been a chance of a free and open discussion on the subject, have voted for a new shifting of the capital from Florence to Rome.

Unfortunately, the question had been prejudged by Cavour ten years before, when Rome was proclaimed as *Capital Elect* by the unanimous vote of the Turin Parliament of March, 1861. France, it is true, had virtually cancelled that vote by forcing on the same Turin Parliament the September Convention of 1864. But the blood shed at that juncture in Turin, and later, in 1867, at Mentana, had in its turn cancelled that Convention, and with it every feeling of Italy's gratitude to France for past benefits. The cry, 'Rome or death!' was too loud for any deliberation of the Florence Chambers to stifle it. Rouher's imperial master had fallen, and with him down was now sure to come the throne of the Emperor's pontifical protégé.

Nothing could be more interesting than to read in this correspondence the evidence of the turmoil of emotions

* 'L' Italia è uno dei paesi meno cristiani che io conosca : la Francia è molto più cristiana di noi.'—D'Azeglio, *Lett.*, Pisa, March 20, 1865, vol. iv. p. 57.

† 'Ma io nel fatto consento a voi più che al Gioberti. Io pure sono guelfo, ma non però quanto lo siete voi due.'—*Lett.* 317, to Cesare Balbo, Sept. 5, 1844, vol. ii. p. 172.

‡ 'A me non potrei dirvi quanti *secchi* questa Firenze gonfiata.' *Lett.* 756, Oct. 19, 1864, vol. iv. p. 30.

through which the highest in the land not only of Italy, but of all Europe, had to pass during the series of amazing vicissitudes in which the destinies of Italy came into collision with what were considered the vital interests of Latin Christianity. We might fancy ourselves, as we read, seated at a Grand Council, hearing the voices not only of Capponi and other eminent Italian patriots, but those also of Montalembert, Lamennais, Lacordaire, Döllinger, Thiers, Lamartine, and other liberal or retrogradist Transalpine statesmen and divines, either unreservedly speaking out in their own letters or faithfully reported in those of their intimate friends, especially of the most diligent of Capponi's correspondents, Eugène Rendu, the clever anonymous pamphleteer, author of '*Napoléon III et l'Italie*,' '*L'Italie et la Souveraineté Pontificale*,' &c., a writer, perhaps, more familiarly acquainted with what was going on behind the scenes at the Tuileries than any of the ministers and ambassadors to whom the Emperor was supposed to reveal his tenebrous and unstable mind; that writer, too, though a Frenchman, carrying to idolatry his admiration of Capponi, and to enthusiasm his zeal for the Italian cause, and making no secret of any intelligence which might concern or serve both.

Nothing more curious, we repeat, than to see these clear-headed thinkers tossed about by hopes and fears, tortured by anxiety, shaken in their deepest convictions, driven from one strong position into another, and in the end baffled by an unlooked-for reverse of fortune, the sword clumsily cutting the knot of a question which should have awaited a mature and pacific solution, and the real final settlement of which is still perhaps indefinitely adjourned.

By the time Rome became Italian, D'Azeglio, Balbo, Collegno, Lisio, Cesare Alfieri, with many of that generation, had been struck off the roll of the living; Capponi almost alone surviving. He had been made a senator immediately upon the annexation of Tuscany to Piedmont in 1860. But he never took his seat till the Parliament was transferred to Florence in 1864; nor again, when it proceeded from the Arno to the Tiber in 1871. He declared that age and blindness unfitted him for public life; and there were perhaps not many about him now ready to endorse Lamartine's opinion, that 'with all his gloomy infirmity' Capponi was still the light of Italy.* He spoke very little

* '*Vous voilà en mouvement : votre infirmité ne vous empêche pas d'être la lumière de l'Italie.*'—Lamartine's *Lett.*, Mâcon, Oct. 29, 1847, vol. ii. p. 361.

in the Senate, even during its seven years' stay in Florence, and only on subjects directly or indirectly connected with ecclesiastical or scholastic interests; but, present or absent, he knew how to act through the organs of such of his colleagues as shared his own views, and especially of Massimo d'Azeglio, who in his latter years became the worthiest of his friends, and who in Capponi's opinion 'represented all 'that there was highest and noblest in the Italian character.'* It was at Capponi's suggestion that, in 1864, D'Azeglio stood up in the Senate warning his countrymen against the September Convention, not because it implied the abandonment of Italy's rights to Rome, but because, while such was the plain understanding of the French plenipotentiaries, the Italian statesmen acceded to that condition, but with a mental reserve of their freedom of action, boasting, on the contrary, that they looked upon the Convention as their first step on the way to Rome. 'There was in all this,' D'Azeglio observed, 'a double dealing and equivocation unworthy of a 'nation which respected itself and aspired to its neighbours' 'respect.'†

The truth is that long before all this Capponi, D'Azeglio, and the other men born with the century should have perceived that they were being outstripped by their age, and that their code of public morals was falling out of fashion with their fathers' pigtaails. D'Azeglio had already shown himself aware of the fact when, in 1852, he withdrew from all contention with Cavour for the presidency of the Piedmontese Ministry. He perceived that those who wish for the end must accept the means; that where the lion's hide cannot be stretched it should be eked out with patches of the fox's skin. These men of the old school were far too stiff—we may say, too noble—to bow to necessity, to rely on vague contingencies or 'the chapter of accidents,' to compromise with truth and honour. They left the work to be done by far more deft and less scrupulous hands, trusting that Providence that 'shapes our ends' and brings good out of evil,

'Beyond prevention of man's wisest care.'‡

* 'Un ami bien cher à nous deux, qui peut-être représente aujourd'hui cette Italie dans tout ce qu'elle a de plus élevé.'—Lett. 562, to Eugène Rendu, Flor., March 1, 1859, vol. iii. p. 243.

† D'Azeglio's Lett., Cannero, Nov. 1, 1864, vol. iv. p. 36, in which he submits to Capponi the notes of the speech he had prepared for the Senate.

‡ 'Oltre la difension de' senni umani.'—Dante, 'Inferno,' vii. Cary's Transl. vii. 83.

Most assuredly men like Capponi and D'Azeglio would never have made Italy one country. They would never have found their way to Rome. They merely accepted success as it was achieved by their juniors, Cavour, Farini, Minghetti, &c., not without demur, not without protest, yet also not without a resignation through which there shone a gleam of inner satisfaction. Thus Capponi, who in 1821 thought that all that remained to be done was to contrive that their children should be better than their contemporaries, already, 'in 1860, knew that he would leave Italy a little wiser, more respectable and industrious than she was in the days of his youth.*' And D'Azeglio asked 'whether any other European community had ever gone through so wonderful a process of renewal as his country, and on such easy terms.'† He was, however, just and pious enough to refer the miracle to its real Author, and concluded, 'God has hitherto done so much for us that to Him we may well leave the rest.'‡

Only four months after those words were written (January 15, 1866) D'Azeglio had ceased to exist. Whether, had he lived, he would equally have ascribed to the Deity the merit of the deed of violence by which His high priest was dethroned, no one can say. But D'Azeglio was on this, as on most other matters, of one mind with Capponi; and both had adopted Cavour's maxim that 'Rome should be won by moral means,' and on the basis of Cavour's views of 'A Free Church in a Free State.' That Cavour's theory would practically turn out a delusion, that the Pope would never yield to anything but brute force, was likely enough. Still, it was also natural that a mind like Capponi's should express the utmost displeasure at what he considered a sacrilege, as well as terror of its probable consequences.§

Only on one point of controversy was there ever a divergence of opinion between these two pious friends, and that

* 'So di lasciare l'Italia un poco più rinsavita, più rinnalzata ed operosa meglio di quel che fosse nella mia gioventù.'—Lett. 630, Flor., March 3, 1860.

† 'Quale delle nazioni europee ebbe un rinnovamento come il nostro, al prezzo che costò a noi?'—Cannero, August 9, 1864, vol. iv. p. 24.

‡ 'Basta: Iddio ha fatto il più finora: Iddio finisca lui.'—Como, Sept. 3, 1865, vol. iv. p. 78.

§ 'Io non sono stato dei più ardenti a gridar "Viva Roma!" In vece vi ho preso collera e quasi terrore per le conseguenze, le quali cominciano ora, e saranno lunghe, e quello che debba o possa uscirne lo sa la Provvidenza.'—Lett. 912, to A. V. Reumont, Oct. 12, 1870, vol. iv. p. 259.

occurred when the Civil Marriage Bill was brought before the Florence Parliament in 1865. For, though Capponi was of course ready to extend the amplest toleration to every church or sect in existence, he contended that a man unwilling to declare his adhesion to any known religious denomination would be unable to fulfil the duties he contracted by marriage towards society and his family; whereas D'Azeglio insisted that belief is not the act of a man's free will, and consequently the want of it should not be looked upon as a punishable offence, or involve any social or domestic disability.*

This often-expressed conviction of D'Azeglio, that 'a man believes what he can, not what he wishes,' † raised some doubt as to the state of his conscience when death overtook him in Turin in the following year. But all uncertainty was laid at rest, to Capponi and other men's satisfaction, by the fact that D'Azeglio, on his end approaching, sent for his friend Ratti, the Provost of San Fedele at Milan, who received his death-bed confession, after which the parish priest of St. Francis of Paula administered the sacraments, remaining in attendance with the dying man to the last moment. 'That heart,' Capponi writes, 'was one of the most religious I ever knew in a man of the world, only his mind was harassed by inextricable doubt which he durst not cast aside. But in his heart and soul D'Azeglio was a believer.' ‡

Of the moral character of these two great and good men no question was ever raised. They were gentlemen patriots, and the only feeling that prevailed in them over love of country was regard for truth. That truth was apt at times to be somewhat harsh; but no more so against other people than against themselves. Even amidst the exultation of the national triumph Capponi could not refrain from chiding. 'The evil with all of us,' he says, 'is that no work is done, no handwork, no headwork, no work with a will, from the Minister in his cabinet to the journeyman standing about the market-place waiting for hirers.' And he wonders

* See the letters exchanged between Capponi and D'Azeglio from March 15 to 21, 1865, vol. iv. pp. 50-51.

† 'L' uomo non crede quel che vuole; crede quello che può' (p. 50); and: 'Non dipende dall' uomo il credere quello che vuole' (p. 51).

‡ 'Ce cœur était un des plus religieux que j'aie connus dans un homme du monde. C'était en lui le doute inextricable de la pensée qu'il n'osait pas mettre de côté; mais en lui le cœur croyait, et l'âme croyait aussi.'—Lett. 787, Jan. 23, 1866, vol. iv. p. 83, with Count Federigo Sclopis's account of D'Azeglio's death, dated March 2, 1866.

whether the Italians 'would put off beginning to work till 'the year 2000.'*

With equal frankness both Capponi and D'Azeglio expressed their loathing for those endless centenaries, inaugurations, and other patriotic festivities simply contrived, one would think, to minister to the idle propensities of the populace and to make of Italian life a perpetual carnival. 'Instead of serving up again and again her departed worthies,' D'Azeglio writes, 'were it not better for Italy to produce 'living ones? But the Italians are only too glad of any 'opportunity for a show and clatter. In the first place, 'because it is amusing; then, because no work is done.' And he adds that 'only to think of the Dante Centenary of '1865 sickened him of the very name of Dante.'†

Later on, almost at the end of his career, Capponi, addressing the students of the Florence Istituto di Studi Superiori, who waited upon him, with the professors at their head, to thank him for the publication of his '*Storia della Repubblica 'di Firenze,*' hinted that 'the sufferings entailed upon the 'nation by the struggle for independence had not been sufficiently severe to prevent a relapse into the former weakness 'and sloth.'‡

Long before this, however, and indeed from the entry of the Italian troops into Rome, Capponi had altogether withdrawn from outdoor life, and avoided even in his correspondence every allusion to political topics; for he said, 'these were matters in which he felt there was too 'great a risk to give offence; and indeed,' he added, 'he had 'already made himself a nuisance to all men.'§

Age and infirmity, aggravated by a series of domestic

* 'Ma il nostro male di tutti è che non si lavora dai ministri finò a quei che si vendono il dì di San Marco. Non si lavora, nè colle braccia, nè colla testa, nè con la volontà. Ci arriveremo noi a lavorare all'anno Duemila?'—Lett. 823, April 30, 1857, vol. iv. p. 132.

† 'In vece di rifriggero i valentuomini morti, non sarebbe meglio lasciarli in pace e riprodurne dei vivi? Ma gl' Italiani sono felici di trovar l' occasione di far del chiasso: prima perchè diverte, poi perchè non si lavora. A pensare al centenario di Dante del 1865, ora Dante m' impazienta.'—D'Azeglio, July, 1864, vol. iv. p. 19.

‡ 'Una sola cosa mi fa temere; ed è la troppa fiducia nella buona fortuna che dal 1859 in poi ci ha favorito. Noi abbiamo sofferto poco, e mi sembra che il carattere s' infiacchisca.'—See the Address in a note to Lett. 1012, Feb. 5, 1875, vol. iv. p. 379.

§ 'Mi son fatto avere in tasca da tutti.'—Lett. 916, Jan. 19, 1871, vol. iv. p. 266.

losses and private calamities to his dearest friends, conspired day by day to darken the sunset of the good Gino's life. That his sadness was deepened by his half-avowed disenchantment about the turn the politics of his newly emancipated country were taking, especially in matters relating to the quarrel between Church and State, it is but natural to believe. He had said of D'Azeglio that 'he did not know how to welcome old age with a good grace.*' But he was himself a pessimist, inclined to look with misgiving on human affairs; and even while he was still in the vigour of his manhood he was, he said, pointed out as 'a preacher of despair, or, at least, of passive inert resignation.'†

At the bottom of all his gloom there was probably not a little of that morbid, melancholy, half-misanthropic tendency characteristic of the bilious Southern temperament common among his countrymen, and which the advance of years is seldom apt to improve.

ART. V.—*Syrian Stone-Lore; or, the Monumental History of Palestine.* By CLAUDE REIGNIER CONDER, R.E. Published for the Committee of the Palestine Exploration Fund. London: 1886.

UNDER the title of 'Syrian Stone-Lore,' which, however, gives but an inadequate idea of the varied contents of his work, Captain C. R. Conder gives us the results of twenty years' exploration in Palestine, a country with which, perhaps, he has a more intimate acquaintance than any other traveller. The work before us is stated in the preface to be a treatise on 'the ancient condition of Palestine from the earliest recorded times, through the period of the Hebrew and Persian Monarchies, the Greek and Roman ages, the Byzantine and early Arab centuries, down to the close of the Frank dominion.' The social condition of the inhabitants of the country in each period, 'their race, origins, languages, religions, social, customs, government, art, literature, and trade,' are all brought under notice.

* 'L' Azeglio è uomo che invecchia di mal umore.'—Lett. 784, Sept. 28, 1865, vol. iv. p. 79.

† 'Io m'udiva chiamare Predicatore della Disperazione o almeno di troppo inerte Rassegnazione.'—Lett. 317, to Cesare Balbo, Sept. 5, 1844, vol. ii. p. 171.

The programme is a very extensive one, and anything like a complete investigation of such a subject would require many volumes, and not merely a popular handbook such as the one before us. Syria itself forms 'the main subject,' and not merely the incidental parallel for consideration,' and the subject is 'concerned not so much with history or 'literature as with archæology and social conditions—with 'monuments and customs rather than with annals and 'books.' The author founds his review of the results of exploration and research not on the Biblical narratives, but simply on monumental records. He endeavours in the early chapters to show what could be known of Syria and of its inhabitants, Hebrews, Hittites, Phœnicians, &c., 'were there nothing left to us of Hebrew literature.' The ten chapters which the book contains treat of the Canaanites, Phœnicians, Hebrews, Jews and Samaritans, the Greek age, the Herodian age, the Roman age, the Byzantine age, the Arab conquest, and the Crusaders respectively.

To the Egyptians the country now called Syria was known under the name of Ruten, Upper and Lower, the former probably embracing the Lebanon and part of Asia Minor, the latter applying to the country which we call Palestine, extending eastwards to the Euphrates. The term Khar or Khal, frequent in Egyptian texts as the name both of a people and the country in which they dwelt, seems without doubt to denote Phœnicia and the Phœnicians, or those parts of Western Asia situated on the Syrian coast. The word Khar occurs also in the Assyrian cuneiform inscriptions, and, as Captain Conder says, most probably is connected with the Semitic root *akher*, 'the hinder side,' and hence 'the western quarter,' and has as its equivalent in the Accadian, Martu—i.e. 'house of the setting sun,' or the west. The term Canaan, which means 'lowlands,' refers to all the lowlands of Syria, and probably includes the Jordan valley; it occurs on the Phœnician coins of Laodicea (or Ramitha), a city which on coins of Seleucus is called 'mother of the Canaan.' The Egyptian records frequently mention the name of Shasu as tribes of the sons of the desert, in whom, as Brugsch says, 'science has already long 'since, and with perfect certainty, recognised the Bedouins 'of the earliest times.' Although the name of Shasu does not occur in the Hebrew Bible, the name may be clearly recognised in the word Hyksos—i.e. Hik-Shashu, 'shepherd 'kings,' or 'kings of the wandering people,' which, according to history, at one period overflowed the Delta, and led

to the establishment of the Semitic Hyksos kings at Zoan. The well-known character of the modern Bedouin and his propensity to pillage and theft is reflected in the Egyptian Shashu, who were considered to be notorious thieves; indeed the term was sometimes used to express 'robbers.' In an interesting account of a journey of a Mohar in the reign of Rameses II., we get a glimpse of the condition of Syria in the fourteenth century B.C. The Mohar apparently is crossing the Carmel watershed to the Sharon plain; the pass is rocky, and infested by Shasu thieves.

'Although the name of Egyptian was regarded with terror even in the vicinity of Megiddo, and secured obedience near Tyre and Joppa, still the country was throughout infested by Shasu, who took opportunities of stealing all they could from the Mohar, and his journey is mentioned as the feat of a bold explorer in wild lands. The condition of Palestine reminds us, in fact, of that which is mentioned in the Book of Judges, when every man did that which was right in his own eyes.'

Modern travellers who have journeyed through the infertile hill country between Jerusalem and Jericho, and have surveyed the barren and desolate scene presented by the view of the country on the plains of the Jordan, with the mountain ranges of Moab and Jericho, have sometimes wondered what attractions the promised land held out to the invading hosts of the Israelites; what there was, in fact, which was worth so much fighting and peril. There can be no doubt that the present aspect of the country differs from that presented in early times, and that Palestine was a land of greater fertility than it is now. At any rate we know from Egyptian records, especially from the lists of the spoils taken by Thothmes III. during his campaign against Kadesh and Megiddo, that Syria was rich in corn, wine, oil, in gold and silver, works of art, arms and armour, &c. Making all allowance for natural exaggeration in the account of the scribe of Thothmes III., we still obtain an

'astonishing idea of the civilisation of the Syrians before its conquest by Joshua. At Megiddo, where the assembled Phœnicians, Hittites, and other peoples encountered the Egyptian invaders, the spoil was enormous; horses, foals, bulls, and cows, buffaloes (wild oxen), and goats are enumerated, with 280,200 bushels of corn from the plains of Megiddo, and mulberries, figs, and vines, incense in amphoræ, honey, logs of sycamore for burning. Silver statues are noticed, and an ark of gold; statues of the chief of Megiddo, of ebony inlaid with gold, the head being of gold, and seven poles of the pavilion (perhaps temple pillars) plated with silver. The chariots taken were plated with gold. Two hundred suits of armour of brass or bronze, bows

and swords are enumerated, with precious stones, gold in rings and silver in rings, shekels or weights of gold, lapis lazuli, the ornaments of a chief's daughter, gold dishes and vases, a cup (the work of the Kharu or Phœnicians), bronze vessels and stone vases from Assyria, a sceptre of gold inlaid with jewels, and tables studded with gems. Of other furniture mention is made, including chairs of gold, ivory, ebony, and cedar inlaid with gold, together with the footstools of these chairs and thrones; large tables of ivory and cedar, decorated with gems and gold, are also enumerated, and boxes or coffers of gold.

Of the megalithic stone monuments of Syria Captain Conder gives an interesting account. These rude stone structures, of which of late years many examples have been described, are clearly attributable to the early inhabitants of the land; in some cases to early Aryan tribes, in others apparently to Semitic people. Such rude monuments have been found distributed over many parts of Europe and Western Asia, and are known by the names of *menhirs*, or 'standing stones erected as memorials, and worshipped as deities, with libations of blood, milk, honey or water poured upon the stones;' *dolmens*, 'stone tables,' from *daul*, 'a table,' and *maen*, 'a stone,' which seem to have been used as altars on which victims, often human, were offered; *cairns*, memorials sometimes surrounding menhirs, made 'by the contributions of numerous visitors or pilgrims each adding a stone as witness of his presence;' and, finally, *cromlechs*, or stone-circles, used as 'sacred enclosures' or early hypæthral temples, often with a central menhir or 'dolmen as statue or altar.' We are told that examples of these rude stone monuments exist in great numbers in all parts of the country east of Jordan; but with the exception of a few examples in Galilee no such structures, after a thorough examination of Palestine proper, have been found west of the Jordan, their non-appearance there receiving a probable explanation from their destruction by Hezekiah and Josiah in accordance with the instructions in Deuteronomy to demolish the religious emblems of the Canaanites. Similar monuments, the work of early Hebrews, are referred to in the Bible; the stone of Bethel was a menhir, the cairn of Mizpeh a memorial heap. Human sacrifice in order to appease the wrath of the offended deity or deities was practised by the Accadians and other early Asiatic tribes, and this cruel custom survived to a very late date among the Phœnicians. The licentious worship of Istar seems to reveal itself in the Hebrew name of Succoth Benoth ('booths of

'the daughters'), whose worship the Babylonish settlers in Samaria set up (2 Kings xvii. 2); the term Succoth Benoth being the Hebrew name of the Assyrian goddess. The celebration of these memorial orgies, an important feature of all early Asiatic religions, was common in Syria in the fifth century A.D.; and Captain Conder says it is tolerably certain that they survive among the mountaineers of Lebanon to the present day; while another authority, Dr. Chaplin, asserts that the lingam worship of India still exists in Palestine near the Sea of Galilee. As another example of the persistency of old customs may be mentioned the use of caves as dwelling places. The early Accadians dwelt occasionally in caves, as may be concluded from the fact that the old pictorial or hieroglyphic form of the cuneiform character denoting a house is a rude picture of a cave or hole in the ground. The Hebrews in the time of Saul and David had not entirely ceased to dwell in caves, and doubtless Beth Horon, 'house of the cavern,' and the Horites, or 'men of the hole,' are thus explained, and the Syrian peasantry are even now to some extent troglodytic.

For the study of Phœnician antiquities in connexion with the Old Testament from the time of Solomon downwards, we have materials in the statues, buildings, metal work, and gems and coins of Phœnicia serving to illustrate the contemporary civilisation of the Hebrew people. One of the primitive emblems used by the Phœnicians is the 'hand,' and appears to explain the Hebrew name *Yad*, i.e. 'hand,' in the memorial raised by Absalom, and in that erected by Saul at Carmel. 'Saul came to Carmel; and, behold, he 'set him up a place' (1 Sam. xv. 12). The Hebrew word here translated 'place' is *yad* (יָד), 'a hand.' The pillar which Absalom raised to keep his name in remembrance, as he had no son, was known in aftertimes as 'Absalom's 'place' (*hand*) (2 Sam. xviii. 18). Some monument is doubtless intended; and as the hand occurs on votive steles, and is still a charm in Syria under the name of Kef Miriam, 'the Virgin Mary's hand,' and a charm against the Evil Eye, it is probable that Absalom's monument was similar to one of these Phœnician steles. The red hand, we are told, is painted on walls, and occurs in the Hagia Sophia at Constantinople and elsewhere. It is common also in Ireland and in India (Siva's hand), and on early sceptres, always as an emblem of good luck. Ashtoreth, under all her names, was the great goddess of the Phœnicians. Her head-dress, a 'round tire like the moon'—of

which, doubtless, it was a representation—was ‘just like’ the head-dresses still worn by the peasant women in Central Palestine; the flat discs, or cakes, which the goddess is represented as holding in her hands, aptly illustrate the passage in Jeremiah vii. 18, where the women are said to make cakes (כִּמְצָא, *cimcânim*) to the queen of heaven; cf. also Jeremiah xlv. 19. The great bronze laver in Solomon’s temple (1 Kings vii. 25) may be illustrated by the Amathus vase, a great basin of limestone, six feet and two inches high, and nine feet and two inches in its greatest diameter. This vase, now in the Louvre, was found at Amathus, the present Old Limasol in Cyprus, and taken possession of by M. de Vogüé in 1862. This vase has sculptured handles with figures of bulls, whose heads, however, have been mutilated. Solomon’s *brazen sea* was made by Phœnician workmen, and, according to Perrot and Chipiez, in the Amathus basin it is easy to recognise the imitation of a bronze original.

The sacred dances which formed part of the ritual of the Phœnicians and Hebrews still survive in Palestine. ‘David, it will be remembered, danced with almost the fury of a Bacchic rite before the ark;’ according to the Mishna, dancing used to take place in the Temple of Jerusalem at the Feast of Tabernacles. At Dhaheriyeh (Debir), Captain Conder saw the elders of the village dancing solemnly before the shrine of their Neby. Among the Phœnicians, the numerous clay or stone statuettes of players on the lute and lyre show that the dance with its accompanying music was a common practice in the festivals of the temples. In Perrot and Chipiez’s work * there is a quaint engraving of a limestone group of three dancing women holding each other by the hand at arm’s length, with a flute-player in the centre. The women are clothed in long robes reaching to the feet with conical hoods, which make them look like nuns. Sometimes dances took place round cones, or nests with doves on a tree trunk, a practice probably in vogue among the Assyrians round the sacred tree of Asshur. It is very likely, as Captain Conder remarks, that similar rites have survived in our nurseries in the game ‘Here we go round the mulberry-bush,’ and are connected with the Maypole dance.

Phœnician coins help to confirm the statement of Herodotus (iii. 37) as to the little figures called *Patæci* (Πάταικοι), which were placed at the prow of a Phœnician war-ship.

* History of Art in Phœnicia and Cyprus, vol. ii. p. 186.

Herodotus says that the figure resembles that of a pigmy; the patacus is probably from the Egyptian *ptah*, Phœnicic-Hebrew *pathakh*, 'to open.' Pigmy figures of Ptah-Sokaris are often found about Memphis. The deformed, or embryonic, figure of the Ptah of Memphis, to which Herodotus likens the patacus, perhaps gave origin to the fable of the lameness of the Greek Hephæstus, and is one among the numerous instances of interchange of customs and adaptations of ideas which prevailed among ancient races. 'In a terra-cotta model of a galley from Amathus, the pataikos appears to be steering, with an enormous head. This galley has the symbolic eye on its prow—the eye of Osiris—shown on Egyptian ships.' It is curious to note that the Neapolitans, whose boats have high prows like those of Phœnicia, still paint this eye on each side of the prow.

The slave trade of Phœnicia, to which Ezekiel refers in his lamentation for Tyrus (xxvii. 13), seems to be confirmed by monuments of the time of Thothmes III. 'Javan, Tubal, and Meshech were thy merchants; they traded in the persons of men . . . in thy market.' The territories of the Tubal and Meshech were probably both on the Euxine. The Tublai and Moschi are mentioned in Assyrian records. The pictures of Thothmes III. represent small pale figures brought by the Khar (Phœnicians) in tribute; and it is probable that the ancient inhabitants of Armenia, like the modern Georgians, supplied the slave markets of the Mediterranean as early as 1600 B.C., by selling their children. In connexion with the trade of Tyre, Captain Conder says that the *débris* of the dyeing works may be seen at Sidon, and that in 1881 he saw ram-skins being dyed red from the colour obtained from the *Murex trunculus*, outside the town—another instance of the persistency of a custom (see Exod. xxv. 5).

On the interesting question of the Phœnician alphabet, Captain Conder agrees with the opinion first maintained by the eminent French Egyptologist, Emanuel de Rougé, in 1859, and now, we believe, pretty generally accepted by scholars, that the old Phœnician characters are to be referred to the early Hieratic writing of the Egyptians. The whole question is admirably treated by Dr. Canon Taylor in his valuable work on the alphabet, where the arguments *pro* and *con* may be studied, and where, in his plate illustrating the affiliation of Egyptian and Semitic alphabets, the Hieroglyphic, Hieratic, Phœnician, Greek, Roman, and later Hebrew, the reader may at a glance notice the transitional forms of

the Hieratic from the Hieroglyphic, and of the Phœnician from the Hieratic; so that the primitive source of our own alphabet is to be found in the hieroglyphic system of ancient Egypt. The businesslike Phœnician trader had no time to devote to the study of the elaborate monumental system of the Egyptians, and turned his mind to the simplification of a method which had become cumbrous through over-elaboration.

‘The sounds of the symbols were preserved by means of new names given to the letters in the language of the adopters. These new names appear to have been taken from rude resemblances of form which have been traced in seventeen cases out of the twenty two. Thus, for instance, the third letter was called *Gimel*, from the resemblance to the head and neck of a camel; and *Aleph*, “the ox,” was the name given to the first letter, which in its earliest known form resembles the profile of a horned bull. This adoption of the form and sound of a letter with a change in its name is remarkable in the case of Slav, Irish, Gothic, Latin, and Indian alphabets, and the Greeks are almost the only people who preserved the old foreign names as well as the forms and sounds of their letters’

Hieratic writing among the Egyptians was already in existence when Phœnician traders began to deal with that people in the Delta, but there is as yet no direct evidence of the time when the Phœnician alphabet invented in Egypt began to be used in Syria. We know from the Siloam inscription that it was in use as the ordinary writing of the Hebrews in the seventh century B.C., and of the Moabites in the ninth B.C.

In his chapter on the Hebrews, Captain Conder produces unmistakable evidence to show that the civilisation of that people was not inferior to that of surrounding Semitic races. In the Moabite stone the Hebrews already appear as worshippers of Jehovah (Yah), while the Moabites themselves had attained to a state of considerable civilisation; they erected fortresses, palaces, and towers. In the face of the evidence before us, notably in the account given by Sennacherib of his siege of Jerusalem, ‘it is no longer possible to suppose that the Hebrews were mere rude tribes which only attained to a knowledge of writing and to a national literature by adopting the civilisation of their Assyrian and Babylonian captors.’ Of the high state of cultivation among the Hebrews in the time of Hezekiah, Sennacherib is a witness. The Assyrian king’s account is full of interest; he says:—

‘As to Hezekiah (Kha-za-qi-a-u) of Judah (*mat* Ya-u-da-ni, “the

"land of the Jews"), who did not submit to my yoke, forty-six of his strong cities, fortresses, and small cities dependent upon them, which were without number, I besieged, I captured: 200,150 people, small and great, male and female, horses, mules, asses, camels, oxen, and sheep without number, from the midst of them I brought out and as spoil I counted. Him like a caged bird within Jerusalem (*Ūr-sa-lī-im-mu*) his royal city I had made.'

The tribute imposed by Sennacherib on the King of Judah was thirty talents of gold (15,000*l.*) and 800 talents of silver (400,000*l.*) The Bible account gives 300 talents of silver. He sent also to Nineveh precious stones, ivory couches, ivory thrones, horns of wild bulls, hides of wild bulls,* costly woods of various kinds, eunuchs of his palace, and male and female musicians.

The 'high places' (*bamoth*), which Hezekiah removed, and which, according to Rabbinical writers of the second century A.D., were lawful before the erection of Solomon's temple, and became unlawful after, seem to have been local shrines connected with the worship of Jehovah, originating apparently as tribal sanctuaries before the establishment of a sacred centre in Jerusalem.

'These local centres exist throughout the length of Palestine, and are remarkable for one common peculiarity, namely, the extensive view commanded from the sacred spot in almost every case. In the north, the site of Dan (*Tel-el-Kady*), near the main source of the Jordan, is one of the most romantic and picturesque spots in the country, abundantly watered, and overlooking the broad valley of the Upper Jordan, with mountain-peaks and ridges to north, east, and west. A group of dolmens recently discovered at this spot may be thought to have some connexion with the early worship of the surrounding population.'

On Carmel again the traveller may obtain an extensive view of the country, and here on its highest point is a spot called Mahrakah, 'place of burning,' which term is almost certainly connected with sacrifice. Here Elijah repaired the

* The Accadian words *ka amsi*, *su amsi* are generally now translated to mean tusks and hides of elephants. We maintain that wild bulls are denoted by *amsi*. Irrespective of the philological evidence, elephants' hides were not likely to be part of Hezekiah's tribute. Both *am* and *amsi* occur in Accadian; *am* is wild cattle generally; *am-si* (= bull + horn), we maintain, refers especially to the powerful bull with large thick horns (*Bos primigenius*). The rendering of *amsi* by 'elephant' will, we think, be ere long abandoned by Assyrologists, just as the Accadian ideograph formerly rendered 'mule,' then 'cow,' has recently by Schrader been again correctly translated 'mule.'

altars of Jehovah that had been thrown down. This spot is now generally regarded as the undoubted scene of the prophet's sacrifice, the localities adapting themselves to the event, as Dean Stanley says, in almost every particular. The shoulder of Gerizim, with its fine outline, is another mountain on which in later times Jehovah was worshipped; Gibeon ('hill-place'), where Solomon first worshipped Jehovah, exhibits a high place with the characteristics of a mountain shrine. .

'Kirjath Jearim (or Kirjath Baul), "the city of the woods," was the resting-place of the ark of Jehovah, according to the Book of Samuel, and from its rocky platform (if placed at Erma) the eye glances down the rugged gorge towards Beth Shemesh, and to the yellow Philistine plains beyond. When we thus recall the early tribal sanctuaries of Jehovah and consider the scenery of the well-known sites, we understand how the Syrians came to say, "Their God is a God of "the hills" (1 Kings xx. 23, cf. 28). It is to the suppression of the local worship of Jehovah at such shrines that the Rabshakch, or commander-in-chief, of Sennacherib appears to refer in saying, "Is not "that He whose high places and whose altars Hezekiah hath taken "away?" (2 Kings xviii. 22).'

We have a good account of the structure and arrangement of Jewish tombs. The ordinary form of a Hebrew tomb was a low chamber with a small entrance, having on each side small tunnels called in the Mishna *kôkim* (כוכים), each large enough for a corpse with the feet nearest the entrance, and the head at the farther end, supported by a small raised step, or stone pillar. Of these *kôkim* there were from twelve to sixteen in each chamber; they resemble early Phœnician tombs in their arrangement, 'with the difference that the 'chamber is always reached by a door in the face of the 'rock, and never occurs at the bottom of a shaft. The door 'itself is often cut out of a single block of basalt, or hard 'limestone, with stone hinges working in well-cut sockets. 'The fastening, whether of metal or wood, is only now represented by bolt holes in the jambs of the doorway.' The comparative study of Syrian tombs leads our author to attribute this type of rock-cut sepulchre to a period previous to the captivity. The anthropoid sarcophagus in which the Phœnicians buried during the sixth and fourth centuries B.C., drawings of which may be seen in Perrot and Chipiez's work, does not seem to have been in use among the Hebrews. A careful examination of a great number of Hebrew tombs has failed to lead to the discovery of any inscriptions of a date prior to the captivity; among the Phœnicians inscribed sepulchral inscriptions are of late date. The

ancient Hebrews had no belief in a return to earthly life after death. The grave was the 'land where all things were forgotten,' their *Sheól* was regarded as a subterranean region filled with ghosts (*rephaim*) and ruled by Death himself. A similar notion prevailed amongst the Accadians and Assyrians; indeed, the Assyrian word *Sudlu* appears to be identical with the Hebrew *Sheól*. A study of the Hebrew tombs leads Captain Conder to the same conclusion. In Talmudic literature there is the belief of a 'general resurrection, when the souls of the dead shall enter new bodies springing from the earth, and growing from the incorruptible bone Luz (the os coccygis) of the old skeleton, the earth having been previously fertilised by a marvellous rain of manna,' a belief surviving to this day among Moslem eschatologists.

There is nothing to show that the Hebrews ever embalmed their dead. The conclusions to which Captain Conder has arrived with regard to the civilisation of the Hebrews of the time of the monarchy are supported by the archaeological evidence, which clearly refutes certain hasty and contemptuous estimates of Hebrew civilisation among some recent writers, who represent the people at this period as little better than rude and savage tribes surrounded by more civilised peoples. Savage, indeed, they were, and debased by superstition; and Captain Conder fully allows this to be the case, and concludes this chapter with the following remarks, which deserve to be quoted in full :--

'The denunciations of the early prophets Amos or Hosea or Jeremiah show us that the common people of the land—and very often their kings as well—were sunk in superstition of a cruel and shameless description. They adored Tammuz and Istar and Baal; they sacrificed sons and daughters; they set up rude phallic idols, honoured by orgies and drunken rites. In their small internecine wars they committed cruelties equal to those of the ferocious Assyrians; and in time of peace the rich oppressed the poor, and the kings, aided by Hittites or Egyptian mercenaries, tyrannised over the whole nation. The belief in witches, in enchantments, in portents, in ghosts and evil spirits, which was common to all the surrounding nations, was equally general among the Hebrews. Times of death and defeat were attributed to the wrath of Istar no longer adored with offerings of cakes (Jer. vii. 18, &c.). All the early savage superstitions of the Turanian tribes of Chaldæa were rife in Palestine before the captivity, nor were they ever entirely stamped out; they remain in modified form among the modern peasantry, although these profess a belief in either the Moslem or the Christian faith. Yet we must beware lest, because of these evidences of superstition and ferocity, we are led to underestimate the civilisation of the Hebrews. Even in the nineteenth century in Christian England, in a country full of railways and telegraphs, it is not difficult

to collect evidence of the survival of savage custom and superstition, of the yet lingering belief in witches and goblins, which is still to be found in remote districts. In spite of their wealth, power, and advanced knowledge, the Assyrians were but cruel barbarians, who flayed their captives alive, pulled out their eyes and tongues, or cast them into wild beasts' dens or into flames. This we learn from their own sculptures or inscribed cylinders. The Phœnicians were equally ferocious; and the Hebrews, in spite of their numerous degrading customs and beliefs, must be regarded as equal in civilisation to any of their Semitic or Turanian neighbours.' (Pp. 144, 145.)

After giving a short but good account of the condition of Western Asia during the two centuries which followed the capture of Babylon by the Medes, from 530 B.C. to 330 B.C., or from Cyrus to Alexander, Captain Conder considers the state of society and the civilisation of Syria during that period. For the greater part of this period the Jews and other inhabitants of Syria remain almost without a history. It was a period of repose, important for the national growth and development, although hitherto few inscribed monuments in Syria can safely be attributed to this age. Egypt, being ruled by Persian kings, was no longer a formidable power. Greece was about to make her name by the repulse of the Persian Xerxes in 480 B.C. 'The Lydian kingdom had 'already attained to a wealth and prosperity which made 'the name of Croesus famous. In India the knowledge of 'letters had already been obtained from Yemen, and the 'trade, which probably began as early as 1000 B.C., between 'the Arabs and India, still continued.' Carthage was in the plenitude of her power, and extended the Semitic culture over the Mediterranean shores to Spain; the Phœnicians still flourished, and Phœnico-Egyptian art was perhaps at its culmination.

Captain Conder, in this chapter on Jews and Samaritans, compares the Biblical statements of the colonisation of Central Palestine by the men of Babylon—Cutha, Ava Sepharvaim (Sippara)—with the policy of Assyrian conquerors to transplant their captives from one part of their dominions to another. By doing this they sought to break up the relationship of the various tribes, and thus to discourage those conspiracies and rebellions which constantly threatened the empire. The records of Sargon state that, after capturing Samaria, he carried away 27,280 of the inhabitants to Assyria and placed other captives in their room; in 721 B.C. the same Assyrian king brought Babylonians to Palestine, and in 719 B.C. the rebels of Minni and

Armenia to Syria and Phœnicia. Doubtless in these colonisations we see the first foundation of an Aramean population in Palestine, partially superseding the early Turanian and other Semitic tribes ruled over by Hebrew kings.

The account which the Bible gives of the religion of these Aramean colonists is in accord with what is known of west Asiatic polytheism. To the gods, whose worship was introduced into central Palestine, the people sacrificed their children (2 Kings xvii. 31); the captive priest sent from Assyria to instruct them taught them to combine the worship of Jehovah with that of their own ancestral idols. 'They feared Jehovah and served their own gods;' this motley religion lasted for some generations. In time the worship of foreign deities died out; an Israelitish remnant still existed in the land—such men as came 'from Shechem, from Shiloh, and from Samaria,' after the destruction of Jerusalem a century later, to worship and to mourn at Mizpeh with their brethren of Judah. Thus it is very probable that the survivors of the ten tribes in course of time coalesced with the descendants of the settlers introduced by the Assyrians, and that the Samaritans had, in part at least, an Israelite origin. It cannot be supposed, as Captain Conder remarks, that the entire native population of Samaria was transplanted to Nineveh any more than that the entire population of Jerusalem was carried to Babylon; the colonisation by the Aramean captives only added to the numerous elements of Syrian population.

'The popular theory of the "lost ten tribes" rests on no real foundation in fact. . . . The Israelites, like the Jews, were scattered throughout Western Asia. Some remained in Mesopotamia, as did also some of the Jews; some possibly may have returned to Central Palestine. Gradually they became absorbed and lost among the other mixed nationalities of the country, and the theories which recognise the 'lost tribes' in Afghans or American Indians are not founded on any really scientific, ethnological, or antiquarian foundation. The similarities to Hebrew custom, or to the beliefs of the later Jews, can be explained on much sounder hypotheses; and those who would trace the lost tribes in Europe must first prove that they ever were lost at all.'

The account which Nehemiah (v. 1-15) gives of the extent to which the trade of money-lending prevailed among the wealthier Jews on their return to Palestine may be confirmed by the cuneiform Egibi tablets, of which so many specimens have been found. These contract or commercial tablets relate to the various monetary transactions of a Babylonian

banking firm; many relate to the sale of slaves, one being a certain individual named Hoshea; they are in the Babylonian cuneiform characters, and have often docketed on the edge in Aramaic letters summarising briefly the contents. This firm—the Babylonian name E-gi-bi being probably the same as the Hebrew Jacob—appears to have exacted enormous interest, and the tablets illustrate the complaints brought against the Jews by the peasants to Nehemiah that their children were taken as slaves by the usurers who advanced money to pay the taxes. The slaves sold by the Egibi firm were perhaps given as payment of debts due by their owners. ‘This ruining of the peasantry by usury and by the exaction of taxes, which they have no means of paying, is depopulating Palestine at the present time, and the Jews are again the money-lenders to whom the Fellahin are obliged to apply.’

The troubled times which succeeded the division of Alexander's empire, the destruction of Jerusalem by Antiochus Epiphanes, and the wars which followed, were unfavourable to the erection of architectural works in Syria. The Greek age, from Alexander's conquest of Tyre, 332 B.C., to the capture of Jerusalem by Pompey, 63 B.C., depends mainly for illustration on the coinage; in Palestine itself no architectural monument known to belong to the fourth or third century has hitherto been discovered. No traces of the monument of the Asmonean brothers at Modin, mentioned by Josephus, or of the gymnasium at Jerusalem, have been found. One very interesting relic of the architecture of the Asmonean age, however, remains to us, namely, that of the fortress and palace of the Jewish priest Hyrcanus, son of Joseph the grandson of Simon the Just. On the death of Joseph the people were divided, some joining with the elder sons of Joseph against Hyrcanus, the youngest of the sons, and others espousing his cause. The result was that Hyrcanus left Jerusalem and established himself beyond Jordan, at a place he called Tyrus, where he built himself a palace and fortress, of which Josephus gives the following account:—

‘He erected a strong castle (*βύρις*) and built it entirely with white stone to the very roof, and engraved animals of great size upon it. He also surrounded it with a large and deep canal, and made caves many stadia in length, by excavating the projecting stone of the hill over against him; then he made rooms in it, some for feasting, and others for sleeping and living in; he also brought into it a quantity of water distributed about it, which was a delight and ornament in the court;

the entrances of the caves he made so narrow that no more than a single person could enter by them at once; this he did for his own preservation, lest he should be besieged by his brothers and be in danger of being captured by them. Moreover he built courts of great size, which he adorned with spacious gardens (*παρὰδείσοις παμμήκεσι*). And after he had finished the place he called it Tyre; it is between Arabia and Judæa, beyond Jordan, not far from Heshbon. He ruled over these parts for seven years, all the time that Seleucus was king of Syria.*

Josephus then adds that when Antiochus Epiphanes became king, Hyrcanus, fearing his wrath and vengeance, slew himself with his own hand, and Antiochus seized upon all his goods. Now the remains of this 'troglodytic fortress' and palace are still to be seen at the site 'Arāk el Emīr, 'the 'Prince's Cliff,' in the deep valley called Wādy es Sīr (about three hours and a half from 'Amman), in which name we may recognise Tyros, the ancient name of the castle.

'A cliff here exists on the north side of the valley, with a gallery about a third of a mile long, cut in its face, and a double row of caves, the upper, 46 feet above the ground, opening on to the gallery, the lower on to the ground. A sloping way appears once to have led up to the gallery, and the entrances to the various chambers are narrow, just as Josephus describes them, while several cisterns are hewn beneath the level of the gallery floor. In the upper tier is a rock-hewn stable, with long mangers for a hundred horses, and over the door of another chamber is an Aramaic inscription in large bold letters, which still remains a puzzle to the archaeologist.' (*Heth and Moab*, p. 170.)

Of the palace which lies south of the fortress Captain Conder thus writes:--

'Here we note three peculiarities. First, the enormous size of the stones, which are in some cases 8 feet high and 17 to 25 feet long, the face of the stone being surrounded with a sunken draft like the masonry of Herod's Temple at Jerusalem, which was probably an imitation of Greek art. Secondly, we note the imitation of Greek art in the details: we have honeysuckles, triglyphs, guttæ, Doric and semi-Corinthian capitals, and moulded door-jambs, all evidently copied from Greece. In the third place, we note features peculiar, and apparently of local origin; such as the extraordinary almost Egyptian-looking capitals of some of the central columns. The palace was apparently only one story high, perhaps with a flat wooden roof over the cornice. A staircase led up the eastern wall to this roof. The plan of the building is an oblong with doors on all sides. The interior was divided into several chambers, but the exact dimensions of these cannot be traced, as the pillars and walls have fallen into the building, which was probably never completed. The figures of gigantic animals, apparently lions, to

* Antiq. xii. 4, § 11.

which Josephus refers, are plainly to be seen still *in situ*. The carving is rude, and the reliefs are quite flat and not moulded as in Greek *alto relievo*. The palace measures 125 feet north and south, by 62½ feet east and west, and the height of the wall, consisting of three courses, is 21 feet.' (*Syrian Stone-Lore*, p. 195.)

The art and architecture of the Herodian period, from 63 B.C. to the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus, 70 A.D., are illustrated by existing buildings and coins, which, however, are somewhat meagre. 'Herod the Great built new temples 'at Jerusalem, Cæsarea, Samaria, Paneas, Masada, Ascalon, 'Hebron, Herodium, Antipatris, Pphasaelis, and Siah in the 'Hauran. Archelaus built at Naarath and at Archelais, in 'the Jordan valley; Philip the Tetrarch rebuilt Bethsaida, 'and Antipas built Tiberias.' Captain Conder's account of the architecture of the Temple of Herod at Jerusalem, as illustrated by other temple structures of the period, is interesting; the temple at Siah, in the Haurân, is of the greatest importance to the study of the Jerusalem sanctuary. Inscriptions on this building preserve the names of Herod and Herod Agrippa; lions' heads, gazelles, and horses shown in its sculpture 'indicate the pagan origin of this temple,' which was dedicated to Baal Samin, 'the lord of heaven.' A building at Hebron, again, exactly reproduces the main features of the Jerusalem Haram. No mention of this temple occurs in the Bible or in any early Jewish book; nor does Josephus notice the Hebron Haram among the works of Herod the Great. Passing over other Herodian remains of temples, we observe that the tombs in the Kedron valley with sculptured friezes and pillars of rock, and the tomb of Helena of Adiabéné, that of Beni Hezir with its Aramaic text, are referred to the Herodian age, the latter tomb being perhaps the earliest of the group belonging to the first century B.C. 'The so-called tombs of Absalom and Zechariah, and the 'so-called Egyptian tomb, south of the last, are perhaps 'later.'

The coinage of the Herodian period is of copper; according to Mr. Madden, the coinage of gold appears to have been forbidden in countries subject to Rome, and only certain autonomous cities were permitted to coin silver, such as Alexandria, Antioch, Cæsarea of Cappadocia, and Tarsus. Human and animals' forms are rarely represented, owing probably, as Captain Conder remarks, not to any objection to such figures on the part of the Herodian princes, but to Jewish dislike of such infringement of their law.*

* Agrippa I. has his own head on his coin, and Agrippa II. is repre-

Of the points in Jerusalem topography now generally accepted we will draw attention to one only, viz. the site of Calvary. We agree with Captain Conder in identifying this sacred spot with the north rock of the city, now called El Heidemiyeh, a corruption of the Arabic word El Heiremîyeh, the 'place of Jeremiah,' according to tradition. It is, we think, impossible to see this place and not be forcibly reminded of its pre-eminent claim to be the site of the crucifixion. It answers to all the New Testament requirements perfectly. The shape of this rocky limestone eminence, or rounded knoll, may very well have suggested its name of Golgotha, or 'place of a skull;' it is a very short distance from the Damascus gate, near the main road to Shechem. The place of crucifixion was that of the public execution of criminals, which would doubtless have been a high ground, so as to afford a view to spectators standing at some distance. Close to this eminence there is still a garden or orchard, and when we consider how little given to change are Eastern people, that 'immutability is the most striking law 'of Eastern life,' to use Captain Conder's words in his 'Tent Work in Palestine,' there is nothing to forbid the notion that the present garden is the site of that which once belonged to Joseph of Arimathea. It was on this spot also that St. Stephen was stoned, according to old tradition. In the fifth century a church dedicated to him stood near the knoll. The stoning of Stephen probably occurred at the place of public execution, and the Jews, as Dr. Chaplin informed our author, still point out the knoll by the name Beth ha-šekilah, i.e. 'the place of stoning,' and state it to be 'the ancient place of public execution which is mentioned 'in the Mishnah, and which was apparently well known at 'the time at which the tract "Sanhedrin" was written.'* ('Tent Work in Palestine,' p. 197.) Further evidence in

sent on horseback. Madden considers these coins not strictly Jewish, and says they 'are not above suspicion' ('Jewish Coinage,' p. 111).

* The place of stoning mentioned in the Mishna ('Tract. de Syned.' vol. ii. p. 233, 235, ed. Surenhusius) was always somewhere 'extra 'locum judicii.' The condemned person was placed on an eminence 'twice the height of a man' from the ground beneath. One of the witnesses against him pushed the man violently down. If he was killed, the law was satisfied without stoning; if he fell on his breast alive, he was turned on to his back, and the witnesses cast the first stones on to the man's breast; then the whole of the assembled people till death relieved the sufferer. Some part of the precipice on the side of the knoll might well afford a suitable 'locus lapidationis.'

support of the pretension of this spot to be the veritable site of the crucifixion seems to us to be needless. The appearance of and view from this rocky eminence rise before us fresh in our memory when we read Captain Conder's description : —

'The stony road comes out from the beautiful Damascus gate, and runs beside the yellow cliff in which are excavated caverns, perhaps once part of the great Cotton Grotto. Above the cliff, which is some thirty feet high, is the rounded knoll without any building on it, bare of trees, and in spring covered in part with scanty grass, while a great portion is occupied by a Moslem cemetery. To the north are olive-groves, to the west beneath the knoll is a garden, in which the remains of the Crusading Asnerie, or Hospice of the Templars, were found in 1875. From the knoll a view of the city, backed by the Moab hills, is obtained, and of the long white chalky ridge of Olivet dotted with olives. The place is bare and dusty, surrounded by stony ground and by heaps of rubbish, and exposed to the full glare of the summer sun. Such is the barren hillock which, by consent of Jewish and Christian tradition alike, is identified with the place of stoning, or of execution according to Jewish law.'

After a survey of the state of Roman commerce in the second and third centuries, the antiquities of Syria—Pagan, Christian, and Jewish—during the Roman age, between 70 A.D. and 326 A.D., are considered. Jerusalem was now a Roman provincial town; it had its theatre and other public buildings; a temple of Jupiter was raised on the site of Herod's temple, and one to Venus is said to have been erected on the site afterwards identified with that of the crucifixion. A votive inscription, built upside down into the south wall of the temple area, containing the name of Titus Ælius Hadrianus, is an evidence of the former. The assertion that Hadrian built a temple to Venus on the site of the crucifixion rests on the authority of Jerome and Eusebius. It is not certain that the figure standing in a tetrastyle temple, as represented on a certain coin, is that of a female; and consequently the coin in question cannot be adduced as monumental evidence of the statement. Hadrian's establishment of a new city, peopled by a colony of foreigners, on the site of Jerusalem, which city he called *Ælia Capitolina*, receives monumental corroboration from a coin of this emperor, with the legend '*Cond. co. Æ. Cap.*,' '*Foundation of the colony of Ælia Capitolina*,' and the representation of a temple and statue, apparently of Jupiter, upon it.* The emperors whose coins of *Ælia Capitolina* are known, date from Hadrian, 136 A.D., to Valerian, 260 A.D.

Jerusalem and various cities of Palestine were allowed to strike a copper coinage; and Captain Conder tells us that the number of these coins, and of those struck by Constantine and his successors in Syria, is so great that they can be collected by the handful at any village in Palestine.

It was during the Roman age that the Nabatheans, or Northern Arabs, whose capital was Petra, advanced into the Haurân, and added another element to the Aramean or native Syrian influence in the empire. The Nabatheans possessed an alphabet of Aramean origin and a considerable literature. The Sinaitic inscriptions which a few enthusiastic writers, more pious than scientific, once attributed to the wandering Israelites in the peninsula of Sinai, were shown by Dr. Levy in 1860 to be principally written in a Nabathean alphabet of the third or fourth century, and in an old Arabic dialect influenced by Aramean forms.

'They are,' says Canon Taylor, 'of small intrinsic value, being mainly records left by pilgrims or by wandering herdsmen; and their ordinary purport is the utterance of some pious sentiment or the invocation on the writer of peace, blessings, and health, or the record that a certain person passed that way. They naturally contain no dates, though some of them clearly belong to the heathen period, while the cross and other Christian emblems plainly testify that others date from Christian times.' (Alphabet, i. p. 330.)

About thirty types of coins struck by the Nabathean kings and queens are known, bearing the names of Malchus, Aretas, Dabel, Gamalith, and Sycaminth, dating from the time of Hyrcanus, Pompey, and Herod down to the reign of Trajan. The Nabatheans appear to have been mainly a pastoral people, who derived considerable profits from the transport trade between Arabia Felix and the Mediterranean, which was almost entirely in their hands. Their importance and wealth may be seen from the account which Diodorus Siculus gives of the defeat they inflicted on the expedition sent against them by Antigonus in 312 B.C. The Aramean inscriptions of the Hauran form a link between the types of Petra and Palmyra. Here, in the volcanic region known as the Hauran (Auranitis), the ancient land of Bashan, a number of inscriptions, ranging in date from the second century B.C. to the second century A.D., have been discovered; the most important of these being an inscription on a basalt block in honour of Maliketh, which belongs to the time of Herod the Great.*

* Alphabet, i. 328, 329.

The synagogues of Galilee, the remains of about a dozen of which are still to be seen, afford evidence of the wealth and power of the Jewish community in the second century A.D. After the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus the Sanhedrin held its sittings at Jamnia, near Joppa, whence it removed to Galilee and at length settled at Tiberias. Here the Jews remained quiet and undisturbed during the second and third centuries, built synagogues, and wrote out the Mishna and its commentary the Jerusalem Talmud. The remains of the great synagogue at Kefr Birim Captain Conder places first in order of preservation in his list of those enumerated.

‘The synagogues are oblong buildings, divided into walks by rows of pillars, and generally run north and south. They do not seem to be specially Oriental, nor are they turned towards Jerusalem. Indeed, save in the instance of Irbid, the doors are always on the south, so that the congregation turned their backs on the holy city. The north side of a house was considered unlucky by the Jews, which may account for this arrangement. . . . The style of the synagogue architecture is very like that of the Roman temples of the same age. The lion, the ram, the hare, are carved on the lintels of the synagogue doors—a curious deviation from the law of Moses.’

During the Roman age the condition of Syria was one of great prosperity. The number of Christians was constantly increasing, and by the time of Constantine nearly half his subjects in the East belonged to the Christian faith.

The Byzantine age embraces the dark period of the fourth, fifth, and sixth centuries of the Christian era. The Roman Empire was showing signs of decay, culture was declining, barbarism on the advance; these were the dark ages of ‘bitter controversy and ignorant priest-craft.’ The Bishop of Constantinople had been clubbed to death by monks in the council hall; the atrocious and dastardly murder of Hypatia by a band of savage fanatics at Alexandria, which, as Gibbon says, imprinted an indelible stain on the character of Cyril of Alexandria; the superstitions and scandals of the pilgrimages; the organised trade in relics, are sufficient evidences of the barbarism of the Byzantine age. Palestine was the land of numerous and hostile sects of Christendom. Monks, priests, bishops, anchorites, nuns filled the land; besides the churches and monasteries lonely hermit-caves abounded in rocks and valleys; barbarously worded Greek inscriptions, pillars on which the followers of Simeon Stylites lived and died, Jews and Gnostics, with every kind of magical and cabbalistic im-

posture, almost everywhere were to be seen. To the recognition of Christianity as the established religion of the Empire are to be attributed the architectural structures of the country at this period, and the alteration which took place in the status of the Church. Those who have visited Palestine and witnessed the religious rites in the cathedrals and monasteries of Syria, will recognise in Captain Conder's remarks a sad but true picture of the social stagnation in which priests and people are to a large extent still plunged. From the day when the Church was first recognised by the Empire she seems to have made no progress in the East. The explorer who visits the cathedrals and monasteries of modern Syria may imagine himself suddenly transported to the days of Chrysostom or of Saba. The rites, the vestments, the church decorations, and the structure of the building itself, the dress, the beliefs, the manners of the congregation, remain almost entirely unchanged.

'I have stood,' continues our author, 'in the chapel of St. Saba, have watched the Holy Fire, the Christmas at Bethlehem, the Maronite Easter: I have taken part in the gorgeous ritual of the Russian cathedral, and have followed Armenian processions with their nasal chants (unaccompanied by instrumental music); I have visited Georgian hermits and Jacobite bishops; and on such occasions, especially when standing among the pale and dying ascetics at Mar-Saba, watching the incense rise, the feeble forms in their miserere seats, the hoarse chanting, the listless or fanatical faces, I have felt able to understand the Byzantine age, its superstitions, its unbelief, its fierce narrow controversies, its blasphemy, immorality, and dishonesty. The Eastern clergy do not bear, as a rule, in our own times, any better reputation than that which honest moderate and pious men, such as Gregory or Cyril of Jerusalem, have recorded against them in the fourth century. They are still, as then, chosen from illiterate peasants; they are often vicious and corrupt; they are utterly ignorant of all the best results of modern progress. Good men are found among them still; but self-advancement, which is the vulgar ambition of the many, is attained by arts and deeds which disgrace the Church in the eyes of the world.' (Pp. 273-274.)

Of such a state of things we may well exclaim, in the words of the Roman poet—

'Tantum religio potuit suadere malorum.'

With regard to the political division of the country at this period, some information may be gathered from the 'Notitiæ' of Reland; * he gives the stations of the military forces,

* *Palæstina ex mon. veter. illustrata*, i. 229 (ed. 1714).

whether native, Roman, African, &c. Many of these stations, which seem to have been principally in the south of the country, have been identified with tolerable certainty, others remain doubtful. 'The old roads of the Antonine period appear to have been kept up, and the milestones are often mentioned by Jerome. Along these roads the Roman troops were quartered, and in Syria the Gaul, the Saxon, the Phrygian and Thracian met with troops from Egypt and Carthage, from Spain or from Arabia Felix.'

The ecclesiastical division of Palestine proper was into three provinces, each containing certain episcopal towns, most being easily identified. Phœnicia and Syria had an equal number of bishoprics, 'and the enormous number of small chapels found throughout Syria, and apparently built in the fourth, fifth, and sixth centuries, reminds us how Chrysostom considered that every rich man should build a church on his estate.' Churches, properly so called, do not date before the establishment of Christianity by Constantine; amongst the oldest churches in the world, Captain Conder considers the basilica of the church of the Nativity at Bethlehem, partly still existing; that of Jerusalem, now almost entirely destroyed; and that of St. Clement at Rome, built, it is said, over an old Mithræum. The date of the Bethlehem basilica—originally a civil-justice hall, and found convenient for church rites—is put down at 330 A.D.; that of Jerusalem five years later. Baptism was administered in special buildings or in large pools, for the basilicas do not appear to have contained founts for this purpose, and the rite was often delayed till quite late in life, as in the case of Constantine, baptised just before his death, 'because it was very generally held that the remission of sins by baptism could only absolve from those committed before the rite.' Judging from the existing columns of the Bethlehem basilica, the architectural style of Constantine's churches in the East seems to have approached that of the classic buildings of the second and third centuries. Captain Conder gives the approximate dates of the Jerusalem churches of the Byzantine age, serving to show the gradual growth of sacred places from that of the Church of the Ascension on Olivet, 332 A.D., to that of St. Mary Latimer, founded by Charlemagne after 809 A.D.; this comparative list will be found very useful. 'The number of buildings in Syria of the fourth, fifth, and sixth centuries, including large monasteries, cathedrals, churches, and chapels, sufficiently indicates the density of the population, which must have exceeded that of our own times at least ten or twenty fold.'

The adoption of Christianity seems to have influenced funeral ceremonies and tombs but little. We learn something of the funerals at Antioch from Chrysostom's picture of the religion of his age. Hired mourners were employed as in the times of the Hebrews, to which custom Jeremiah refers in the words, 'Call for the mourning women that they may come' (Jer. ix. 17). These women, often heathen though employed at Christian funerals, rent their clothes, tore their hair, and lacerated their arms and faces. Among the rich the bier was sometimes of gold, in which 'barbaric use of the precious metals the Byzantine upper classes delighted.' Byzantine fortresses, consisting of numerous square and solid towers, are still traceable at Antioch, on Gerizim, and at Palmyra, and as in some cases they are dated, they are of great value for purposes of comparison; the best example of a Byzantine town is to be seen at El-Bâra, where the streets and private houses as well as a chapel and two churches remain; the basilicas, monuments and rock tombs, and the still fertile soil indicate both considerable wealth and taste among the former inhabitants. The cemetery at Hâss, a neighbouring village, contains a handsome monument to a certain Diogenes of the fourth century. No remains of painting or mosaic, with perhaps the exception of the glass mosaic in the oldest part of the Damascus mosque (395 A.D.), are known in Syria, attributable to the Byzantine age. The coinage of this period exhibits a debased character of art. The use of the precious metals was carried to unbounded extravagance in the fourth century, if Chrysostom is to be trusted as stating fact, and not mere rhetoric.

'Chrysostom, inveighing against the luxury of his age, speaks of gold capitals to the pillars of palaces, of gold tables and silver lamps, of chairs and footstools of gold, and beds adorned with silver. He tells us also of silk robes girded with golden belts, and drinking-cups of precious metals, or of crystal mounted in gold. The church plate and furniture were equally enriched with precious metals and jewels.'

Similar is his description of the rich houses of Antioch; to such an extent had luxury grown that he even thinks that in time the women will gild their hair and eyebrows, and pour melted gold over their faces. Amid all this luxury amongst the rich, poverty and misery struck down the people; slaves were treated with great cruelty, thieves and beggars filled the towns, barbarous tortures prevailed, and 'the fear of witchcraft was so general that men lived in constant danger of suffering from such accusation.'

Of the Arab conquest of Syria traces are still noticeable

in the native names of the districts round Jerusalem, which are those of Arab tribes who accompanied Omar when he entered the city in 637 A.D. Thus, for instance, the districts, marked on the Palestine Survey, include Beni 'Amir, named apparently from the tribe so called in the Nejed near Yemâma, and south-east of Medina; Beni Hârith whose name occurs in Yemen, north-east of Sana; Beni Murreh who occur east of Medina and south of the Jauf; Beni Salim, or the Beni Saleim who existed east of Medina, and Beni Mâlik, a division of Beni Temîm, near Yemâma. 'As under Joshua, so under Omar, Palestine 'seems to have been shared among the conquering clans, 'and the old families of Jerusalem claim to have "come with "Omar," much as our nobles "came over with the Conqueror." The condition of Syria under the rule of the Ommeiyah khalifs, the descendants of Abu Sofian, Muhammad's old enemy, appears to have been peaceful and prosperous; pilgrims still continued to visit the country without molestation, while the most beautiful of Moslem buildings in Palestine, the Dome of the Rock, is attributable to the same age. Under the rule of the Abbasiyeh khalifs of Baghdad, still more than under that of the Ommeiyah princes of Damascus, the country enjoyed rest, and art, literature, and science flourished among the Arabs from Persia to Spain. With the decay of the Abbasides (969 A.D.), and the conquest of Egypt by the Fatimites of North Africa in the reign of Mu'izz, the most powerful of these khalifs, Syria began to suffer from the exercise of the tyrannical and fanatical spirit occasionally exhibited by Moslems. The cruelty and folly of Hakim were perhaps unequalled even among Oriental despots. Jews and Christians were alike persecuted; pilgrims flocking to Jerusalem 'began to be treated with a cruelty 'which contrasts with the mild contempt of the Moslems 'in the eighth century,' and the church of the Holy Sepulchre was destroyed by his order. The rise of the Turkish Seljuks and the conquest of Syria by these new Turanian invaders (in 1077 A.D.) made the condition of the East intolerable. 'The Italian trade was interrupted, the 'pilgrims were persecuted, and the dissensions of the 'Turkish invaders reduced Palestine to the utmost misery. 'During this confusion came the first crusade (which would 'have been impossible in the days of the Abbasiyeh khalifs) 'and the establishment of feudalism in Syria.'

The monuments of this age show Persian, Moslem, and Christian examples of architecture. The Persian (Sassanian)

was probably, as Mr. Fergusson has stated, based on older Assyrian architecture. The peculiar features of Sassanian art are to be seen within the citadel of 'Ammân in Gilead, of which building Captain Conder gives an engraving on p. 353. 'Ammân (Philadelphia) corresponds with the ancient Rabbath Ammon, the chief city of the Ammonites; it was here that Og, their king, dwelt. Captain Conder rejects the story of the sarcophagus of their great king, generally supposed to refer to a basalt sarcophagus said to have been formerly preserved here. There is no basalt at Rabbath, and a memory of Irish dolmens suggested to our author the idea of a possible connexion between Og's throne ('bedstead') and some rude stone monument traditionally regarded as a giant's seat. It is curious to observe that a single enormous dolmen stands alone in a conspicuous position near Rabbath Ammon, and that the top stone measures thirteen feet, or very nearly nine cubits (cf. Deut. iii. 11) in length, and eleven feet in length. Possibly to this solitary monument belongs the traditional story of 'Og's throne' ('Heth and Moab,' p. 160).

The famous palace of Mashita ('winter place') was unfortunately not visited by Captain Conder, on account of disturbances among the Arabs. We should have liked to know more about these very interesting remains, first discovered by Tristram, and described by him in his 'Land of Moab.'

'We were astonished,' he writes, 'at the unexpected magnificence of the ruins, unknown to history, and unnamed in the maps. It has evidently been a palace of some ancient prince. There is no trace of any town or buildings round it. The only remains outside the walls are those of a deep well near the S.W. corner. It must have stood out on the waste in solitary grandeur, a marvellous example of the sumptuousness and selfishness of ancient princes.' (P. 197.)

The variety and magnificence of the architectural decorations are described as being perfectly bewildering; the richness of the arabesque carvings in their perfect preservation is unequalled even by those of the Alhambra. Birds and beasts are represented correctly drawn; upwards of fifty animals in all sorts of attitudes, but generally in the attitude of drinking together on opposite sides of the same vase, are to be seen.

'Lions, winged lions, buffaloes, gazelle, panthers, lynx, men . . . peacocks, partridges, and other birds; more than fifty figures stand in line, with vases, on the west side of the gateway. All are enclosed in cornices and mouldings of conventional patterns, and the interstices

filled in with very beautiful adaptations of leaves.' (*Land of Moab*, p. 207.)

This large palace (about five hundred feet square) is attributed by Mr. Fergusson to Chosroes II.; certainly such a gorgeous palace would be quite in character with the tastes of the luxurious Persian, who seems to have surpassed all the Sassanidæ in the display of pomp and lavish magnificence. Captain Conder is not inclined to accept the dictum that this palace must have been built by Chosroes II., considering how short and troubled was his rule over Western Asia. On the other side of the question, however, we may remark that the fact apparently indicated by the building of its abandonment before completion would very well harmonise with what we know of the sudden end of Chosroes II., who was murdered by his eldest son (628 A.D.). However, Captain Conder may be right in assigning these buildings to the ninth and tenth centuries A.D., when the great Abbasiyeh khalifs were ruling at Baghdad, and when science and art were being so eagerly learnt by the Arab from the conquered Persian and Greek. The long lines of inscriptions still, we believe, await publication, so the silent story is left for some future explorer to decipher.

In his account of the Dome of the Rock, which is stated by Moslem historians to have been built by 'Abd el Melek — while the great Kufic inscription over the arcades contains the date of erection in his reign—Captain Conder successfully, we think, combats the theory maintained by Mr. Fergusson that its style is Byzantine. The pillars supporting the dome are, he thinks, probably Roman, perhaps as old as the fourth century, but they are not in their original places, nor do they all appear to have belonged to one building. 'Neither the form of the building nor the style of the pillar-bases and capitals can be cited in favour of a Byzantine origin.' The Byzantine appearance of the Dome of the Rock is due, Captain Conder thinks, to the re-use of Byzantine materials at a later date, while the Cufic inscription represents evidence which can only be shaken by a very strong contrary testimony. The remains of Christian buildings constructed by Modestus show 'that Christian architecture under the Moslems was not remarkable for grandeur or beauty. Only humble chapels could now be reared where cathedrals and great basilicas had formerly existed.'

It was during the palmy days of the great khalifs of Baghdad that the diffusion of Indian learning in Western Asia pre-eminently manifested itself. Already, in the eighth

century, the Arabs are traditionally said to have brought the cipher or numerals from India. The invention of our modern numerals is popularly ascribed to the Arabs, who, however, did not invent them; they only preserved and transmitted them into Spain, whence their use spread slowly into Europe in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and at length became general. The new figures were first used chiefly for mathematical works and for paging books. In the tenth century they occur in Persia, and were called *ghubar*, 'dust.' A comparison of the numerals, as shown in Canon Taylor's work ('Alphabet,' ii. p. 266), shows at a glance a striking similarity between the ciphers of the twelfth century and those of the Persian *ghubar*. But we may go further back still, and see the similarity of the Persian to the contemporary Sanskrit numerals, and another step again appears to bring us to letters derived from the Indo-Bactrian alphabet. Thus, while we trace back our alphabet originally from Egypt, we go to India for the origin of our numerals. The intercommunion of Asiatic races in the eighth and ninth centuries under the great khalifs has been treated by Professor Max Müller, in his usual brilliant and convincing manner, in his essay 'On the Migration of Fables' ('Chips from a German Workshop,' iv. p. 145). From India through Persia, by way of Baghdad and Constantinople, we derive many of the fables which have long delighted our children. 'Count not your chickens before they are hatched'—a well-known English proverb—will remind most readers of La Fontaine's fable, in which Perrette, indulging in bright prospects for the future, and suiting the action to the vision in her mind, lets fall her milkpail; the milk is spilt, and the maiden's dream of her eggs, chickens, pig, cow, and calf vanishes. The origin of La Fontaine's pretty fable is to be found (*mutatis mutandis*) in Sanskrit literature. It was during this age that the story of Buddha, through a Christian channel, was transmitted to the West. The story of Barlaam and Joasaph, attributed to St. John of Damascus, is but a version of the pathetic legend of the life of Gautama.

This was a golden time for literature. Learned societies flourished in Baghdad; law, theology, grammar, astronomy, and mathematics were studied with renewed vigour; learned Christian and Hindoo subjects of the khalif, Greeks, Jews, Persians, Syrians, and Armenians, were encouraged in their studies. This culture continued to spread northwards in the crusading age, when Christendom was brought into still

closer relations with Islam and many Arabic works were translated in the eleventh and twelfth centuries. It was, moreover, as our author remarks, a great age of peaceful commerce when Harun and Charlemagne ruled east and west, or when Manûn was acknowledged khalif from India to Spain, and from the time of the fall of Carthage there was perhaps no period when a Semitic race had so much influence in the world as in the pahnny days of the house of Abbas.

Perhaps the most novel, and certainly not the least interesting and instructive, portion of the author's book is the chapter which treats of the Crusades. He gives an excellent *résumé* of the causes which led to the so-called Holy Wars. Religious enthusiasm was perhaps the most important element which stirred the masses, but it was not so with their leaders.

'The crusading hosts were not armies trained and accoutred, but rather great hordes of fighting men, priests, monks, and pilgrims, with women, and even children, pushing over Europe and the Levant towards their goal in the Holy Land . . . and dropping by the way, smitten with disease, fatigue, hunger, thirst, and the sword, so that only a very small remnant—the strongest and best equipped—ever reached the end of the journey.'

Poverty and a rapidly increasing population prompted emigration from those countries whence the crusaders came; the feudal nobles who were forced to supply men and horses when their liege lord required their services in lieu of the fiefs they held, were impoverished, and were more or less in debt to Jewish usurers. Visions of bright hopes of bettering their fortunes in Eastern lands arose before them; the fertility of the lands of Syria and Mesopotamia, the flourishing trade of Baghdad were already known in Europe, and probably much exaggerated. The Normans, under Robert Guiscard, had recently conquered a new kingdom for themselves in Sicily and Apulia, where they found rich Arab merchants. 'The needy knights and ambitious younger sons of Europe, 'hearing of these conquests, dreamed of fair baronies to be 'carved by the sword in the land of Outremer.' The Pope had his reasons for encouraging Peter the Hermit in his desire to strengthen his position as head of the Church by the triumphs of Latin Christianity in the lands of the Eastern Church; while the lower classes looked to the promise of plenary indulgence if they would take the cross and fight under the banner of the Church. The Moslem world was now torn in pieces. The khalifs of Egypt were inimical to

the Seljuks and to the weak survivors of the house of Abbasat Baghdad, and the central power both in Cairo and Baghdad was too weak to secure the obedience of the provinces. Hence we can understand the little resistance which the crusading armies met with; the only really formidable resistance which they encountered was at Antioch; after its capture from the Turks (June, 1098 A.D.), which we know was due to fraud on the part of a traitor, and not to the arms of the besiegers, the crusading army, under Godfrey and Tancred, marched without any resistance as far as Jerusalem, which they invested and captured after a siege of forty days. Of the ninety thousand who had set forth from Europe, only twenty thousand remained to form the army which conquered the Holy City (June 10, 1099 A.D.); 'death, desertion, and the necessary diminution by garrisons in the north had swallowed up nearly four-fifths of the original force.' Of the numerous defences erected in different parts of Palestine by the crusaders from 1140 to 1180 A.D., the most prosperous period of the Frank rule, remains are still to be seen; these strongholds, from the country of Tripoli in the north, the principality of Antioch with Lebanon and Mount Casius to Montreal (Shobek) near Petra on the south-east, 'still rear their proud heads as conspicuous landmarks in Palestine,' including all the Holy Land west of Jordan, and on the east Gilead and Moab. 'Bashan alone was never conquered, partly on account of the proximity of the great Moslem centre at Damascus, partly because it was a waterless region very difficult to attack.' Baniyas and its fortress, east of Jordan at the foot of Mount Hermon, which was the limit of Christian conquest in this direction, were held by the crusaders from 1130 to 1165 A.D. 'The loss of this important outwork created a vulnerable point on the flank of the kingdom in Galilee, which was not strengthened by the subsequent erection of Château Neuf, Hunin, and Beauvoir. It was at this weak place that Saladin finally broke in in the fatal year 1187.'

The best account of the ecclesiastical establishment which the Frank kings hastened to erect in Palestine is to be found in Count Melchior de Vogüé's beautiful work, '*Les Eglises de la Terre Sainte*,' published in 1850. With the exception of the Basilica of Bethlehem and the Holy Places of Jerusalem, all the Christian churches of Palestine were built by the crusaders. The period of their occupation coincided with the great architectural movement of the twelfth century; and the edifices, of which many remains may still

be traced, attest at once the fervour of their religious faith and the genius of their monastic builders. Palestine was divided by Godefroi de Bouillon into four provinces—the archiepiscopal sees of Tyre, Cesarea, Nazareth, and Petra, ten bishoprics and ten abbeys, all under the Patriarch of Jerusalem.

Of the government of Syria under its Christian kings we gain much curious information from the code of feudal law framed for the kingdom of Jerusalem under the crusaders, known as the 'Assizes of Jerusalem,' of which John d' Ibelin is the author (died 1266 A.D.). Two great courts were instituted by King Godfrey for the government of the land: the high court, of which the judges were knights and the king president, dealt with offences among the nobles, they tried those of their own rank, and assigned the number of knights and yeomen who were to be furnished by the fiefs, the Church, the military orders, and the burghs for the king's army; the second court, that of the burgesses, had a jury of citizens under a sheriff appointed by the king, and had authority over all freemen who did not appeal to the high court; the laws were equal for both. Each court had its own code of laws, which applied not only to Jerusalem where the great tribunal sat, but also to the principal towns where similar courts existed. Then there was a third court, which arose as the kingdom became consolidated, and which was for the native subjects of the realm, with a *Reigis*, or 'head man,' as president, and a native jury. This court dealt with all cases except those connected with the ancient institution of the blood feud and other criminal charges. A mixed court subsequently took the place of this native court, called Cour de la Fonde, presided over by the Baillie de la Fonde, with a jury of four natives and two Franks.

'Each great vassal had a special court, consisting of a constable, a marshal, a bailly or treasurer, a seneschal, a butler, and a chancellor. Each fortress had its chatelain, and the princes had their chamberlains in addition. From the king downwards the duty of every man in the realm was fixed by law, though in some cases these laws savour of the peculiar ideas of the age, as, for instance, that which regulated ordeal by battle. Even the slaves were recognised as having a status in the society of the land.'

Those who are accustomed to think of the history of the Crusades as merely that of a succession of marvellous fanatic raids will have their ideas modified when they hear of this civil constitution of the Frankish kingdom. For nearly a century the kings of Jerusalem held power over a district of about 15,000 square miles. For more than a hundred and fifty

years the Syrians were ruled by a Latin race, and there is, our author remarks, every reason to believe that they were content to be so governed; 'truly, in the present century,' he writes, 'Syria might still be ruled well by a system 'founded on that of the Assizes of Jerusalem.' Various were the races ruled by these Christian kings, Normans, Provençals, Italians, Germans, Frisians, a few English and Spaniards, at one time Norsemen and Danes, among Europeans; among the native races, Christian and Moslem, were Greeks, Armenians, Georgians, Syrians, Moslem Fellahin and Arabs, and apparently Persians among the Druzes and Assassins. As the natural result of the communion of the East and West, the *lingua Franca* contained a mixture of Arabic and Italian, and other tongues of the Latin races. The language of literature and the Church was Latin. Europeans married native women; thus arose the race called Poulains by the chroniclers. Baldwin I. and Baldwin II. married Armenian princesses, but this did not result in placing a half-bred king on the throne. 'The alliances of the noble 'families with Armenians were very numerous, and the rosy 'cheeks and dark eyes of the women of this race seem to 'have been more admired than the dusky beauties of Syrians, 'even when of Christian belief.'

Among the Italian republics represented in Palestine, the Venetians seem to have been the richest and most important; in 1123 they obtained by treaty a quarter in every city in the kingdom; the Genoese sold their assistance dearly to Baldwin I., 'obtaining a third of the loot for every maritime city taken by aid of their fleet.' The Jews under crusading rule do not seem to have flourished. Already in 1090 the crusaders killed nearly all the Jews in Jerusalem. Probably, as Captain Conder suggests, the needy Norman nobles remembered their ruin by Jewish usury at home, and so were determined not to admit a similar element of weakness into their newly constituted state, preferring to borrow from the equally usurious Armenian Christians, or from the rich bankers of the Templar order.

In connexion with the social relations and customs of the principal classes of the population during the period of Norman rule, existing documents of the age show in detail the tenure of the smaller fiefs and the services rendered by the vassals. The knights when required were obliged to take the field with a certain number of horses or pack animals. Rent for their land was paid in money or in kind. Sometimes they acted as paid officials. The knights of the

great orders of the Hospital and of St. Lazarus were subject to the Patriarch of Jerusalem; the Templars were independent of ecclesiastical authority, forming an *imperium in imperio* which rendered them a danger to the State. Their count and viscount protected the burgesses, who also formed a system of brotherhood among themselves; these orders under patron saints and protected by bishops became rich and prosperous guilds.

'The care of the poor and of the lower class of pilgrims devolved mainly on the Church. The canons of the Holy Sepulchre are said to have used their funds mainly in assisting pilgrims and the sick. In 1165, according to John of Würzburg, the hospital relieved every day 2,000 poor, giving them both food and medical aid. Great towns, like Jerusalem and Nâblus, had their hospitals for the lepers tended by the Knights of St. Lazarus.'

Slaves of both sexes were employed as servants by the Franks; they were bought in Armenia as in Ezekiel's time, or were negroes sold at Jeddah by the Abyssinians and sent north by the same route which slaves from Africa still traverse. The slaves appear to have been sometimes Christians, and Christians would not allow such slaves to be sold to Moslems. The treatment of slaves, as has been mentioned, was regulated by the Assizes of Jerusalem. Liberty was often given to them. Eunuchs were employed by the kings of Jerusalem as well as in Armenia.

The forces of the kingdom did not apparently exceed some 7,000 fighting men, not counting the great orders; with their forces, Turcoples or native horsemen, and Maronite archers, the grand total of the Christian permanent forces is estimated to have been between 20,000 and 25,000 men. Some sketches on the pillars at Bethlehem give a correct idea of the lofty crests used on the tops of helmets in the earlier times of the Norman rule. Moslems did not hesitate to sell arms to Christians; swords of Damascus were in high esteem, others came from India and Yemen. The armour of the crusading period is familiar from seals and pictures.

The dress of the Franks in civil life seems to have been loose and flowing, and suited to the climate. Geoffrey de Vinsauf has given a full description of King Richard's wedding dress, which was of rose-coloured stuff, ornamented with rows of crescents in solid silver, with a scarlet hat embroidered in gold with figures of birds and beasts; his sword handle, his spurs, and the clasp of his belt were of gold, as was his horse's bit.

'Furs from the centre of Asia (where Marco Polo describes them)

and from Russia, with silk, satin, and various other stuffs, ostrich feathers and plumes of the peacock (white or of the commoner species), were also woven with lamb's wool jackets, recalling those still common among the Arabs. The appearance of a mediæval crowd on a gala day must apparently have resembled a flower garden for colour.'

Pastimes and diversions were not forgotten by the crusaders; jugglers, tumblers, conjurors, dancing men and dancing women were admitted into the great halls of the castles. True to habits of cleanliness, certainly more prevalent among English people than other nations, baths were common. Each castle had a bathing-place within its walls. The passion for music—embodied in the popular song of 'Gaily the Troubadour'—for romances and wonderful legends was insatiable, nor was the excitement of the chase forgotten; the falcon, gazelle-hound, and hunting leopard (*winer*), were used by both Franks and Arabs. The crusaders

'both ate and drank much more than was good for them in such a climate; the latter was luxurious both as regards its viands, and also as to its furniture. The wines of the country, strong and heady as they are, were supplemented with beer, which was sold in Damascus as early as 1129. Sauces, sweetmeats, scents, and iced drinks were also adopted by the Normans through Arab influence.'

The finest buildings of the age are the beautiful churches of the crusaders; in general style these buildings show the influence of Byzantine art on the Latin architects. The dates of the principal churches still extant in Palestine are known. According to M. de Vogüé, the cathedral of the Holy Sepulchre dates from 1103 A.D., the church on Mount Tabor from 1110, the monastery of Bethany from 1138, the church at Nazareth from 1185. The Dome of the Rock was covered exteriorly with glass mosaic work, with long Latin texts, traces of which are still to be found on the wall. The present Gothic porch of the Aksa may probably be attributed to the order of Templars, whose horses were stabled in what is now shown as Solomon's stables. The Latin rite of baptism necessitated the use of fonts, and noble specimens of these great fonts are found in the ruins of Palestine where churches once existed. The tombs of the crusaders were sunk in the rock, and had a chamber beneath the shaft for two bodies, man and wife. There is a large cemetery of this kind at Iksol below Nazareth; graves in church walls or floors, with flat tombstones and short Gothic-lettered inscriptions in Latin, are also known; leaden coffins were used in the crusading period; hired mourning women were

employed by native Christians in the twelfth century. The cultivation of the country was well attended to; vineyards were numerous; the vines of Engedi with those in the fiefs of Tripoli and Antioch were specially noted; olives, fruit trees, and cotton were grown. The sugarcane was found by the crusaders at Tripoli, and was grown in the plains of Jericho, 'where the ruined sugar-mills of the 'crusading period still remain.' The introduction by the crusaders of plough lands, corresponding to the Domesday carucates, is very curious. The *casale* (village) was divided into plough portions, each of about eighty acres.

There are many other interesting topics in Captain Conder's book relating to this interesting period of the Crusades, of which the space at our command forbids us to speak. We are certain that 'Syrian Stone-Lore' will prove to be a most useful manual, and a valuable companion to the author's other works on Palestine. If we may be allowed to suggest any alterations in future editions of the work, we would strongly recommend the removal from its pages of that portion which would explain the Hamathite inscriptions as early forms of Egyptian hieroglyphics, a theory which seems to us to be utterly untenable. It is true that here and there one may pick out a few Hamathite characters which bear some resemblance to Egyptian hieroglyphs, but anyone even slightly acquainted with Egyptian writing can see at a glance the utter dissimilarity between the two systems when taken as a whole; the insertion, therefore, of certain Hamathite and Egyptian characters on page 25, side by side, is most misleading. As to the general question of the Hittite inscriptions, we think, with Captain Conder, that nothing or next to nothing is absolutely known. While thanking Professor Sayce, Dr. Wright, and Mr. Rylands for their book, in which all that has hitherto been discovered of the Hittites and their monuments is given and discussed, we confess that very little has been proved. We must be content to wait for further discoveries—the much-needed key would be a bilingual inscription of greater length than the bare mention of the king of Erme on the silver boss of Tankondemos—before a hope can be entertained of acquiring any definite knowledge. At present, the question of decipherment seems to us to be involved in a thick mist, which even the brilliancy of Professor Sayce's intelligence and his skilled patience have been unable to penetrate.

Captain Conder's opinion that the Exodus is to be referred to the reign of Thothmes IV. and not to that of Men-en-

ptah, as nearly all the best Egyptologists believe, does not seem to us to be well sustained, and would be very difficult to reconcile with Egyptian and Hebrew records. Here and there we notice what in other writers one would be inclined to call a dogmatic tendency. For instance, we are told that Ophir 'was certainly in Arabia.' The question where Ophir was has long been a disputed one, and even now its whereabouts has not been absolutely proved. Max Müller and other excellent authorities think there is no doubt that it was somewhere in India; at any rate it is a great deal too much to affirm an Arabian locality in the very decided remark of Captain Conder. The question as to the original home of the Egyptians is probably correctly answered by asserting that it was somewhere in the Asiatic quarter of the world; the introduction of the word 'probably' is recommended in the sentence. 'The Egyptians were themselves an Asiatic 'migratory people.' Among Arab words transported from Spain, we almost certainly have our English 'admiral' (Emîr-el), and certainly 'damask' from Damascus; but 'sheriffe' is Anglo-Saxon, and not from the Arabic; and 'tartan' has nothing to do with Tyre, nor 'satin' with Zeitûn.

ART. VI.—*History of the Great Civil War.* By SAMUEL R. GARDINER, M.A., LL.D., &c. &c. Vol. I. London: 1886.

THE political side of the Great Civil War will always remain the most important and interesting part of that phase in our history. The Monarchy, the Church, the Estates of the Realm, and the settled fabric of English society were overthrown in an eventful contest; and for the first and the last time in our annals, the polity of these ancient kingdoms was subverted by a despotism of the sword. The struggle, fitful and passionless at the outset, and marked by the English spirit of compromise, was gradually exasperated by the faithlessness of the King and the fanaticism of the Puritan movement; until, having desolated England and Scotland and turned Ireland into a field of blood, it terminated in the tragedy of Whitehall and the establishment of the Cromwellian Commonwealth. This period of violence has passed away, and its animosities appear extinct, but it has been attended by mighty results. The constitutional rights of England and Scotland have grown out of the destruction wrought by the war in the old order of things;

and the position of England among the nations, the tendencies of our foreign policy, and the condition of Ireland at this moment, are largely due to the Protector's work. No wonder, then, that these great events have been chiefly viewed as they have affected the State and have permanently told on the national fortunes, more especially as the political leaders were the most conspicuous figures on the stage until the war was drawing near its close; and our eyes rest on Charles I. and Pym, on Hampden, Falkland, St. John, and Vane, not on Rupert, Essex, Newcastle, and Manchester, before they become aware of the commanding presence of the conqueror of Naseby, of Preston, of Worcester. The purely military side of the contest, comparatively neglected as it has been hitherto, nevertheless deserves to be fully explored, and is well worth a careful reader's attention. It does not, indeed, possess the enthralling interest of the campaigns of the French Revolution, for the war was waged on a much smaller theatre, the operations were far less extensive, the passions of the combatants were less fierce, and the issues at stake seemed less momentous. Nor does it present, until its end approached, consummate specimens of military skill. The operations of our Civil War, compared with those of Napoleon and Moltke, or even with those of Turenne and Gustavus, were for months, nay years, something like the 'battles of kites and crows' to which Milton alludes; their feebleness, their desultory and uncertain character, and the want of concert and aim displayed in them, are intelligible only after an attentive study of the peculiar conditions attaching to them; and, with few exceptions, the incapacity of the chiefs and their ignorance of the art of war are distinctly apparent. Still these rude essays deserve study, were it only because they illustrate a truth attested in many a page of history, that improvised armies can accomplish little, and that preparation in war is essential. Yet the great qualities of the British soldier were conspicuous at Marston Moor and Naseby, and larger results flowed from these half-forgotten fields than from Rocroy, Nordlingen, and even Lützen. Nor was military ability wholly absent from the strife even in its opening scenes: Rupert was a soldier of high merit; Forth had something like a general's eye; Hopton, Waller, and Fairfax were good commanders. As the contest progresses, Montrose displays extraordinary powers as a partisan leader; and in Cromwell we see one of the few instances in which genius, supplying the want of training, brings a real master of war on the stage.

The volume before us is the first instalment of the continuation of the exhaustive work in which Mr. Gardiner has described the fortunes of England under James and Charles I. The narrative embraces the three campaigns of 1642, 1643, 1644; and it is a special characteristic of this history that the author has devoted peculiar care to the military events of the Great Civil War. Taken altogether, this is the best account, we may fairly say, of this part of the contest on the side mainly comprised in the book, which has as yet been given to the public. Mr. Gardiner, indeed, makes the candid admission that he has little knowledge of the science of war, and we see this defect in several passages in which he dwells on operations in the field, or criticises the strategy of contending generals. Praiseworthy, moreover, as has been his industry, his information remains imperfect: he often fails, for instance, to tell us what were the numbers of the opposing armies; his accounts of sieges are of no value; and he seldom points out with sufficient clearness the main features of the theatres of campaigns, and the peculiarities of the ground and of tactics, which play so great a part in deciding battles. His battle scenes, too, want animation and force; they are not parts of a connected whole, and the descriptions of Edgehill and of Marston Moor, elaborate as they are in details, are without unity and dramatic power. In spite, however, of drawbacks like these, this is a work of real and enduring value. Mr. Gardiner has studied his subject thoroughly; the information he has collected is immense, and the addition he has made to what was known previously respecting this part of the Civil War is an admirable contribution to the domain of history. Though he is deficient, too, in the special learning required to deal with the problems of war, his judgement is usually correct and sound; his general conclusions on military events are, for the most part, complete and accurate; and if his criticisms on several passages and moves in the contest are sometimes weak and show want of insight and clear perception, his estimates of the results of campaigns at their close are almost always intelligent and just. In one respect Mr. Gardiner's work is of great merit and deserves high praise: he has considered the operations of the war as a whole; and though we dissent from some of his views, his exposition of the strategic aims and manœuvres of the belligerent chiefs is carefully studied and deserves attention. If, moreover, he cannot paint a battle, his analysis of battles is extremely good; he has visited the scenes of the great engagements

recorded in his industrious pages; and an attentive reader will obtain a clear idea of these passages of arms from the careful narrative, though he does not behold the tempest of Rupert's horsemen spreading devastation along the death-strewn plain, or the onset of the Cromwellian soldiery, fierce, steady, disciplined, and ever victorious. We may, indeed, commend Mr. Gardiner's accounts of the two battles of Newbury as good specimens of well-digested and complete description; and the work, we should add, contains maps and plans which will greatly assist the student of the time.

Though Mr. Gardiner has specially dwelt on the military part of the Civil War, his work, nevertheless, is a real history; and his narrative accordingly follows the course of the struggle in all its manifold bearings. His account of the different moral forces in conflict during the protracted strife, and of the political, social, and religious passions stirred to their depths in the contest, is just and correct as far as it goes, but it is deficient in insight and true sympathy. His sketch of the state of parties in England and Scotland, and of the feelings by which they were moved, is tolerably fair but somewhat commonplace, and it does not contain any striking passages. The philosophy, in a word, of his book is shallow, and it is occasionally expressed in involved sentences, which we can only describe as obscure platitudes. To ascribe, for instance, the Civil War 'to the inadequacy of the intellectual methods of the day to effect a reconciliation between opposing moral and social forces which derived their strength from the past development of the nation,' is to state clumsily a mere half-truth; and the just remark that its strength of purpose gave the Puritan movement success and power, is prefaced by this singular medley of words: 'The laws by which the progress of human society is governed work not irrespective of human agency, but by the influence of surrounding conditions upon human wills, whereby the activity of those wills react upon the conditions'—a phrase we are quite unable to understand. As Mr. Gardiner, too, cannot paint battles, so neither can he describe characters; he can put together the qualities of men, but he cannot give us their living images; and we miss from his work the grand assemblage of portraits, striking in every feature, which stand out on Clarendon's ample canvas. His Charles, his Rupert, his Pym, his Cromwell, want personality, and do not breathe or move; and Henrietta Maria is the only human being in the long array of the actors on the stage of whom he presents a telling like-

ness. On the other hand, Mr. Gardiner's research enables him to throw much fresh light on several important passages of affairs of real value in an obscure labyrinth. No previous writer has so clearly set forth how thoroughly false was the policy of the King; how unscrupulous was his dangerous statecraft; how he played off parties against each other, and was wholly indifferent if he betrayed all, could he only effect his crooked purposes; and yet how weak and foolish was this deceitful scheming. No one, too, has described so fully and well how often the question of peace or of war, and with it, perhaps, the fortunes of England, hung trembling, so to speak, in the balance, and seemed to depend upon mere accidents; and no one has so distinctly shown how great a part the metropolis played in determining the halting resolves of the Houses. Mr. Gardiner, in short, explores thoroughly the circumstances of the politics of the time; and though his narrative moves slowly and is not well ordered in all respects, it places events in their true sequence and fairly maintains historical unity. The point of view, however, from which he contemplates the drama before him, is not always just, and his general estimate of some events cannot be pronounced altogether correct. Modern Liberalism so possesses Mr. Gardiner's mind, that he cannot perceive it is out of place in judging occurrences of the seventeenth century; and he sometimes sets facts in a deceptive light by viewing them through this false medium. In the case of Ireland and of Irish politics he repeatedly falls into this error; and his opinions on Ireland, as we shall endeavour to show, if not without discernment and sense, here and there disclose the pernicious influence of that sentimental and noxious cant at present in vogue upon Irish questions.

Mr. Gardiner's volume begins at the time when the standard of Charles was raised at Nottingham on August 22, 1642. Since the attempt at arresting the five members, war had been inevitable for many months; but a show of negotiation had been kept up, and the King and the Houses had concealed their purpose. Neither side was ready to strike with effect when the signal of immediate strife was given, but the Houses possessed what ought to have been an overwhelming superiority of force. The capital, with its vast resources, and nearly all England south of the Trent, with the exception of a few isolated posts, were at the disposition of the Parliamentary chiefs; while Charles had been able to assemble only a weak force of a few thousand men,

ill equipped, unprepared to take the field, and largely depending for munitions and supplies on the efforts of the Queen, who had fled to Holland to seek the assistance of the Prince of Orange. By the second week of September, 20,000 men had been collected around Northampton, and placed under the command of Essex, the Lord General of the Parliament's armies; and ineffective as was this mass, composed of trainbands and rude levies, it could easily have dissipated the arrays of the King had it been directed at once on Nottingham. Essex, however, trained in the slow wars of sieges, in which he had taken part in the Low Countries, by nature indolent, and without a spark of genius, allowed the favourable occasion to pass; and Charles had ample time to fall back on Shropshire, and to attract thousands of the Celts of Wales, and of the Catholics of the North, to the Royal standard. Essex, marching on a parallel line with the King, but keeping at a safe distance, was approaching Worcester, when Rupert, who was covering the rear of Charles, fell on a detachment of the hostile force and routed it with decisive effect. The success gained at Powick, though a skirmish only, gave a great impulse to the Royal cause; the gentry of the adjoining shires and their dependents flocked in hundreds to the King's camp at Shrewsbury, and the movement received increased strength owing to measures of confiscation indiscriminately passed against 'delinquent' Royalists by the incensed Parliament. Meanwhile Essex lingered around the Severn, disseminating unwisely his inactive forces; and though the Houses took energetic steps to make fresh levies ready for the field, time was necessary to give effect to their purpose. Charles broke up from Shrewsbury in the second week of October, his object being to march on London and to strike down his unprepared foes; and we can scarcely doubt that this daring project originated with the brilliant and heroic Rupert.

The army of the King had by this time received supplies, and acquired something like the consistency of a disciplined force; and, composed as it largely was of the faithful retainers of a proud aristocracy gallantly led, it was a formidable enemy when opposed to masses of traders and peasants, ignorant of war, and without confidence in their chiefs and officers. The march of Charles through the midland counties, across the front of the army of Essex, gave a favourable opportunity, which a real general would have known how to turn to good account; but the Lord General contented himself with simply following the hostile force, and his dispo-

sitions were so faulty that he left a large detachment behind at the moment when he was reaching his foe. Charles turned round at Edgehill to confront Essex, losing his communications, and offering battle where defeat ought to have involved ruin; and in fact the operations on either side, in this and most of the earlier scenes of the war, show an absolute want of strategic knowledge. We shall not dwell on the contest which followed. The forces engaged seem to have been nearly equal—from 10,000 to 12,000 men; the impetuous charges of Rupert and Wilnot overwhelmed the cavalry opposed to them; and it has been thought that, had Rupert made a last effort at the close of the day, the King might have gained a decisive victory. But the Cavalier horsemen and their dashing leader displayed in the field that reckless negligence which at Naseby was to cause their destruction: they abandoned the foot and ran riot; and the Parliamentary soldiers, though less bold, and inferior, on the whole, in the shock of battle, held better together, and gave more proof of the cohesion and power of a real army. 'The promise of future success was undoubtedly 'on the side of Essex. Only amongst the Parliamentary 'troops had there been that co-operation between infantry 'and cavalry which distinguishes an army from a fighting 'crowd.'

Mr. Green informs us in his well-known history, that Rupert urged the King to press on to the capital, after the partial success that had been gained at Edgehill. No authority for this statement is given; but at this conjuncture a bold offensive would probably have been attended with great results. Essex accepted Edgehill as a defeat; he made no effort to resist his enemy; and he retreated on London by forced marches, his army breaking up and dissolving on the way. At the news of what seemed to be a crushing disaster, the great city was deeply stirred; the peace party, which had many adherents in both Houses, was largely strengthened; the Royalists, who perhaps numbered a third of the population, lifted their heads, and negotiations were opened with the King, on the advice and with the concurrence of Essex. As has often happened on like occasions, the fickle populace seemed to take the side to which fortune appeared to incline; and this scene illustrates its passing sentiment:—

'On the 12th there was a meeting of the Common Council in the Court adjoining Guildhall. It had not been sitting long when the hall itself, as well as the yard outside, was filled with an angry crowd

clamouring for peace, and pressing to obtain the signatures of the Lord Mayor and Aldermen to their petition. Cries of "Peace!" "Peace!" were heard in every direction. "Peace and truth!" called out some one who took the unpopular side. "Hang truth! let us have peace at any price!" was the prompt reply. Some even threatened to break into the Council Chamber, to drag out the Lord Mayor and the unpopular Aldermen, and to cut their throats. Others fell upon a few soldiers who were in the hall, wounded some of them, and snatched away their swords, bidding them go to the tavern. "Spend your money you received from the State," they told the soldiers jeeringly, "for you shall have no more!"

It is difficult to say what might have followed had Charles marched on London when it was thus agitated. He hesitated, however, at the opportune moment; dismissed Rupert from the supreme command; entrusted his army to the aged Forth, a skilful but somewhat timid veteran; and contented himself with entering Oxford, where ten or twelve precious days were wasted. The delay gave the imperilled Houses time; the city recovered from its sudden panic, and made preparations for a stern defence; and the extreme and peremptory demands of the King, and the excesses committed by the Royal troops, having caused the negotiations for peace to fail, thousands rose in arms to resist to the death. Charles, moving slowly along the valley of the Thames, stormed Brentford in the second week of November; but the Royal army found its way barred by a force certainly twofold in numbers, as it approached London, at Turnham Green; and though it contrived to fall back in safety, owing to the poor and feeble conduct of Essex, who might have attacked its flanks and rear, the object of the campaign was lost. Turnham Green, Mr. Gardiner truly remarks, was the Valmy of our great Civil War, and the moral effect was, no doubt, immense in rousing the Houses to fresh efforts; but Charles was yet to have occasions of success, just as after Valmy the allied hosts might, without real difficulty, have advanced to Paris in the eventful summer of 1793.

The results of the campaign of 1642 strengthened, on the whole, the cause of the King. The march upon London had not succeeded; but the boasts of the Parliamentary chiefs, that a single battle would decide everything, had been falsified by plain facts, and the Royal arms had, in the main, prospered. Charles made Oxford his headquarters. The city to some extent was fortified, and surrounded by a chain of armed posts; and the garrisons of Reading, Banbury, and Wallingford, connected by Rupert's active cavalry, formed a strong exterior front of defence. From this centre the Royal

commanders made incursions into the adjoining counties; and by the spring of 1643 the midland tract between the Avon, the Trent, and the Ouse had, for the most part, passed into their hands. Meanwhile, a series of local contests, here and there mere partisan efforts, at other points of a more serious nature, had been in progress in the North and West, and along the verge of the Welsh marches; and, though the results had not been very marked, the balance of fortune had inclined towards the King. Newcastle, one of the magnates of the North, at the head of what was known as the 'Popish army,' had almost overrun Yorkshire, and had even reinforced the Royalist garrison at the important point of Newark-on-Trent; and though he had been held in check by Fairfax and the Puritan levies of the cloth districts, it seemed probable that by the summer he would be able to reach the South-eastern counties. His position, too, had been much strengthened by the presence of Henrietta Maria. The brilliant Queen, suddenly landing at Bridlington, had turned many hearts to the cause of the Crown; and, ever sanguine, she wrote to Charles hopefully that she would join him at Oxford and bear the news that 'rebellion' had been put down in the North.

In the North-west, Manchester and the trading part of Lancashire was intensely Puritan. Though Lord Derby held the line of the coast, and communicated thence with the Celts of Wales, he had been defeated on the edge of Cheshire; and in this quarter, therefore, the power of the Houses remained unshaken, and had even increased. It was otherwise in the far West: at the summons of Hopton, a true leader, Cornwall had enthusiastically declared for the King. Bands of hardy miners and peasants, directed with no ordinary skill by local chiefs, advanced into the heart of Devonshire; and though they had retreated before a Parliamentary force under Stamford, a chief of the type of Essex, their attitude continued to be extremely threatening. Along the valley of the Severn and the verge of South Wales the war was intermittent, and its results varied. Rupert had been repulsed in a raid on Bristol; Waller, occupying Stamford's late command, had made Gloucester secure, and routed a band of Welshmen which had approached the city; but Hertford and Herbert had assembled the Celts of the Welsh counties in considerable force, and these menaced or ravaged the plains of the Severn. Meanwhile, though during these winter months the attitude of the Houses had been bold and firm, their preparations for the approaching campaign had

been attended only with partial success. Pym and earnest leaders might insist on war; but it was not easy to collect taxes by an authority without legal sanction, or to levy a military force from a people averse at all times to military service, or to fashion a raw militia into anything like an army under the auspices of incapable chiefs; and violent expedients, such as those enforced by frenzied Paris during the Reign of Terror, were not thought of, and would not have been possible. The peace party, too, continually interfered with the energetic prosecution of the war: it succeeded in inducing the Houses to make fresh overtures to the King at Oxford; and though the negotiations once more failed—for Charles obstinately held to his demands—they weakened the influence of the daring spirits, who saw that force alone could decide the contest. The real power of Parliamentary England was not as yet even nearly put forth; the spirit of conservatism, of reverence for the Crown, of sympathy with the old order of things, was still strong in the National Councils; and if the levies of the Houses looked well on paper, they were really small and of doubtful value.

Thus, in the spring of 1643 Charles held a strong central position at Oxford, commanding a large part of the adjoining districts, but his adherents, at every other point of the theatre, were scattered on a vast irregular line extending from Cornwall, through Wales, to Yorkshire; and though these forces had obtained success, they were disseminated upon the edge of an arc, at distances which made it extremely difficult to act in concert or to assist each other. On the other hand, the Houses were based on the capital, and controlled nine-tenths of the South of England; and though the army of Charles, while it remained unbroken, was a formidable obstacle in the way of their chiefs, they held almost all the intermediate ground between the King and his remote supports; and their generals, accordingly, possessing what are known as interior lines in every direction, could operate, with every chance in their favour, both against the Royal forces and on the detached bodies placed on a semicircle of which they kept the chord. This being the situation, Mr. Gardiner describes the general plan of the operations of the King:—

‘The attempt to penetrate to the heart of the enemy’s position having failed, he resolved to substitute for it a scheme by which the enemy was to be surrounded and overwhelmed. He was himself to hold Essex in check from Oxford, whilst Newcastle pushed on at the head of the Northern army through the Midlands into Essex, and

Hopton advanced from Cornwall to make his way through the Southern counties into Kent. When these two armies had seized upon the banks of the Thames below London, they would find no difficulty in stopping the passage of shipping on the river, and by the annihilation of its commerce the great city, and with it the Parliamentary army, would be starved into submission.'

Mr. Gardiner seems to approve of this strategy; and undoubtedly it was nearly successful. But it violated the true principles of the art; and, in the actual position of affairs, it ought to have been completely frustrated. Had the Houses possessed a real commander, who could carry out a well-combined project, and could rightly employ their superior forces, Charles might have been overwhelmed at Oxford by a converging movement on all sides against him; and, in that event, his distant supports could easily have been destroyed in detail, their enemies, with a great preponderance of strength, and possessing the ascendancy gained by victory, advancing against them on lines starting from central positions to a semicircle, and giving extremely favourable opportunities to attack. A passing expression in one of Cromwell's letters appears to indicate that that great soldier was not unaware of what might have been done; and a chief like Turenne, who at this moment was fairly launched in his splendid career, would have seized the occasion offered by fortune. But Essex, feeble tactician as he was, was even less capable of directing the movements of war upon an extensive scale; the Parliamentary leaders acted without concert, and, as was said, 'were honest but 'disjointed fellows;' and the Parliamentary levies, it should be added, were not equal to the forced marches, the rapid manœuvres, and the many hardships incidental to large operations in the field. The first part of the campaign of 1643 nearly involved the cause of the Houses in ruin, and, notwithstanding their greatly superior forces, brought such disasters upon their armies that Charles might perhaps have attained his object. The operations began by a movement of Essex against the position of the King at Oxford; and had the Lord General made good use of an army largely superior at first, and had his attack been sustained by an effort of the Parliamentary chiefs in the Eastern counties, he would probably have achieved success. But though he took Reading, and advanced to the lowlands of the Isis and Cherwell around Oxford, his ill-organised and raw troops suffered terribly from the repeated onslaughts of Rupert's active and well-led horsemen; and after the famous skirmish at Chal-

grove—ever memorable for the death of Hampden—they fell back into the valley of the Thame, where, isolated and vainly expecting aid, they melted away through disease and desertion. Mr. Gardiner describes the sorry plight of the main army of the Houses in the summer of 1643.

‘It seemed as if the unwieldy host of Essex might be subject to any indignities. On the 25th a body of cavalry under Harvey, who had been knighted for his services at Chalgrove Field, swept round the rear of the Parliamentary army as Rupert had swept round it a week before, defeated Stapleton’s horse, and plundered Wycombe. So great was the alarm, that in London itself a rumour spread that the city was in danger.’

The attempt against Oxford had completely failed; and at other main points of the theatre of war victory was inclining to the Royal standard. Newcastle, ably seconded by the Queen, gradually reduced the Puritan towns of Yorkshire, pushed his advanced posts into the Eastern Midlands, and routed the older and younger Fairfax with such effect on Adwalton Moor, that, with the important exception of Hull, the whole district north-east of the Trent was brought under subjection to the King. The arrival of Henrietta Maria at Oxford, after a march in which she had joined hands with Rupert, seemed to indicate that Newcastle’s forces would be able to make good their way to the South and co-operate in an advance on the capital. We transcribe Mr. Gardiner’s account of the meeting of Charles and his high-souled consort:—

‘Like the last Frenchwoman before herself who had wedded an English king, she was bringing succour to her husband, sore bestead among his foes. . . . Such sorrow, such loneliness, such bitterness of spirit was one day to be her lot, as it had once been the lot of Margaret. . . . On the 13th the royal pair, severed for fifteen anxious months, met on the historic ground of Edgehill. Her first request was that he would raise Jermyn to the peerage. . . . For the world and its calumnies the sprightly Queen cared nothing at all.’

Success, meanwhile, of the most brilliant kind had crowned Royalist valour in the West; and the tide of war had rolled into Wiltshire, overwhelming the arms of the Houses on its way. Stamford had invaded Cornwall in the second week of May, but he had been utterly routed by Hopton; and that able leader was soon marching into Devonshire with his irregular bands. Waller, a Parliamentary soldier of promise, was despatched to await his advance eastwards; but Hopton, collecting recruits in thousands, and summoning to his standard the loyal gentry, pressed onward in his adventurous

movement, and he was joined by Hertford and Prince Maurice, detached by orders from headquarters, when he had made his way into the plains of Somerset. He was now at the head of a considerable force; the towns of Somerset fell one by one, and, hastening victoriously across the Mendips, he advanced into the valley of the Avon, hoping to cut off Waller, then in full retreat, from his communications and supports in the East. A fierce encounter took place near Bath, in which the advantage remained with Waller; but Hopton, now drawing near Oxford, continued most ably his audacious march, and, though he was nearly caught and destroyed at Devizes, a reinforcement despatched by the King enabled him to gain a complete victory. Waller was hopelessly beaten at Roundway Down, and placed in a position of extreme peril; his adversary, during a brief campaign of two months, having displayed remarkable skill and daring:—

‘In the afternoon of the 13th the heights of Roundway Down were crowned by a large body of horse. Prince Maurice had returned from Oxford, bringing with him a considerable reinforcement commanded by Wilmot. Waller at once drew off his men from before the town to meet the new enemy. . . . The whole of the Parliamentary cavalry rushed madly down the hillside, where never horse went down or up before. Waller joined in the flight; and the infantry, abandoned by their comrades and their general, knew their case to be hopeless when they saw Hopton’s Cornishmen sallying out to take them in the rear. . . . For all practical purposes Waller’s army was annihilated.’

The fall of Bristol—it had been besieged by Rupert—completed this series of rapid victories, and gave Charles the second city and port of the kingdom. The situation was full of promise for the King in the last week of July 1643, and that of the Houses seemed almost desperate. Three Royal armies, flushed with success, were approaching each other on converging lines: Charles at Oxford had overcome Essex, whose demoralised troops were the only force for the moment ready to protect the capital; Newcastle was on his way to the South; and Hopton had reached the verge of Hampshire, his adversary, Waller, being completely crippled. Henrietta Maria entreated the King to advance rapidly, and at once, on London; and, had the bold counsels of the heroic daughter of the conqueror of the League prevailed, the metropolis might, perhaps, have fallen, and the fortunes of England changed for a time. The reasons assigned by Mr. Gardiner for an opposite conclusion are not sufficient. Charles was strong enough to take the first step without aid from his

supporting wings ; and, had he pushed forward, we do not believe that Hull and Plymouth would have prevented Newcastle and Hopton from making a corresponding movement with a considerable part of their forces at least, or that local sympathies would have kept back men victorious and led by trusted superiors. Nor can we forget that the apparition alone of Charles might have caused the Houses to treat, and placed the capital in the Royal hands. Throughout the spring and summer the air had been thick with Royalist plots that portended danger ; many of the peers had timidly fled to Oxford when fortune seemed to incline towards the King ; and when the news arrived of the victories of July both Houses actually concurred in a vote which seemed to presage an impending surrender. It is difficult to believe, in view of the facts, that had the King adopted the bolder course, his plan of operations might not have succeeded ; the great city might have fallen into his hands, and the struggle been for many years closed.

The truth seems to be that, at this conjuncture, the fair prospects of the Royal cause were marred by divided and jarring counsels. The constitutional party in the camp of Charles was opposed to measures of an extreme kind, and would have regretted to see London in their master's power, and his triumph complete ; and unscrupulous courtiers like Digby and Jermyn were at feud with soldiers like the two German princes. The opportunity, at all events, was lost ; and it should be added that if the Houses seemed ready to offer humiliating terms, London, though divided, stood up for the most part in a resolute and even a defiant attitude. Gatherings of citizens to overawe Parliament were organised by determined leaders, and the following scene bears a faint resemblance to passages in the French Revolution :—

‘ In the city the news of this vote created the greatest consternation. The quarrel had long ceased to be one which a Parliamentary majority could decide. Even if the propositions had been far more equitable than they were, to treat at that moment would, by discouraging all military effort, make further resistance impossible. Unless D'Ewes was misinformed, it was resolved at a meeting, in which Lord Mayor Pennington took a prominent part, to make use of force, in case of necessity, against a party which was itself looking to the Lord General and his army for aid. Northumberland and Holland in the Lords, Holles, Pierrepont, Lewis, Evelyn, Grimston, and Maynard in the Commons, were to be summarily arrested. It was, however, resolved, before proceeding to such extremities, to try the effect of mob-intimidation, which in 1641 had been successful in its results.

'The day after this resolution was taken happened to be a Sunday. The pulpits rang with invectives against the advocates of peace. Placards were set up calling on all well-disposed persons to go to Westminster on Monday morning, assuring them at the same time that 20,000 Irish Papists were about to land in England. . . .

'Before the propositions were again taken into consideration on Monday morning, a petition urging their rejection was presented in the name of the Common Council. At the same time Palace Yard was filled with a mob of some 5,000 men, shouting angrily against the proposed treason to the Commonwealth.'

It was finally decided in the Royal councils to lay siege to Gloucester, in order to cover the rear of the army should it advance on London, and to open a way across the Severn for the Welsh. The city, it was thought, would soon yield; and the Governor, there is reason to believe, had an ignominious surrender in view. The siege began in the second week of August; but though Charles summoned the place in person, and sat down before it with his main force, the citizens made a stout resistance, and the fierce Puritan spirit quickly mastered base elements of intrigue or weakness. Meanwhile the capital made noble efforts to despatch assistance to the beleaguered city, forced loans were raised, and large musters made; the pulpits rang with stern calls to arms, and violent denunciations of the King were heard for the first time within the House of Commons. Essex, at the head of 15,000 men, was in motion by the last days of August; he passed Oxford safely, though he crossed the front of the garrison at no great distance, and he was able to brush aside the troopers of Rupert, who harassed his flanks as he approached Gloucester. Charles raised the siege on September 5, and the Royal army, commanded by Forth, took a position at Painswick, south of the city, its leader's object being to intercept the retreat of the enemy towards the capital. Essex, having entered and strengthened Gloucester, broke up from the place and marched southwards; and this movement having drawn Forth across the Cotswolds as far as Evesham, Essex rapidly countermarched on Cirencester, eluding his adversary thus for a time, and making one of the few good manœuvres witnessed in this phase of the Civil War. The hostile armies now marched southwards at a safe distance, on parallel lines; but the King possessed a decided advantage in the celerity of his well-led cavalry, and Rupert caught and headed back Essex, as the Lord General and his heavy columns were toiling along the plains of the Kennet. By September 18 the whole Royal army had seized the line

of its enemy's retreat, and, holding strong positions in front of Newbury, barred his way as he advanced towards London.

The battle that followed was of extreme importance—in fact, a turning point in the war; and it is thoroughly described by Mr. Gardiner. His communications having been lost, Essex had no choice but to fight or to treat; and Rupert and Forth deserve high praise for having reduced him to such straits. The Lord General acted as became a soldier: he resolved at all risks to cut a way through, and his dispositions were not unskilful, though the honours of the day, perhaps, remain with Skippon, one of those men whom the trials of war were gradually forcing into a foremost place. The two armies were each about 12,000 strong, and they were drawn up in parallel lines in the space between the Kennet and the En, the King's right covering the main road to Newbury, the natural line of retreat eastwards, with enclosures and thick hedges in front, the centre occupying a tract of moorland known by the name of Newbury Wash, while the left approached the plain of Enborne Heath, Rupert, with the cavalry, being here in command. The position of Essex was rather more contracted; his forces, ranged on a line of slopes, were somewhat more in their commander's hand, and lanes which led to the enclosed grounds in front of part of the enemy's right afforded a favourable opportunity to attack. The battle began early on the 19th, and Essex assaulted this point of the hostile line which had been left comparatively weak, the right of the King having been prolonged to the main road we have before referred to.

‘It was not by the Kintbury Road [the main road to Newbury] that Charles's right was exposed to danger. Its commanders had forgotten that to keep on the defensive required skill and forethought, and they had neglected to secure those slopes cut up by hedges, which if once in the possession of the Parliamentary foot would command their own position in the valley. Early in the morning, Essex, whilst his main body was still struggling amongst the lanes, had despatched a party to seize the hedges on his left. The surprised Royalists saw the hill above them crowned with the advancing enemy. Sir Nicholas Byron, at the head of a brigade of infantry, to which a body of horse, under the command of his nephew, Sir John Byron, was attached, hurried up the hillside to retrieve the ground. For long the combat raged from bank to bank, from hedge to hedge.’

The spot is still made sacred by the death of Falkland, one of the noblest figures of the Great Civil War, heroic in the field, and wise and just in council. While the battle was

dubious in this direction, Rupert made one of those premature movements which detract from his renown as a soldier. He issued on the plain of Enborne Heath and, though unable to break the enemy's right, endeavoured to cut off an exposed detachment. The Parliamentary levies fought extremely well.

'To charge the Parliamentary horse and to drive them off the field was the work of a few minutes. Cut off from support, with neither horse nor cannon to rely on, the two trained-band regiments, composed of men whose only knowledge of the operations of war was derived from the bloodless contests of the Artillery Garden, found themselves exposed on open ground to the discharges of the enemy's cannon and to the rush of Rupert's horse. They bore the trial nobly. Closing up their ranks as the ripping cannon-shot tore them asunder, the London apprentices and tradesmen stood like a wall whilst the fierce horsemen dashed up against their pikes in vain. Many a saddle was emptied by the musketeers within the square.'

Meanwhile the centre of Essex had fallen on the corresponding part of the army of the King. The ground in front of Newbury Wash was also thickly hedged and enclosed; and a furious struggle continued for hours, neither side gaining a marked advantage, but the Royalists losing the flower of their leaders.

'Each field was a fortress, to be captured or defended. At last two regiments of Parliamentary horse—perhaps because the enemy's cavalry was weakened by the absence of so many regiments on Enborne Heath—pushed out, under Stapleton, from the end of a lane upon the open ground of the Wash, and drove back a Royalist regiment by which they were assailed. They were too few in number to hold the ground, and they drew back waiting for reinforcements. As other regiments came up there were fresh charges, and a determined resistance. At last Stapleton's regiment was broken and driven back into the lane. Already the Royalist horse was following up its victory and pouring after the fugitives, regardless of the Parliamentary musketeers who lined the hedges on either side. Caught in a trap like the French chivalry at Poitiers, the dashing cavaliers perished almost to a man, shot down without hope of defence in the deep trench between the banks.'

The issue of the battle was still uncertain, when a formidable attack on the left of Essex—it had fallen back a few hundred yards—spread disorder through this part of his line. The energy of Skippon averted defeat, and achieved ultimately partial success.

'In the afternoon, massing large forces on their own right, the Royalist commanders directed a fresh attack on Essex's left in the valley of the Kennet. The eye of the veteran Skippon, who acted that

day as second in command of the Parliamentary army, caught sight of them as he was encouraging his men upon the hill. Hurrying down, he drove back the enemy, and returned with the assurance that the army would not now be assailed in the rear nor its baggage pillaged. Again the battle raged along the whole line from the Kennet to the En Brook. An attempt by the troops left behind by Skippon in the valley to seize a ford over the Kennet failed; but, on the whole, the Parliamentary army gained ground.'

Both armies rested after a fierce contest, the issue of which remained doubtful. The position of Essex was critical in the extreme; a defeat or a second drawn battle would in all probability have been ruin. Charles, however, retired from the field by night, giving his adversary thus a safe line of retreat, and losing the fruits of well-planned manœuvres and a fair chance of gaining a decisive victory. Want of ammunition was made the excuse; but the tenacity of the troops of Essex, the havoc wrought among the gallant gentlemen who were the life and soul of the Royalist army, and perhaps the want of strength of character in the King, led to a decision which must be pronounced most unfortunate for the Royal cause.

Essex safely effected his retreat to London, and though he had lost many men on the way, he had redressed the balance of adverse fortune, and justly received the thanks of the Houses. The prospects of the King, lately so promising, had been overclouded by recent events: Gloucester had been relieved, and after the defeat at Newbury a march towards the capital was not to be thought of; and the ascendancy of success had been wellnigh lost. At another point, too, of the theatre of war, where Royalist triumphs appeared certain, the arms of Charles had not prospered. The advance of Newcastle to the South-east was partly checked by the resistance of Hull, and partly by the energy of a single man, whose military genius was becoming manifest. Cromwell, though as yet a subordinate only, had been the master spirit of one of the local leagues combined for military preparation and defence, in the interest of the Parliamentary cause, and the Association of the Eastern Counties—the only organisation that accomplished much—had become a formidable power in his hands. The numerous levies raised by it effectually retarded Newcastle's movements, and the force under Cromwell's direct command was gradually formed by him into a real instrument of war. Cromwell had fought at Edgehill, and noted the difference between the levies of Charles and those of Essex; and with true insight he had seen that men led by daring and proud gentlemen

were wholly superior to traders and peasants commanded by mob orators and adventurous farmers. Stern discipline and fanatical passion were needed to strengthen those dull masses, and to make them the match of Rupert's horsemen; but, trained in this way, Cromwell had no fear that ultimately they would overcome an enemy of whose weak points he was fully aware. The regiments fashioned by his master hand, steady, perfectly ordered, and enthusiastic in their cause, became the nucleus of the far-famed Ironsides, the finest army possessed up to that time by England. As early as the winter of 1642 the spirit and power of these fierce warriors had been seen in a skirmish not far from Grantham; and in the following year they gained a complete victory at Gainsborough on the line of Newcastle's advance. We transcribe Mr. Gardiner's account of this action—a presage of coming events. The reader will observe with what tactical skill Cromwell kept a reserve of horsemen in hand; the opposite in this of the impetuous Rupert.

'They came up with Cavendish's horse, posted on the edge of a sandy plateau, where the ground slopes steeply down, a little to the north of Lea, on the road to Gainsborough. Picking their way with difficulty amongst the rabbit-holes, they gained the upper level, and, charging the main body of the Royalists, drove them in headlong rout. For six miles the horsemen from Lincoln and Nottingham chased the flying enemy as Rupert had swept the rout before him at Edgehill. Cromwell was not among the pursuers. Looking round as soon as the enemy began to fly, he perceived that Cavendish had kept one regiment in reserve, and was preparing to fall upon the rear of the unthinking pursuers. Rallying his own troops, he allowed Cavendish to pass him, and then, galloping after him, charged the Royalist commander from behind. In an instant Cavendish's regiment was driven down the hill, and he himself, the young and gallant flower of a noble family, was knocked off his horse in a bog at the foot of the slope, where he was killed by one of Cromwell's troopers.'

The Eastern Association and Cromwell's efforts arrested Newcastle's southern march during the first part of the campaign of 1643. Hull, too, continued bravely to hold out, and the Royalists were impeded by frequent incursions of the garrison on the rear of their forces. Newcastle resolved to pluck this thorn from his side before attempting a final advance; he laid siege to the place in the first days of September, and Manchester, another of the men of high birth, to whom, though unequal to supreme command, the Houses as yet entrusted their armies, was sent to direct affairs in the East. The energy of Cromwell—he had again routed a body

of Royalist horse on the field of Winceby—and the perseverance of the younger Fairfax—the brotherhood in arms of the two men began when they first met in Hull—saved the town after a prolonged defence; Newcastle raised the siege in the second week of October, and all hope of a march towards the South vanished.

‘The besieging army melted away before the toils and hardships to which they were subjected. “You often hear us called the Popish army,” jested Newcastle when Fairfax let the water of the Humber into his trenches, “but, you see, we trust not in our good works.” Every day the besieged grew stronger in courage and resolution. The women of Hull volunteered to carry earth to strengthen the fortifications. On October 5 a reinforcement of 500 men, sent by Manchester, landed on the quay. On the 11th, the day of Winceby fight, a general rally of the garrison drove the besiegers out of several of their forts, and captured a huge cannon, one of the pair known as Gog and Magog, or as the Queen’s pocket pistols. On the morning of the 12th, Newcastle raised the siege. Hunger and desertion, together with the enemy’s fire, had cost him half his force.’

The campaign of 1643, like that of the year before, had led to no decisive results. The victorious progress of the Royal arms had been arrested in the nick of time, and Gloucester, Newbury, Hull, and Gainsborough were words of ill omen to the cause of the King. The strength of Charles was, nevertheless, unbroken; his attitude was still imposing and menacing; a large part of England was in his hands, and a still larger part felt the spell of his influence; and the Houses, divided, with weak, ill-led troops, at heart averse to an internecine struggle, and without the traditions of old authority, had done little with their superior forces. The quarrel was becoming more envenomed; and both sides had already begun to seek for assistance beyond England. Charles, as we have seen, had received support from the Prince of Orange in 1642; he had applied to his kinsman, the King of Denmark, offering to cede the Orkney and Shetland Islands in exchange for supplies of men and money; and, Richelieu having departed from the scene, he was about to negotiate for help with Mazarin. His attention, however, was chiefly turned to Ireland, while, like his preceptor, Strafford, he fondly hoped he could find the means of recovering his power and coercing England. To understand this part of the policy of the King—the most potent cause of his ultimate ruin—we must briefly glance at the state of that country, described fairly enough by Mr. Gardiner, though we widely dissent from his views about it. As Head of the State, Charles was at war with the Catholics of the Pale

and the Irish Celts red from the massacre of 1641; and as King of England he had little sympathy with attempts to extirpate English and Scotch colonists, and to create an Ireland independent of the Crown. But he detested the existing Irish Government, as Puritan, and as closely leagued with the English Houses, his enemies in the field; for the same reasons he looked with aversion on the 'plantations' of English and Scotch settlers; and he resolved to play off against each other the jarring factions, the hostile races, the faiths and the interests at feud in Ireland, and to gain his own ends through their savage conflict. Accordingly, while he permitted Ormond, his trusted lieutenant, to continue the war, he thwarted and crossed the Council in Dublin and the Executive in all kinds of ways; and when the Confederation of Kilkenny attested the union of Catholic Ireland in its two main divisions, he at once consented to treat with it. Characteristically, however—for he was as yet unwilling to yield to 'Nationalist' demands of the wildest kind, and he knew that concession might injure his cause—he intrigued to cajole the Catholic League with vague promises and empty phrases; and it was not until he had become aware that this game would not succeed with leaders determined to strike for an independent Ireland that he negotiated in a serious manner. After overtures, prolonged on either side for months—the object of the King being to obtain the means of employing the Royal army in England against the Houses in the Civil War, without committing himself to anything—Charles consented at last, in the autumn of 1643, to hand over the whole of Ireland to the Confederates, except a few armed posts; and it was even stipulated that a small body of Scots, protecting the settlements of their blood in Ulster, should conform to these terms or quit the island. The Government in Dublin was virtually suppressed; and in return for a surrender which abandoned the mass of the English and Scotch colonists, loyal to a man to their country's cause, and intensely Protestant, to the tender mercies of their relentless foes, a truce was to be made for a year, and the Anglo-Irish army was to be set free to tread out the fires of English 'rebellion.' The Confederates, too, gave plain hints that 10,000 Celts would be sent off to Charles, and an auxiliary force despatched to Scotland, if hands yet reeking with English blood were permitted to raise the sacred flag of Nationality in a disenthralled Ireland.

While Charles had been dealing with allies like these, the Houses were seeking assistance from Scotland. At the

beginning of the war they had made overtures to Argyle and their Scottish adherents; but for several months these had proved fruitless. The old jealousy of the two nations was felt at Westminster and by the Estates at Edinburgh; and though the existence of the Long Parliament and the liberties it had lately won were largely due to a Scottish invasion, this was not the less resented in England. A large part, too, of the highest Scotch nobility was enthusiastic in the cause of Charles. The Celts of the Highlands, like the Celts generally in the three kingdoms, felt towards the King the personal devotion of the Celt to his chief; and, even in the Lowlands, there was a deep sentiment of loyalty to the head of the House of Stuart, as was afterwards seen at Dunbar and Worcester. The Scottish leaders, moreover, had given offence by a proposal to mediate between Charles and the Houses; and a moral barrier lay between Presbyterian Scotland and Puritan England, though the extent of this was not yet suspected. The success, however, achieved by the King in the first part of the campaign of 1643 compelled Pym and the Parliamentary chiefs to look for support beyond the Tweed; and Argyle and his followers, drawing with them the soundest and strongest part of the nation, turned to those pointed out as natural allies by a common cause and a common danger. A Convention of the Estates was summoned without obtaining the Royal assent—a revolutionary measure of great significance; and the resolution to treat with the Houses was greatly strengthened by the news that Charles was making a league with Irish papists. The lingering negotiations became active, and commissioners from Westminster were favourably received, bringing with them the formal request of the Houses that a Scottish army should cross the border. The conduct of Charles at this juncture was characteristic of his statecraft, finespun and artful, but weak and shallow. Montrose, a youth, but a leader of men, and a military genius of a high order, implored the King to denounce the Estates, to summon the Highlands and the powerful nobles still devoted to him to the Royal standard, and to put down ‘rebellion’ with the sword; and the Queen concurred in the daring counsel. Charles, however, believing the advice of Hamilton—one of the most unfortunate of his unwise ministers—had recourse to dissimulation and cunning; and while he maintained an unbending attitude of hostility to the English Houses, he was profuse of promises to Argyle and the Estates. Conduct such as this could not deceive anyone; and during the

summer of 1643 negotiations went on earnestly to cement the alliance of the two kingdoms by a military league and unity of creed. As is well known, the religious question created difficulties of a most formidable kind ; and for various reasons the proposal to make Presbyterianism, with its strict discipline and its formal system, the established faith of England excited profound resentment. Mr. Gardiner has described in detail the conferences which took place on the subject, and has clearly set forth the historical causes which made Presbyterianism disliked by Englishmen ; but we greatly doubt if, as he seems to hint, the spirit of toleration, in any real sense, had much to do with this widespread sentiment. Be this as it may, the sense of peril compelled the Houses, after long debates, to accept the terms all but imposed on them. With some reservations the Presbyterian form of Protestantism was declared the national creed ; and the Solemn League and Covenant seemed to assure the extinction of the renowned Church of England. Meantime preparations were being made on a great scale to continue the war ; and the Estates set on foot a considerable force, which was to take the field in the beginning of 1644. Nor were the Houses remiss in their efforts : Pym devoted his dying powers to the task of making the sword of Parliamentary England strike decisively in the approaching campaign ; the existing armies were largely reinforced ; and three masses of men, imposing in numbers if ill organised and badly prepared, were made ready for operations in the spring.

Mr. Gardiner asserts that a fixed purpose may be traced in the operations of the King when the campaign of 1644 opened. As Charles had endeavoured in the preceding year to outflank and converge on his enemies moving from exterior and distant lines, so now, feeling himself overmatched in force, he resolved to await attack at Oxford, and to attempt to strike the Parliamentary armies divided around his central position and moving from points of a surrounding circle. We can find no authority for a statement which seems to us far-fetched and unfounded ; and the student of war will smile at the notion that the haphazard efforts of the bewildered King ' adopted the principle which was afterwards to be stamped with the mint mark of Napoleon,' and which was grandly being illustrated by Turenne, at this very time, in the plains of Germany. The campaign began in the third week of January, and a Scottish army, commanded by Leven, a veteran of the wars of Gustavus, advanced

rapidly into Northumberland, and, taking the position of Newcastle in reverse, compelled that general to turn his forces northwards. The contingent from Ireland, which had been set free through the negotiations with the Catholic League, and had lately been disembarked at Chester, lay on the flank of the invader's line; but Fairfax, marching across Yorkshire—a daring movement ably carried out—defeated it, with great loss, at Nantwich, and drove it to the verge of the Welsh mountains. Within a few weeks the combined forces of Manchester and Fairfax, aided by Cromwell—he had been raised to a general's rank—had reconquered five-sixths of Yorkshire; and Leven having effected his junction with them, Newcastle and his army were forced into York, where his surrender was deemed a mere question of time. The intelligence of these great disasters compelled Charles—he had been hesitating at Oxford and intriguing with the capital—to despatch Rupert hurriedly to the North; and the Prince, collecting the flower of the Royal army, set off from Oxford in the last days of April, eager to make up for perilous delays. Having traversed Lancashire and pillaged its towns—even then centres of prosperous trade—with the cruelty of the Thirty Years' War, he was joined by Goring with 6,000 men; and by July 1 the united forces had approached York a few hours before a capitulation had been discussed by Newcastle. The apparition of the army of relief caused the allied generals to raise the siege; and they drew off to the plain of Marston Moor, taking a position which covered their communications southwards, and made it dangerous for Rupert to enter the city. The Prince, seeing through the game of his enemies, placed his army behind the barrier of the Ouse, and ordered Newcastle to join him from York; and when the two armies had come into line, he steadily advanced to attack the allies.

The battle that followed, though not attended with the decisive results that might have ensued, was, nevertheless, of supreme importance. The allied generals were about to fall back, when the heads of the Royalist columns were descried in their march on the afternoon of July 2. They immediately resolved to accept battle, and they took a position along a line of slopes which overlooks the expanse of the Moor as it stretches to the little stream of the Nidd. A wide ditch, not easy to pass, ran nearly across the front of the whole army, protecting it from a sudden attack, and the village of Longmarston covered the right wing, while the left rested on the hamlet of Tockwith. Newcastle,

who throughout the campaign had a mentor in the veteran Eythin, a soldier of the Thirty Years' War, urged Rupert not to attack a position the strength of which could be seen at a glance; but the Prince, always impatient to fight, and misinterpreting a letter from the King, gave an angry reply, and led the Royal army almost to the verge of the enemy's line. Tradition records that these words were uttered as the hostile forces approached each other:—

‘With a soldier's instinct, Rupert had singled out Cromwell as the one soldier worthy of his steel. “Is Cromwell there?” he is reported to have asked of a prisoner. “And will they fight?” continued Rupert, as soon as he was informed of his presence? “If they will, they shall have fighting enough.” Rupert bade the prisoner return to his own people to bear this message. “If it please God,” was Cromwell's answer when he heard it, “so shall he.”’

The incautious advance of the Royalist army had already made its position unsafe, and this was clearly perceived by Eythin. Rupert, accustomed to the inactivity of Essex, thought the battle could not take place that day, and with Newcastle left the front of his troops.

‘The old soldier found fault with Rupert for placing his men so near the enemy. “They may be drawn,” said Rupert, with unwonted meekness, “to a further distance.” “No, sir,” replied Eythin, “it is too late.” Risky as his position was, Rupert did not seem to understand his danger. “We will charge them,” he said to Newcastle, “to-morrow morning!”’

The Prince was at fault, for a great man was before him. The shadows of the summer sun were lengthening; but Cromwell, in command of the allied left, as if by inspiration, seized the occasion and, crossing the ditch, fell on Rupert's horsemen. The struggle was fierce, but in a short time the Ironsides had scattered their foes in flight.

‘In a moment Rupert had recovered his vigour, so far as recovery was possible, and flew at Cromwell's horse. His first regiment was beaten and driven back, but the charge was well supported. Cromwell was slightly wounded in the neck, and for an instant his whole force recoiled. The reserves under David Leslie hastened up and loosened Rupert's hold. Cromwell and Leslie forced their way steadily onwards, pushing Rupert's hitherto unconquered cavalry before them, and at last scattering them “like a little dust.”’

The whole allied army now advanced to attack, the centre, mainly composed of Scotsmen, being under the command of Crawford and Baillie, Leven and Manchester being generals-in-chief; the Royalist centre opposed to it having Porter and O'Neill as its leaders, with Newcastle and Eythin

in second line. The battle raged here for a considerable time.

‘ In front of Crawford, who, as major-general, commanded Manchester’s foot, the ditch had been filled up, and the Royalists opposed to him had drawn aside towards their own left to avoid the unsheltered position. There was, therefore, a gap between the right of their foot and the left of Rupert’s horse. Into this gap Crawford dashed; and then, wheeling sharply round, threw himself on the flank of the Royalist infantry. Its hold upon the ditch was loosened, and Baillie, with his Scots, poured over it to attack them in front. Yet, pushed back as the main Royalist battle was, it did not break into flight as Rupert had fled before Cromwell; and under a dark pall of smoke, made luminous where the guns flashed and roared, the wild work of slaughter bestrewed the moor with the dying and the dead.’

While the issue of the conflict was still uncertain, the advance of the allied right, under the two Fairfaxes, was paralysed by unperceived obstacles; and Goring charged with terrible effect.

‘ The hillside and the roads which led to Tadcaster were choked by the flying rout. The sabres of Goring’s horsemen had full work among the fugitives, till the victors wheeled round to betake themselves, not to the attack of the enemies’ regiments, which remained unbroken, but to the tempting plunder of the baggage. As the run-aways swept past Tadcaster in panting confusion, exultant Royalists sped on the news of victory, and bells rang and bonfires blazed at Oxford, and wherever Charles’s name was held in honour.’

The day might have been won had Goring avoided one of the most common faults of the undisciplined Cavaliers. Sir Charles Lucas, however, with a reserve of horsemen, turned fiercely against the allied centre, and all but routed the brave Scotsmen, who fought as their fathers had fought at Flodden. Whole regiments were crushed, and even Leven fled; but the ground was still held by an heroic remnant of warriors, to whose noble stand Mr. Gardiner alone has done justice. Cromwell has slurred over this part of the battle; he always disliked his Scottish allies.

‘ Though Leven fled, his subordinate, Baillie, kept the field. Under him fought the regiment of Lord Lindsay, and that which bore the name of Lord Maitland, but which was under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Pittscottie, whilst a third, under Lumsdaine, moved up in support and maintained the unequal fight. Yet so desperate a struggle could not last much longer. Unless help came, the three heroic regiments which maintained the honour of the Scottish name would be swept away.’

The battle was decided by the skill of Cromwell; like a true chief he had kept a reserve in hand after his successful

onslaught on Rupert's horsemen, and at the summons of the younger Fairfax he led this fresh body right across the field, and overthrew Lucas's troops disordered in victory. This great crowning charge, as was often the case in the battles of the seventeenth century, was the signal of the ruin of the hostile army. From 18,000 to 20,000 men had been engaged upon either side ; Rupert left the field with 6,000 only, and Newcastle fled in despair to the Continent.

“ Colours enough,” as a contemporary publication expressed it, “ to make surplices for all the cathedrals in England, were they white,” had fallen into the hands of the victors. What was more to the purpose, the great force to which they had been opposed had ceased to exist as an army. . . . “ I will not endure the laughter of the Court,” was the only explanation of his conduct which Newcastle chose to give. Rupert was made of sterner stuff.’

The North was lost at Marston Moor to Charles ; but the victory was deprived of complete results. Weakly shifting his course as events changed, the King permitted Montrose to invade the Highlands, and Tippermuir compelled Leven's army to part from its allies and to approach the Border. But for this diversion the combined forces of Manchester and Leven might have overrun England ; and Mr. Gardiner has not indicated its importance at this critical moment. Meanwhile the Royalist arms had suffered defeat in the West, though success seemed imminent ; and the faults of brave but undisciplined soldiers had enabled their foes to pluck safety from danger. Hopton, in the last weeks of 1643, had fought his way into the heart of Sussex ; and though he had been obliged to retreat by Waller, detached hastily to arrest his progress, he had been joined by Forth and strongly reinforced, and he hung menacingly on the verge of Hampshire. After various operations not deserving notice, Forth, a general of some strategic power, succeeded in outmanœuvring his enemy, and on March 29, 1644, he occupied Cheriton, in front of Alresford, on Waller's line of retreat to London. Forth, in a position like that at Newbury, had wisely resolved to force his antagonist to attack him with all the odds in his favour, but the precipitate ardour of one of the young Cavaliers disconcerted a really well-laid plan, and changed to disaster the promise of success. A rash charge of Royalist horsemen enabled Waller, who had posted his troops in a position of vantage to repel an enemy, to join battle, and to defeat Forth ; and the Parliamentary general effected his escape from a situation which, in the hands of Essex, might

have reduced the Houses 'to a state of slavery.' We transcribe a few sentences from Mr. Gardiner's narrative.

'In the Royalist armies generals might scheme aright, but victory or defeat depended on the ill-considered zeal of some high-spirited officer, too untamed to allow military discipline to stand in his way when he was burning to strike a gallant blow at the rebels he despised. This time it was young Sir Henry Bard, who, in defiance of orders, galloped down the hill into the fatal valley at the head of his regiment. Unsupported for a time, he was soon surrounded, and his followers annihilated; but his movement had made it impossible for Forth to persist in his Fabian tactics, and Sir Edward Stawell was despatched to the succour of the impetuous Paladin, too late to be of service to his comrades. For a full half-hour Stawell fought on. He succeeded in driving the enemy's horse on the common, but he flung himself in vain upon the Parliamentary artillery drawn up behind the hedges on the hillside beyond. His troopers were driven back in utter rout, and he was himself left as a wounded prisoner in their hands.'

Meantime Oxford had been the centre of the negotiations, plots, and intrigues in which Charles thought himself a master, to maintain a cause already plainly in decline. After his great success in the summer of 1643, many of the peers, we have seen, had repaired to Oxford, and he had summoned a Parliament largely attended by Royalist members of the House of Commons. Armed with this authority, he levied taxes and issued manifestoes against 'Westminster rebels;' but not the less he endeavoured to treat; his terms, however, being this time rejected with scorn by an assembly fiercely resenting the pretensions of a rival Parliament. Charles, meanwhile, had been carrying on the negotiations with France and the House of Orange, which he had been conducting for many months, and he tried hard to make the recent settlement of religious affairs a cause of dissension between the dominant Presbyterian leaders and the growing power of the Independent party, making toleration his specious pretence. At the same time, he had not scrupled to stir up a Catholic movement in London; and he openly summoned the Catholic gentry to his standard by holding out promises which, it is now known, he was ready to break. These devices, however, proved all but fruitless; and the principal result was to quicken suspicion, and to confirm the common belief of the duplicity of the King. The Irish policy of Charles made the cup of discontent and distrust flow over, and placed him in the position of a real foe of England. His contingent from Ireland had been defeated; in subsequent operations it proved of little use, and the effect of its presence on the stage had been to exasperate Englishmen against the

Irish race, and to animate the Houses to renewed efforts. But Charles wistfully looked for the Celts, promised on terms by the Catholic League; he received deputations from the Kilkenny Assembly, listened to their complaints, dropped words of hope, and engaged Ormond in fresh intrigues; and if he did not pledge himself to concede the demand of the Irish Separatists in its full extent, he trifled, dallied, and compromised with it, in order to increase his military power. The consequences were, however, ruinous to him: the Cavalier Oxford Parliament refused its sanction to traffickings with the rebel confederates; the constitutionalists, like Hyde and Carnarvon, the mainstays of his cause, expressed disgust, and Lords and Commons, who had rallied to him, returned to Westminster in alarm and dismay. The indignation of Parliamentary England, though ignorant of the whole truth, was profound; it was noised abroad that Irish barbarians, dripping with the carnage of 1641, and enemies of the faith and race of Englishmen, were about to invade England at the call of the King; and fanatical spirits, unheeded before, preached a fierce crusade against the Man of Sin, foredoomed by God as a public enemy.

In the last week of May 1644, Waller, who, after Cheriton, had retired from Hampshire, and Essex, marching directly from London, combined their forces for a grand attack on the central position of the King at Oxford. Their armies were perhaps 25,000 strong; and a mixed committee of English and Scotch leaders, known as the Committee of Both Kingdoms, which had directed the war since the death of Pym, had spared no effort to make the troops efficient, though in this respect much was still wanting. Charles had been urged by Rupert, before he left for the North, to follow the tactics of the year before—that is, to manœuvre around Oxford and the adjoining garrisons with a strong body of horse; but a movement like this required a Rupert, and the King withdrew his force to the city, awaiting, it would seem, the blows of the enemy. Waller and Essex, marching along the Thames, were at Abingdon on May 26, and Essex, crossing the stream, had soon reached Islip, while Waller forced a passage at Newbridge, their object being to surround Oxford, and to compel Charles to yield at discretion. Mr. Gardiner insists that the Royal commanders, following what, he thinks, was the idea of the campaign, conceived the project of making Oxford the pivot of a skilful and bold operation, and of striking in detail the divided enemy; but if the situation made this move possible it was scarcely attempted,

and was not carried out. On the morning of June 3 Charles made a feint on Abingdon, and, this having drawn Waller southwards, the King issued at night from Oxford with a force of less than six thousand men, his only object being, we believe, to effect his escape by any means. The Royal fugitive hurried westwards, reaching the Upper Severn about the 12th, and as Essex and Waller followed on his track, and two large bodies of Parliamentary troops commanded the districts around the river, he ought easily to have been hemmed in and crushed. At this crisis of fortune Essex formed one of the unwisest resolves ever known in war, and which stamps him as an incapable leader. The town of Lyme, on the verge of Dorset, was being besieged by Prince Maurice; Waller was able, probably, to cope with the King; and Essex, accordingly, turning from the prize of the contest within his immediate grasp, announced, at the decisive moment, that he would leave his colleague to relieve Lyme and to reconquer Devonshire!

Mr. Gardiner justly condemns this wild manœuvre; and the reasoning of its author betrays gross ignorance:—

‘This extraordinary diversion of half the army from its proper work was but part of a preconceived plan. It was no mere relief of an heroic but unimportant garrison which was contemplated. Essex, always prone to fall under the influence of those around him, had fallen under the influence of Lord Robartes and the gentlemen of Devon and Cornwall. He fancied that if, after relieving Lyme, he pushed on into the West, he should not only occupy a province which Waller had long regarded as his own, but should, by cutting off one main source of Charles’s supplies, do more to bring the war to an end than if he had defeated the King in a pitched battle.’

The movement of Essex was so evidently false that the Committee in power protested against it. The Lord General, however, persevered: abandoning the substance to catch at a shadow, he set off on his march to the South-west; and, having relieved Lyme, he was soon in Devonshire. Charles, escaping like a bird from the net of the fowler, hurried back to Oxford by forced marches, outmanœuvring Waller, who had pushed northwards; he reached Woodstock on June 21, and the next day he was moving towards Buckingham, his army swelling to 10,000 men, and his officers talking of an advance on London in the enthusiasm of restored hope and confidence. The city, indeed, was greatly alarmed, and a Parliamentary contingent was sent to protect it; but the apprehended attack was impossible, for Waller hung on the rear of the King, and Charles was compelled to turn round

against him, and to fight at Cropredy Bridge, near the source of the Cherwell. The battle was indecisive, but it stopped the King, although he had been in the main successful; yet he had extricated himself from the jaws of ruin, and had even assumed a bold offensive, to the consternation and surprise of his foes. Mr. Gardiner's account of Cropredy Bridge fairly illustrates the tactics of the war.

'Seizing Cropredy Bridge, Waller watched the enemy marching past. Suddenly Charles's vanguard and main force hastened their steps on the news that a Parliamentary force of 300 horse was in front, and might be cut off before Waller could come to the rescue. Charles, however, had omitted to inform his rearguard of his intentions, and there was soon a considerable space between that part of his army and the rest. Waller at once seized the opportunity. Sending Lieutenant-General Middleton, the Scotch officer who, with Montrose, had forced the Bridge of Dec, across a ford about a mile lower down the river, he himself pushed over Cropredy Bridge to cut off the loiterers. For a while everything went well with him, and the King's rearguard was almost reduced to the necessity of surrender. In the meanwhile, however, the main body of the Royalists had hastened back to the relief of their comrades, and a sudden charge made by the Earl of Cleveland, and supported by Lord Bernard Stewart, changed the fortune of the day. Middleton was routed, and ultimately, after a second onslaught, in which Wilmot took part with Cleveland, Waller's park of artillery was captured.'

Waller's army, largely composed of Londoners, and wearied with fighting and long marches, disbanded as it approached the capital; and, though reinforcements were sent to it, it was unable to appear for some weeks in the field. Meanwhile Essex had committed his army even more completely to his rash adventure; and he took a step that led to a great disaster. Having traversed Devonshire—the siege of Plymouth had been abandoned before by the Royalists—he despatched a message for aid and plunged into Cornwall, burying himself, as it were, in a nook of England where, save by sea, no supports could reach him. In adopting this course he gave ear, it would seem, to false intelligence and interested advice.

'“He had been advised,” he wrote, “to march yet for the westward into Cornwall, to clear that country, and to settle the same in peace.” It was true that by so doing he would forsake the neighbourhood of the friendly defences of Plymouth, where he might safely await the coming of the necessary reinforcements. It was true that in Cornwall the Parliamentary cause had scarcely a single friend. Lord Robartes, however, and some of Lord Robartes's officers had estates in Cornwall, and were naturally anxious to recover them. Essex, firm as a rock

against all temptations to dishonour, was like wax in the hands of his own comrades when they attempted merely to influence his movements.'

Cornwall was enthusiastic in the cause of the King, and the sentiment must have been known to Essex. The Parliamentary army was soon in difficulties, and Essex took refuge in Lostwithiel, a village on the estuary of the river Fowey. Cut off and isolated in this corner of the West, he clamoured for a diversion to be made by Waller, though that general was hundreds of miles distant.

'Cornwall had almost unanimously risen for the King. Charles was already in pursuit, and had entered Liskeard on August 2. Orders had been sent to Grenville to occupy Grampound, that the Parliamentary army might be cut off between the two forces from all chance of living upon the country. Essex, fearing to be assailed at a distance from the sea, marched from Bodmin to Lostwithiel, where he called lustily upon Parliament for provisions for his hungry soldiers, and above all insisted that Waller should be despatched to effect a diversion in his favour by attacking the King's army in the rear.'

Charles, after Cropredy, had fallen back on Evesham; but, when the eccentric movement of Essex had been disclosed in its complete absurdity, he resolved to pursue and overwhelm his enemy. His purpose, however, Mr. Gardiner tells us, was determined by a message from the Queen, dearly loved by her ill-fated husband. Henrietta Maria had just given birth at Exeter to a child, in a remote future to be the Henrietta of Orleans of a tragical fate, and Charles wistfully longed to be near his consort, on hearing she was about to embark at Falmouth, and to seek health from the springs of Bourbon. His army was in motion by the second week of July; on the 26th he had reached Exeter; and, though he had been coldly received on his way, and signs of mutiny had appeared in his camp, he was cheered by the hope of decisive success. He had been joined by Prince Maurice's troops, by Hopton, hastening from the edge of Hampshire, and by a detachment sent off by Rupert; and with a force fully 16,000 strong, he had drawn near his enemy by August 8. Essex had scarcely more than 10,000 men, and he passively awaited the attack of the King, as incapable, Mr. Gardiner remarks, as Nicias was in the retreat from Syracuse. The Royalist commanders gradually drew an impassable coil round their beleaguered foe; the landward avenues of escape were closed; a fort was seized at the mouth of the Fowey, and feeble demonstrations far on their rear were unable to make them quit their prey. On August 31, Essex made an ineffectual attempt to reach

the coast in the hope of seeing a relieving fleet; but his dispirited army was routed and hemmed in, and though—owing, perhaps, to negligence—the mass of his cavalry effected their escape, his infantry were compelled to lay down their arms. Like Newcastle, he betrayed his trust, and, abandoning his men, left Skippon to treat—misconduct amply sufficient to justify the policy soon to be urged by Cromwell.

‘He slipped away in company with Lord Robartes and Sir John Meyrick to the riverside, and putting off in a small vessel escaped to Plymouth, “it being,” as he wrote, “a greater terror to me to be a slave to their contempts than a thousand deaths.”’

Mr. Gardiner has thus described the surrender. The conditions of the King, he justly remarks, were much less strict than he had a right to impose; in fact, the army of Essex, which had been fairly entrapped, was set free, soon to reappear in the field. Charles probably thought that a signal example of royal clemency would serve his cause; but Parliamentary England, at least, had ceased to appreciate paternal government.

‘Skippon had no course left but to obtain the best terms he could. Those which were offered him were far better than he had a right to expect. On the morning of the 2nd (September) the Parliamentary infantry laid down its arms, on the understanding that the men should not fight against the King till they had reached Southampton or Portsmouth. Charles, on his part, was to supply them with a guard through the Western counties.’

This great disaster only nerved the Houses to fresh efforts to continue the war. Waller was sent forward with a cavalry force to observe and check the progress of the King; preparations were made to re-equip the army of Essex when it arrived at Portsmouth, and Manchester was directed to hold himself in readiness to march and assist his comrades. But the army in the North, after the departure of Leven, had been largely reduced in numbers; there were angry dissensions between the leaders, and for some days it was almost paralysed and engaged in only indecisive movements. The principal cause was the growing contempt shown by Cromwell to his nominal chief; the conqueror of Marston Moor despised a trifle altogether unequal to high command; and the soldier of genius, whose rugged nature was animated by fierce Puritanical zeal and by passionate ardour for the cause of the people, looked with distrust on a mere noble without capacity or force of character, and whose sympathies

really turned towards the King. At last, however, Manchester set off; but, notwithstanding Cromwell's complaints, he hesitated, and even for a time refused to advance beyond the South-eastern counties; and it was not until the ruling Committee and the Houses insisted in pressing language that he unwillingly turned his columns westward. The Parliamentary plan of operations was that Essex, entrusted again with an army, and Manchester should unite their forces, and, co-operating with Waller, should attack the King, already upon his march from the West, and should endeavour to cut him off from Oxford. Both Essex, however, and Manchester were in no mood for an attempt of this kind, and Manchester held almost mutinous language:—

“I would venture cashiering rather,” he said when he reported in the dining-room the orders which he had received to march to the West; “still, they would have me march Westward and Westward Ho, but they specify no place. It may be to the West Indies or to St. Michael's Mount.” Colonel Rich, who was present, inquired whether they were to take up their winter quarters at Newbury. “No,” replied Manchester, with dull jocularly; “if we do, I will give them leave to new bury me.”

Meantime, Charles, with his victorious army, was in full march through the Western counties. Leaving a detachment behind to blockade Plymouth, and small bodies of men in Lyme and Taunton, he reached Wiltshire in the first days of October; and Waller, who had advanced to Shaftesbury, was compelled to fall back on his distant supports, the King having been joined by Rupert, and possessing an immense superiority of force. Charles was at Salisbury on the 15th; and he pressed forward, his purpose being to relieve Basing and Donnington Castles—wellknown strongholds of loyal adherents—to raise the siege of Banbury, and to re-enter Oxford; and flushed with success the Cavaliers boasted that they would finish the campaign in the Eastern counties, still well organised for resistance to the Crown. Waller and Essex, however, had at last effected, after long delays, their junction at Basing; the army of Manchester soon came into line; and by the 21st a Parliamentary force, not far, perhaps, from 20,000 strong, stood in the path of the Royal troops reduced to less than 10,000 men. Charles reached Newbury on the 22nd, the scene of the battle of the preceding year; and, having entrenched himself in a strong position, he steadily awaited the attack of his foes.

The battle that ensued was not decisive, but it led ultimately to great results. Mr. Gardiner has devoted special

care to it; and the narrative deserves attentive study. The position of the King was very well chosen.

'A considerable force was massed on the north side of the Kennet, between that river and the stream of the Lamborne, which flowed from the north-west and joined the Kennet a little to the eastward of the King's lines. Beyond the Lamborne, on the north bank, was a mansion, known as Shaw House, and this, together with an entrenched building and some cottages hard by, was occupied as an advanced post in front of the line. About a mile to the rear of the Royalist left, but on high ground in a commanding position on the north bank of the Lamborne, stood the towers of Donnington Castle. From that spot the ground sloped steeply down to two open fields, known as Shaw Field and Newbury Field, in which, to the north of Newbury itself, was quartered the King's lifeguard, with a strong body of horse, under Sir Humphrey Bennet, behind the King's chief line of defence. Further in the rear, at Speen, was Prince Maurice, a detachment of whose force was established on the hill which rose behind the village.'

The strength of the position was so evident that Waller and Manchester, in command on these days—Essex had been detained by sickness at Reading—resolved not to attack in front. The rear of Prince Maurice was to be attained by a flank march under the enemy's eye; and this was to be seconded, at the proper moment, by a frontal attack directed by Manchester. The superiority of the Parliamentary army in numbers may perhaps justify a move of this kind, and Cromwell, it may be observed, approved it; but it was hazardous against an active and skilful enemy. The battle began on October 27; and Balfour and Skippon, commanded by Cromwell, successfully accomplished the flank march, Prince Maurice simply changing his front and standing passively on the defensive. Speen was carried after a protracted struggle.

'After a sharp fight the breastwork was carried, and Essex's old soldiers, recognising the guns they had lost in Cornwall, "clapped" their hats on the touchholes on them to claim them as their own.' To the Cornish soldiers who guarded them, remembering their own ill treatment after the surrender at Lostwithiel, they showed scant mercy as they dashed down the hill in dispute, and drove the enemy out of Speen village, where four more guns fell into the hands of the victors. By the time the task was accomplished it was near upon four o'clock, and in another quarter of an hour the sun would be sinking below the horizon.'

Success at this point should have been sustained by the attack in front entrusted to Manchester. But operations like these are always difficult; and Manchester, timid and disliking Cromwell, refused to strike at the opportune

moment. The assailants, after the capture of Speen, failed against the second line and the reserves of the King; and an offensive demonstration made by Manchester, at his officers' entreaties, was too late.

'Only during the last moments of the struggle did Manchester overcome his irresolution and give orders for the attack. The assault was carried out with intrepidity, but Shaw House was too well fortified and too well defended to be carried by storm after sunset. Manchester's attempt was hopelessly repulsed.'

Neither side could boast it had gained the day; but Charles drew off his army at nightfall. Waller and Cromwell pursued at the head of the cavalry, and urged Manchester to send footmen on, and to co-operate in a movement that might prove decisive. But the feeble commander refused at a council of war.

'In the council of war which was held to debate this proposal, Waller declared for a still bolder step. Let them follow the King and fight him after his junction with Rupert in the neighbourhood of Bath, or occupy the fertile ground of the valley of the Avon if he refused to fight. Manchester, perhaps not unnaturally, shrank from so hazardous an enterprise, and the majority of the officers present took his side.'

Charles made his way undisturbed to Oxford, and, having recruited his wearied troops, dismissed Forth, and placed Rupert in command—the conduct of the Prince since Marston Moor had been that of a truly great soldier—he boldly reappeared to challenge his enemy. Donnington Castle was relieved on November 9; the King offered battle once more at Newbury, Rupert probably urging a step which restored its vigour and power to the Royal army; and the attitude of Charles was so imposing and the Parliamentary troops were so worn out, that, with the doubtful exception of Cromwell, the Parliamentary generals declined the fight. The real leanings and views of Manchester were disclosed in a conversation which Cromwell took care to lay to heart, and to make use of afterwards.

'Cromwell seems to have spoken strongly on the importance of fighting at all hazards. Rumours were abroad that a French army was to land in the spring to fight on Charles's side, and Cromwell argued that to beat the King now would be the surest way of hindering a French invasion. Manchester, who was better informed on the state of Charles's French negotiations, replied that the danger did not exist. Cromwell having expressed surprise at the denial, Manchester took higher ground. Catching at the argument which Hazelrig had already used, he expressed his opinion that a prolongation of the war was useless. "If we beat the King ninety and nine times," he said,

"yet he is King still, and so will his posterity be after him; but if the King beat us once we shall be all hanged, and our posterity made slaves." "My lord," replied Cromwell, "if this be so, why did we take arms at first? This is against fighting ever hereafter. If so, let us make peace, be it never so base."

Charles returned to Oxford in seeming triumph, an enemy nearly twofold in numbers having not dared to encounter him in the field. The campaign of 1644, like that of the preceding year, had not produced decisive results; and though the power of the King was declining, the issue of the war remained in suspense. Lostwithiel had nearly effaced Marston Moor; Montrose was victorious in the Scotch Highlands; if the North of England was lost to the King, his position at Oxford remained intact; and if London was no longer menaced, the West and the Midlands were still in his power. The combined efforts of Parliamentary England and of three-fourths of Scotland had achieved little; danger seemed imminent from France and Ireland; and, worst of all, the Parliamentary levies were still unequal to the strain of war, and the Parliamentary generals in the highest places were, for the most part, worthless or half traitors. These considerations were taken to heart by the fierce spirits who were now becoming in the ascendant in the Houses and London; and Cromwell was soon to play a conspicuous part in effecting a radical change in the organisation and the chief commands of the Parliamentary forces. The Self-denying Ordinance and the New Model were natural effects of the campaign of 1644, especially of the conduct of Manchester, before and after the battle of Newbury, and from the point of view of that great warrior the revolution had become necessary. These measures, in fact, all things considered, must be pronounced to have been moderate, very different from the frenzied cruelties of the French Jacobins, who gave their unhappy generals the alternative of victory or the guillotine.

We would say a few words, as we conclude this article, on the characteristics of our Great Civil War. The Parliament had the superiority of material strength: speaking roughly, two-thirds of Teutonic England and Scotland contended against another third backed by Celtic England, Ireland, and Wales; but, with bad armies and worse leaders, it was long before the advantage was turned to account. The moral forces engaged in the struggle were more equal than might be supposed: enthusiastic loyalty, revered tradition, the conservative instincts of the English race, and the

divinity that hedged round the King, were a powerful counterpoise to the spirit of Puritanism and growing popular liberty. The most distinctive feature, perhaps, of the war, at least during its early stages, was the moderation shown on both sides; the contest was waged in a chivalrous manner; revolutionary excesses were almost unknown; and Parliamentary leaders were often willing to make peace on just and reasonable terms. This peculiarity, which draws a marked distinction between this revolution and that of France, was doubtless largely due to the fact that the Long Parliament had made great reforms; that the social condition of England was sound, while that of France was hopelessly bad; but the principal cause was the English nature, the opposite of Gallic intemperate vehemence. The strife became, indeed, envenomed at last; but this was mainly owing to the duplicity of the King, and Charles is chiefly responsible, at the bar of History, for the overthrow of the Throne and the Altar, the troubles that ensued, and the rule of Cromwell. We have followed Mr. Gardiner in his careful narrative of this policy of artful, but shallow, intrigue, and we may wonder that a man like Charles, infirm of purpose, but clear-sighted, should have been capable of such unwise statecraft. The circumstances of his life explain his conduct: he had so fixed a belief in the sanctity of his rights, and in the necessity to the State of kingship, that anything, he thought, might be dared or tried to restore a power essential to England; and his subjects were but as pawns on the board, to be sacrificed or dealt with at will, in the grand game of rebuilding the Monarchy. But he was irritating a people which, beyond all things, loves honesty and abhors scheming; and Cromwell spoke with the voice of England when he denounced Charles as 'a false dissembler.' Yet the nation might have forgiven the King but for his detestable Irish policy; and it was this that brought him at last to ruin. That an English sovereign should throw over loyal subjects of his own blood and faith, to propitiate rebellious Irish papists fresh from the horrors of 1641; that he should listen to Irish 'Nationalist' claims, and allow a barbarous State to exist on our borders, the deadly enemy of the English name; and that he should do this to increase his armed force in a quarrel with the great mass of Englishmen, placed him in direct hostility to the English people; and the circumstance that, in taking this fatal course, he was acting under the stress of political exigency, only made the national wrath more fierce. The separatist policy of Charles, in a

word, made him an enemy of England, in no doubtful sense; and though, from a constitutional point of view, the doom of the court that pronounced him 'a traitor guilty of high crimes' is of no effect, it was scarcely undeserved in the eye of History. The passions of that age are still quiescent, though their ashes have been of late stirred; but personages who, for their own purposes, and with less excuse, have, in our day, feebly imitated Charles in his Irish policy, may rest assured they will not escape the adverse verdict of an indignant England.

We have dwelt at length on the military events of the first part of our Great Civil War. They possess little interest from a strategic point of view; indeed, they are often exhibitions of bad generalship, and of disregard of the plain rules of strategy. But occasionally they teach us lessons in war; they add fresh testimony to what has become an axiom, that little can be done by rude levies, and they bring military personages on the stage who have left a mark on this phase in our history. Rupert certainly gains as we scan him closely—he was a great cavalry chief, with all his faults; Forth and Hopton were able in different ways, and Waller possessed some high qualities; but Essex and Manchester were worthless leaders, and, indeed, had no heart in the cause of the Houses. The Cavaliers and their half-feudal troops were a force superior in most respects to the Parliamentary trainbands and musters. The habits of command, of trust, of obedience, and organisation, such as it was, told against mere improvised levies; but these gallant warriors were scattered like chaff when opposed to a real and disciplined army. Turning to the political side of the contest, the Houses gave proof, for months, of the weakness, the hesitation, and the want of concert of popular assemblies carrying on war. They were, indeed, too ready to treat with Charles; and on one occasion at least they would perhaps have yielded but for the determination shown by the capital. Two figures stand out from the ranks at Westminster, high towering above the crowd of their fellows, remarkable as many of these were; and Mr. Gardiner might have traced their portraits with a more powerful and artistic hand. Pym revered law and the order of the realm as sincerely as Falkland, Hyde, or Spencer, but he had the genius to see that, with Charles on the throne, the Constitution could not be safe; and as he struck down Strafford, and appealed to England at a memorable crisis in the Grand Remonstrance, so his voice was persistently raised for war, after the

treacherous attempt against the Five Members. Steady Puritan, too, as Pym was, he had the broad and temperate views of a statesman; he swept aside the scruples of Puritan zealots against seeking the aid of Presbyterian Scotland; and, while his influence at this juncture perhaps saved England, his administrative energy prepared the armies which must have triumphed in 1644 but for the extraordinary mistakes of Essex. The fine intelligence, the massive judgement, and the solid parts of this great Englishman still command our respect and admiration; and the renowned leader of the Long Parliament was perhaps the first of Parliamentary chiefs. Yet Cromwell easily surpasses Pym, and is as distinctly the master spirit of the English Revolution and the Protectorate as Napoleon was of revolutionary France. Mr. Gardiner has described very well the first achievements of this great captain, and has done justice to his essays in his art: suffice it to say, that Cromwell was an almost perfect tactician in the field and a military administrator of the highest order; and his march on Preston shows that he possessed the faculty of planning and executing, with consummate skill, large and scientific operations of war. His military gifts were in fact transcendent; yet his political genius was not less vast, and in this Napoleon cannot compare with him. With wonderful judgement and unflinching will Cromwell usually perceived what ought to be done, and did it, alike in camp and in council; and it was his special characteristic—in this respect the direct opposite of the ill-fated King—that he understood his age and fell in with the sentiments and passions dominant among his own countrymen. Thus he created a wholly unrivalled army by working on the English love of order and the fierce religious spirit of the day; thus he fastened on the double dealing of Charles, and especially on his Irish intrigues, as crimes not to be forgiven by England; thus he struck Catholic Ireland down because he saw she was our deadly foe; thus he raised England to her true position, as mistress of the seas and the chief Protestant power; thus, with rare sagacity, he combined these islands into a single State under a strong central government. Time has set its seal on this part at least of his farsighted and majestic policy; and Englishmen who, in this nineteenth century, are shamelessly asked to sever the bonds which for many years have connected these kingdoms, should recollect that one who, sprung from their ranks, became the greatest perhaps of their rulers, made a close

and enduring union with Ireland a cardinal point of British statesmanship.

In one respect we altogether differ from the estimate made in this book of Cromwell. Mr. Gardiner, so to speak, hastens to welcome the signs of the dawn of religious liberty before its rays appeared in the world; he anticipates history in his eager movement; and, in his admiration of Cromwell's greatness, he claims him as a sincere champion of this noble and enlightened principle. Unquestionably, Cromwell, with his strong commonsense, insisted that in a death-struggle, on which the fortunes of England hung, the national army should not be weakened by exclusion upon the ground of creed: Presbyterians and Independents were all one to him, 'if they proved themselves godly men in the Cause;' and so long as the Independents were on the weaker side, he naturally claimed toleration for them. But the conqueror of Drogheda and the terror of the Cavaliers had no conception of true religious freedom; the idea, in fact, had no force in the age of the sack of Magdeburg, except in a few minds, and it was to triumph only by slow degrees, and by the means of influences as yet undeveloped. In this and in other parts of his work, Mr. Gardiner sometimes looks at events through the medium of the Liberalism of our day, and the true point of view is missed or distorted. This fallacy is especially visible in his method of treating Irish affairs, and his views on contemporaneous Irish politics. Mr. Gardiner, indeed, is too well informed not to see that the success of the Catholic League, in 1642-4, would have brought serious disaster on England, and that an independent Ireland in the seventeenth century would have checked, nay, stopped, our national progress; and he even admits that the Irish demands could not have been granted by true English statesmen. But he expresses regret, in a sentimental strain, that 'Irish nationality' was not encouraged, nay, that the experiment was not feasible; his sympathies are with the Catholic Celts 'struggling to be free,' in the cant of our day; he conceals their crimes as he best can, and he has nothing but words of hatred and scorn for the Protestant English and Scotch colonists. These conclusions are simply opposed to fact, and savour of the humanitarian drivel that is infecting our plain commonsense and manliness. 'Irish nationality' has never existed; its germs perished many ages ago, and in the seventeenth century it meant the rallying cry of rebels backed by intrigues at Rome, as in the nineteenth it embodies the demands of the conspirators of the

National League and the Jacobins of the Chicago Convention. As for the massacre of 1641, we shall not wrangle about details; but, palliate it as we may, it was a great deed of blood, and it proves that the native Irish race were as destitute of all that is known as civilisation and regard for justice as are the mobs who at Land League meetings shout down England and applaud crime. The colonists of the Ireland of 1641 were, doubtless, a fierce and masterful race, but they were the saving element of Irish life; and whatever ignorant malice may assert, their descendants form to this hour what is best, most loyal, and sound in the Irish community. It is time to have done with the false philosophy which has darkened the facts of Irish history; and signs are not wanting that the mind of England is awakening to the plain truth in this matter. Those who persist in regarding Irish traitors as the champions of a 'national cause' will do well to lay this to heart: an alliance of this kind in the seventeenth century brought a king to the block and drenched Ireland in blood. In our own day it has wrecked a great party and driven from the helm a renowned statesman; and, notwithstanding treacherous appeals on behalf of the Ireland of the National League, democratic England may yet reply—*absit omen*, we pray in all sincerity—that the avenging sword of Cromwell may be committed to a successor's hands.

ART. VII.—1. *Parliamentary Papers—Correspondence relating to Burma since the Accession of King Theebaw in October 1878.* London: 1886.

2. *Parliamentary Papers—Further Correspondence relating to Burma.* London: 1886.

THE sudden expedition to Upper Burma at the end of 1885; the feeble and ineffectual defence offered to General Prendergast's bold yet skilful advance by a Government which up to the last haughtily refused all overtures for a peaceful settlement of differences; the bloodless occupation of Mandalay; the surrender and deportation of the puppet king; these events following in rapid succession, and their dramatic force completed by the annexation of that country, when a territory as large as France was added to the Indian Empire, were as remarkable as they were generally unexpected. But although hostilities with Burma broke out suddenly, the causes had for long been maturing. At the time, indeed, when Lord Dufferin assumed the government of India a year previously, there was no outward sign that we were not prepared to go on enduring the treatment of the Burma Government which for so many years we had put up with; but it was apparent to those acquainted with the circumstances that the limit of toleration had been nearly reached, and that unless the attitude of the Court of Mandalay underwent a change, an open rupture could not be much longer delayed. Our relations with Burma ever since the war of 1852 have been such that only a very sincere desire to avoid hostilities enabled the British Government to maintain peace. From our earliest connexion with them, the bearing of the Burmese Government towards the British, and indeed all other Europeans, has been characterised by a degree of insolence, effrontery, and conceit in amusing contrast to its intrinsic weakness, and the two wars which the Indian Government was reluctantly forced to embark on against it were in each case brought on by unprovoked aggression. The second of these wars, begun in 1852, was not terminated by any definitive treaty. Although they had made but a poor resistance, and were driven without much difficulty from all their maritime posts, and their trade with the sea had been completely cut off, the Burmese Government nevertheless refused to negotiate or to make any definitive submission, and the difficulty was finally settled by

Lord Dalhousie announcing the annexation of the Province of Pegu—the delta of the Irrawaddy—and laying down a frontier line for this acquisition, declaring at the same time that the Burmese would not be pursued any further, but that hostilities would be resumed if they did not acquiesce in the state of things then established. A year and a half later the King of Ava sent a mission of compliment to the Governor-General of India, and the compliment was returned by the despatch of a mission under Major (the late General Sir Arthur) Phayre, the first Commissioner of the newly acquired province of Pegu, and afterwards Chief Commissioner of the amalgamated maritime provinces, which made up British Burma before the recent annexation. With Major Phayre went Captain (now Colonel) Yule as secretary, to whose presence on the occasion we owe the valuable monograph on Upper Burma, published in 1857 under the title of ‘A Narrative of the Mission to the Court of Ava,’ a work, like all the other contributions to geography and history of the distinguished author, as interesting as it is learned, and which after thirty years still remains the most complete and accurate record of our new acquisition and the adjacent countries.

• Notwithstanding the establishment of friendly relations, however, the King of Burma manifested an insuperable objection to signing any treaty relinquishing the Province of Pegu, and the cession was never formally agreed to. Subsequently to this mission a treaty was concluded, in 1862, but this provided only for the protection of trade and the establishment of free intercourse with Burma. A further treaty was made in 1867, by the terms of which a British Resident or Diplomatic Agent was established at Mandalay, upon whom also were conferred certain powers of jurisdiction for the disposal of civil suits between registered British subjects, while a mixed court was established, composed of the Resident and a Burman Judge, for the hearing of suits between British and Burmese subjects. But although diplomatic relations were thus established, and although also their military incapacity had been signally brought home to them by the loss of their richest province, the Burmese Government, in their dealings with the Indian Government, nevertheless continued to maintain an attitude of arrogant superiority. Our representatives at his court were admitted into the presence of the King only by appearing in a degrading attitude, and when, as time went on, our Resident declined to visit the King on these humiliating terms, he

was debarred access to him, and finally the mission which had been established at Mandalay in 1867 was withdrawn in 1880, after undergoing a degree of perverse ill-treatment which only extreme forbearance sufficed to put up with. The insistence of the Burmese on this degrading etiquette, it should be mentioned, was pursued even after their Government had sent missions to Europe, the members of which had been treated with all the courtesy customarily shown to persons exercising diplomatic functions, and when therefore they had no longer the excuse of ignorance of the manners of the Western world. It may be observed that the Burmese themselves are by no means deficient in natural politeness of manner, as was seen from the bearing of the envoys received by Lord Ripon at Simla in 1884, and of those who have visited France and England at different times. Indeed, the manners of the Burmese gentlemen are agreeable enough, being free from that servility which too often imparts a taint of insincerity to the manners of even the best bred of the races of India. The truculence with which we put up so long was a special feature of Burman court life.

Although the British Resident had been withdrawn from Mandalay, a considerable number of European residents, mostly English, still remained in the country, and the steamers of the Irrawaddy Flotilla Company plied on that river without much hindrance, although occasionally officers and crews were subjected to insult and ill-treatment. The timber export of the country was conducted through the agency of an English Company, styled the Bombay-Burma Trading Corporation, which had obtained a monopoly of the trade, and their *employés* were permitted to carry on business throughout the country. The brutal massacres perpetrated in 1878, when Theebaw came to the throne, and the further massacres of 1885, naturally excited general horror and indignation, but especially amongst the European community in British Burma, nearest to the scene. The merchants of Rangoon, whose dealings were affected by the growing sense of insecurity attaching to the residence of their agents at Mandalay, were urgent that the Indian Government should interfere to put a stop to the cruelties and misgovernment obtaining there, and their proposals were supported by some of the English Chambers of Commerce. But it was justly held that the misgovernment of an independent country did not constitute a cause for interference, and a rupture might have been postponed but for the intrigues which the Burmese Government entered on, which,

if not stopped, would have resulted in establishing paramount French interests in that country.

As has been more than once remarked in the blue book by their diplomatic representatives, the English Government could no more tolerate the preponderance of French interests in a country situated as British Burma is, than the French Government would be expected to permit the establishment of British interests in Tunis or the country south of Algeria. And although the French Government professed to repudiate any intention of interference in the affairs of Burma, or of acquiring specific influence there, and the treaty concluded at Paris early in 1885 between the French Republic and the King of Burma contained no formal provision for giving any such right to the former, but provided ostensibly only for the due protection of French subjects residing in the dominions of the latter, at about the same time unquestionable evidence came to light that a negotiation was on the point of being concluded with a French company, with the French Consul-General at Mandalay at the head of it, for the establishment of a bank, the advances to be made by which to the King were to be secured by hypothecation of the different revenues of the country, from mines, forests, and other sources. This meant that the company would soon establish a paramount interest in the administration, which would give them a claim to establish themselves as virtual masters of the territory. As a preliminary step to handing over to it the monopoly of the forests, a quarrel was deliberately picked with the Bombay-Burma Trading Corporation, upon whom a fine of about two hundred thousand pounds was arbitrarily levied on a plea which even the Burmese Government hardly professed to deal with seriously, while the protests of the Chief Commissioner of British Burma at Rangoon, to whom the corporation appealed for protection, and his offers of arbitration, were contemptuously set aside.

It was impossible to abstain any longer from direct action, and the Governor-General, with the approval of her Majesty's Government, instructed Mr. Bernard to make a categorical demand for redress. This involved three main conditions: that an envoy from the Viceroy should be suitably received at Mandalay, and that the dispute with the trading company should be settled in communication with him; that meanwhile all action against the company should be suspended; and that a diplomatic agent should be allowed to reside permanently at Mandalay, with a suitable guard,

and receiving becoming treatment. An expeditionary force was prepared to follow up these demands, if necessary, by action. With characteristic levity, the Burmese Government refused compliance with the demands, while yet taking no adequate precaution for defence, although our preparations for enforcing them were made quite openly. The result was the brilliant advance of General Prendergast's expeditionary force, the too late concession by the King of all that had been demanded, the capture of Mandalay, and the annexation of his kingdom.

We can well understand that it was not with a light heart that the Indian Government accepted the responsibility of undertaking the direct administration of this great country. The multifarious duties connected with the government of the Indian Empire already form a burden which tasks the capacity of its governors to the utmost. The occupation of Burma necessarily involved at the outset the employment of a considerable portion of the Indian army, which while thus locked up ceased for the time to be available for the general military purposes of the empire; and although no part of India offers a more promising prospect of eventual return, yet for some time to come the cost of establishing an administration there must necessarily exceed the revenue to be derived from it. We may readily believe that any other solution of the difficulty which afforded a prospect of finality and a real settlement of the difficulty would have been gladly accepted. But no such alternative presented itself. There was no other prince of the royal house whose character or antecedents gave any promise that he would be strong enough to hold his own as ruler. The Council of State, the timid agents of a cruel despot, without either the honesty or capacity to rule, did not contain the elements of a stable government. To place the administration in charge of a British official, as regent, to be held in trust for some young prince while under training in the art of government, although a method which has been on several occasions adopted in India itself, when the reigning prince has been succeeded by a minor, would not have been a suitable agency in this case. The British Resident at the court of an Indian prince exercises his office in a province surrounded by British territory, and where his authority can be supported if necessary by an irresistible force. Moreover, a native government, pure and simple, does not exist in India; in every native State the moderating influence of British rule in the surrounding territories is necessarily at work; the mode of administration

of every native State is nowadays more or less a copy of the system established throughout the provinces of the paramount Power, so that a British resident finds the work of introducing a stable form of administration already in part accomplished.

The condition of a country like Burma, lying beyond the British provinces, is obviously quite different. The indirect influence of the course of English administration, so powerful in India, would here have been wholly ineffectual. An English Resident at Mandalay, associated perhaps with a native council of regency, would have been bound to exert his authority on the side of order and good government; yet he would have been powerless to enforce it unless backed by a strong force at his disposal; in fact, to have administered the country in trust in this way would have necessarily involved a military occupation of it also. We should thus have had all the expense, all the burden, all the responsibility of annexation with none of the advantages; and with the further risk that, when the time came for handing it over to the prince whom we might set up, the country would relapse into its former anarchical condition.* Theebaw, it may be remembered, was educated by a missionary at an English school, yet his rule was enforced in a spirit of savagery exceeding anything exhibited even in Burma for many past reigns. In default, then, of any other solution of the problem which offered any prospect of finality, Lord Dufferin's Government proposed annexation, and this measure, carried out under Lord Salisbury's Administration, was equally approved by that of Mr. Gladstone which succeeded it.

Since the annexation, the affairs of Upper Burma have come under notice mainly in connexion with the disturbances which soon followed, and which have undoubtedly caused some disappointment to the English public, unprepared by the ease with which the annexation was accomplished for the resistance afterwards opposed to the establishment of our rule. Yet, judging from the history of the last Burmese war, and comparing the trouble and difficulty which attended the establishment of British authority in the much smaller province of Pegu on its annexation, now more than thirty years ago, nothing that has happened now need reasonably excite surprise or misgivings for the future. The feeble nature of the opposition offered to our advance on Mandalay was indeed hardly to be expected from the much more stubborn defence made in the previous war; but the same cause

which determined the ineffectual defence on this occasion tended also to bring about the subsequent outbreaks. The Government of Burma under King Theebaw was not only weaker than that of his predecessors for resistance against an external foe; it had sunk into such a state of internal decrepitude that the country was overrun with dacoits, either in open resistance to the King's authority, or holding their ground with the connivance of his council. Had there been any efficient administration in existence, it might have been possible to follow the plan adopted on our first occupation of the Punjab, after the Sulej campaign of 1845-46, when the existing native government throughout the country was maintained without change, except that it was placed under the control of a council of regency with Sir Henry Lawrence at the head, while British authority in the outlying districts was represented only by a few officers, political agents as they were styled, acting merely as assessors or advisers to the regular native officials. That arrangement broke down in the Punjab, indeed, but from a special cause, the revolt of the Sikh army against their own government, which led to the final annexation of the province. But for these prætorian guards, the arrangement might have worked long and well. But it was not practicable to adopt a plan of this sort in Upper Burma, from the absence of any organised native administration. The Hloodaw or Council of State had effective control over only a limited area in the vicinity of the capital, and was notoriously corrupt, maintaining an understanding with the brigands who overran the country. The so-called district officials received no regular pay, but lived on what they could extort from the people. On the other hand, means were not at once available for supplying a complete British administration. When the Punjab was annexed, a strong staff was at once collected from the administrative establishments of the other provinces of India, and from the army, men familiar with the language and habits of the people, which, the Sikh army once disbanded, proved to be very orderly and peaceable. But no staff of Burmese-speaking officials was available, except from the small province already under British rule, which could only furnish a limited supply. Moreover, even if officers had been forthcoming in numbers sufficient to cover the country with a complete administration, they could not have been distributed over it without the support of military garrisons at all the stations occupied by them. This would have involved a large addition to the troops which composed the

expeditionary force, to be sent thither at the beginning of the unhealthy season, and before any provision had been made for their adequate shelter. Although, therefore, the local authorities appear to have been unprepared for the sudden outbreak of dacoity which took place almost before the cool season had passed away, it is difficult to see even now what effective measures could have been taken for repressing it, even if it had been foreseen. Our great enemy during the past year has been, not the dacoits, but the climate; had the garrison of the country been largely increased immediately after the annexation, the sickness and mortality among the troops would probably have increased too, and after all it would not have been practicable to undertake effective operations until the cold weather.

However that may be, the actual circumstances were that the civil administration, hastily organised, did not attempt to occupy the whole of the country; its operations were restricted mainly to the districts bordering on the Irrawaddy, the great artery of circulation which runs from north to south through the centre of the territory. The line of country from Tounghoo, the station on the north-east of our old frontier, to Mandalay was also occupied; the troops were for the most part stationed on the Irrawaddy as far as Bhamo, the Chinese frontier, and along the Tounghoo-Mandalay line. Later in the season the valley of the Chindwin, an affluent of the Irrawaddy, which joins it at Minghyan, about sixty miles below Mandalay, was also occupied. These arrangements had hardly been determined on, the troops distributed in their improvised summer quarters, and the civil officers about to enter on the business of administration, when the outbreak of dacoity began, and anything like civil administration had to be replaced for the time by the mere military occupation of different posts. But although it is easy to be wise after the event, and the amount of opposition which has arisen was certainly not foreseen, it is at least doubtful whether the course of action could with advantage have been substantially altered. When so much impatience has been expressed in the English press, which may be assumed to represent in a greater or less degree English public opinion, at what was called the slow and indecisive conduct of the war, the nature of the work in hand appears not to have been understood. It seems to have been thought that our troops and the Indian Government were endeavouring during the past summer to pacify the country, and were endeavouring to do so unsuccessfully. As a matter of fact,

however, no such purpose was at that time in contemplation. So soon as brigandage manifested itself in force, it became apparent to the Government of India that it would be impossible to put it down during the hot and rainy season, except at the cost of disproportionate sickness and loss of life, and that the active measures for pacification must be deferred until the return of the cold weather. Under these circumstances, nothing would have been gained by at once pouring large numbers of fresh troops into Burma. They could not take the field with any efficiency until the country dried up, and they would be in a much better state for doing so then, if kept in their comfortable barracks in India until the time for action arrived. Meanwhile our policy was to keep quiet and harass the troops as little as possible. More troops indeed were sent down from India by Lord Dufferin, in anticipation of any requisition from the local authorities, but these were to strengthen the position, not to take the field. If a mistake has been made in the conduct of the business during this period, we believe it has been in attempting too much. We may sympathise with the natural impatience of the civil rulers at any delay in the suppression of disorder, and with the desire of the general to respond to such appeals, but a point always to be considered in such cases is whether the haste in action justifies the loss of health and life it surely involves; and we are disposed to believe that a more Fabian policy would have been better, and that if the troops had been less harassed by attempting active operations and occupying unhealthy posts at the worst season of the year, the final pacification of the country would not have been sensibly retarded.

The uneasiness shown by the English public because dacoity was not at once suppressed and order established throughout this great country, where such a thing had not been known for ages, was probably aggravated by the tone of the correspondent to a great newspaper, who persistently from the first placed the worst construction on all the acts of the local administration, exaggerating its failures and minimising its successes. That so much weight should be attached to the opinions and statements of an irresponsible newspaper correspondent is a curious feature of modern sentiment. Certainly, the majority of correspondents to newspapers of standing have been distinguished by their honest desire after truth, as well as their good judgement; but the rule is not invariable, and when people read the statements of a correspondent, all to the same effect of unre-

served blame on the conduct of the persons he is criticising, they do not stop to ask whether he is a man of unimpeachable character and antecedents; whether he may not have clients to serve by misrepresentations, or a grudge to pay off for injuries, real or fancied; they see the statements in a paper with a worldwide circulation, which generally shows judgement in the choice of its correspondents; and they believe them.

The question has perhaps occurred to the reader, and may be answered here, What is a dacoit, and what is dacoity? Dacoity, in the language of the Indian Penal Code, is robbery committed or attempted by five or more persons conjointly, and a dacoit is a person present and aiding in such robbery; while robbery is defined to be theft accompanied by hurt or wrongful restraint, or the attempt at these. But the Burmese dacoit in some respects represents a class peculiar to that country. In most parts of India, not many years ago, outbreaks of dacoity were rife. All through Lower Bengal, within the present half-century, the peaceful and unwarlike people were subject to the ravages of gangs of armed ruffians, who had found their way thither from the upper provinces, and who would break into one village after another at night, to rob, with torture and murder, unless the hoarded money of the inhabitants was given up to them. These were effectually put down at last by the appointment of a Special Commissioner of Dacoity, whose office was created by an Act of the Legislative Council, with summary powers. Gang robbery of the same kind has been going on lately in some of the native States of India, and has only just now been suppressed, and occasional outbreaks still occur in our own provinces. But in Burma the leader of a gang of dacoits is a robber, not skulking from sight in the daytime and coming out only by night, but a man who carries on his trade openly; not, indeed, in any sense the hereditary chief of a clan, but simply a ruffian who has made himself formidable by address and cruelty, who has established himself in some particular district which he dominates, living at free quarters, and either levying blackmail or obtaining plunder by actual robbery. Such are the dacoit leaders, of whom Boh Shwe and Hla Oo may be cited as among the most prominent, whose names have appeared so frequently in the telegrams from India during the past few months. Other leaders, again, are princes of the royal family, who set up to be claimants to the crown; there will never be any lack of pretenders in a country where polygamy

is practised, even though the reigning prince may seek to minimise the danger, as Theebaw did, by wholesale murder of his relatives on coming to the throne. The followings of the dacoit chiefs' gangs are made up partly of men who, like the leaders, are professional robbers. King Theebaw's method of dealing with such as came within his grasp was a simple one: if caught redhanded, they were usually crucified; but, if large gangs were caught, as he could not put them all to death, some used to be branded and let go again; a large number of these branded dacoits were at large last year, many of whom have been captured during the recent operations. Against the dacoit bands at a distance from the capital there was practically no action taken. But the great majority of the following of a dacoit leader are not professional dacoits who are making it the serious pursuit of a lifetime, but young men who take to it for a few months, as a fine sort of thing for a young man of spirit to go in for, just as a young Englishman of fortune might enter the army for a spell of military life before settling down to his duties as a country gentleman. Although the people suffer terribly from the dacoits, whose ravages indeed have laid waste wide tracts, till the jungle has overrun the sites of once populous cities, the profession is unquestionably in repute rather than otherwise amongst the people. It is looked upon as the followers of a Highland chief or a Teviotdale reiver looked upon the lifting of his neighbour's cattle. In fact it is easy to understand that in a state of society so insecure; in a country where the forest land is far in excess of that under cultivation; where the scattered villages are constantly liable to surprise and attack; and where the cattle roaming in the forests can easily be carried off,—it may be a pleasanter game to play the dacoit than the dacoitee, to go out under a famous leader and harry your neighbours than to stay at home and run the chance of being robbed and murdered yourself. In this way we may account for the hold which dacoity has over the country, and for the fluctuating strength of these dacoit bands. If a dacoit leader is successful, if he makes a large haul of cattle and other plunder, he can support a large following, and his trade is for the time in good repute. But if, on the other hand, he is driven into the jungles and loses his ill-gotten gains, then his followers rapidly leave him, and, turning up at their own villages again, assume the rôle of peaceful citizens. But a man gains rather than loses in public estimation by having taken a turn at dacoity, just as, even at the present time, the wild tribes on the north-east

frontier of India carry about with them as marks of distinction the number of scalps they have themselves taken, or just as in a certain past state of European society a reputation as a duellist was in a man's favour. Certainly there is nothing in the trade abhorrent to even the respectable classes of the country, and it is said that the Burmese village maiden will not respond to her lover's overtures until he has distinguished himself by going out for a season's dacoity.

The occurrence of so pronounced a type of ruffianism in a Buddhist country is a striking example of the difference between profession and practice too often found in all countries and among all classes. The tenets of Buddhism enjoin the most scrupulous care for life in every form, and to this day the Burmese, although they are famous for their silk manufactures, import instead of growing the raw material, to be free from the reproach of causing the death of the silkworm. Nevertheless, the Burmese, although a light-hearted, kindly race, are capable of the most savage cruelty and indifference to life, and dacoity with them takes even a more violent form than it used to take in India. It is against these dacoits, accustomed during many years to pursue their calling with impunity, and not against the people of the country, that we have been engaged. It is not the case of a people struggling to throw off the yoke of an invader, as the Bengali vernacular press is accustomed to assert when chuckling with its wonted malevolence over the casualties and sufferings occasioned among our troops, but of bodies of men resenting the restraint placed on their lawlessness. The Burmese, although a race addicted to conceit, as manifested by the truculent conduct of their former native governments, notwithstanding repeated reverses, in all dealings with external Powers, have never manifested any spirit of patriotism or resentment against a foreign yoke. The inhabitants of the provinces annexed in 1826 and 1853 are as peaceable and well affected as any in India, and the people of Upper Burma in the towns, where they are themselves safe from dacoits and reprisals, have accepted our rule with remarkable docility. Mandalay itself is already as safe and quiet as any city in India. The operations of the British forces throughout the past summer and rainy season have arisen, as we have said, mainly in the interest of the peaceful inhabitants. Various petty expeditions have been undertaken from time to time, in most cases at the requisition of the civil authorities, to protect the peaceable villagers from reprisals by the dacoits for the offence

of receiving British soldiers. At that season, the loss sustained in a conflict carried on under the most unfavourable conditions of weather has necessarily been out of proportion to the advantage gained. At a time when all physical exertion is difficult for an unencumbered European, still more when carrying a rifle and sixty rounds of ammunition, the troops, after wading through a rice marsh, or struggling along a path through such jungle as is found only in a tropical country, arrive at the position taken up by the enemy, to receive a single volley from an unseen foe, who fires and runs away; there is no time to punish him in actual fight, and our men are too spent with fatigue to follow him up. Neither has the enemy inflicted much loss upon them, but such as it is the brunt has generally fallen upon the officers, who are necessarily in front. For in a country like Burma the ordinary precautions of throwing out skirmishers and flanking columns, or of attacking by a flank, are simply impossible. It is as much as the party can do to make its way along the one practicable path, which is literally only wide enough for advance by single file; then just as they are reaching the open ground in front of a village, or more often perhaps while they are still entangled in the woods, some stray shots are fired from a few yards distance, through the bushes, by unseen foes, who take aim simply by the noise they hear, with the result perhaps that the leader of the advancing file is swept down, while the enemy make off.

For the Burman, after all, makes war on the same principle as other people; his object is—what we, highly civilised as we are, equally pursue—to kill somebody else without being killed himself. To take your enemy at a disadvantage in some way or other; to attack him at night when he expects you to attack by day; to fall on his flank when he is looking for you in front; to manufacture in secret a more deadly weapon than is possessed by any other nation, or some new way of killing men on a larger scale; to mislead your enemy by false information, or to find out his plans by spies or treachery; cunning from the time of Odysseus of many wiles down to the present day has always been one of the arts of gallant warriors, and often their most successful weapon; the Burman in this respect only follows humbly at a distance the practice of more civilised peoples. Having only an old matchlock, perhaps with no better charge than a bit of wire cut off from the line of telegraph, and a clumsy sword, the Burman has no notion of sacrificing himself by standing up face to face against a man with

a breechloading rifle and a bayonet at the end of it. His notion of a sound warlike operation is, as we have said, to wait in a thicket till he hears his adversary coming, and then to fire at him and run away. His favourite place for executing this manoeuvre is where a turn in the narrow path gives him a sudden view of the adversary while he himself remains unseen. Sometimes it is a rough stockade which for a time checks the onward movement of the assailant, but in every case the defender's principle of tactics is the same, to get a pot shot and be off. In warfare of this sort it may happen that the loss to the assailants, small though it be, is nevertheless greater than that which they inflict in return, for even when our troops did come to close quarters with the dacoits, they were so exhausted by the fatigue of a march through mud and tangled wood that, burdened as they were with arms and ammunition, it is not surprising if the more nimble enemy should go off unscathed. And it must be remembered that these operations which went on during the last summer were not really offensive operations on our part for the suppression of dacoity; they were in most cases undertaken in order to defend quiet people in various parts from the depredations of the turbulent. Beyond beating off the dacoits when they came too close, and keeping open communications between our different posts, there was really nothing useful to be done but to wait until the returning cold season and the drying of the country permitted our troops to move over it with greater ease. Some troops indeed were sent down, as has been mentioned, in order to strengthen the different posts which had to be held, but the bulk of the fresh troops destined to be employed for suppressing the rising were held back in their quarters in India until the time for action arrived.

These reinforcements, the greater part of which were intended to relieve ultimately the troops already in the country, comprised about 12,500 men of all arms, and included four regiments of native cavalry, one from each of the three presidential armies and one from the Hyderabad Contingent; the Madras regiment was to replace one of that branch of the service already in the country, the horses of which had been used up by the hot weather campaign, and which was sent back to India; the other three were additions to the force, and of a most useful kind. A general notion had obtained that the horse would not live in Burma, an idea certainly confirmed by our experience of the low-lying lands which make up the old province of British Burma, and where,

in consequence of the mortality among the horses which were employed in the war of 1852, the use of horses had been given up. No cavalry had been retained in the province, the artillery horses were replaced by elephants, and the mounted officers serving there, from the general downwards, rode ponies of the country. But the higher lands of Upper Burma comprise wide tracts of open ground with excellent forage, and for this kind of warfare cavalry was exceptionally useful. It enabled us for the first time to close with the dacoit and get behind him; and readers of the telegrams received from day to day during the past winter will have seen how important a part the cavalry has played in the operations which have taken place. During the summer, moreover, a force of nearly 1,000 mounted infantry was organised on the spot—infantry soldiers, British and native, mounted on the hardy indigenous ponies, a force which has been most useful. In fact, it may be said that, except for the purposes of guard mounting, and for actual combat, the worst use you can put a British soldier to in that country is to make him walk. If all the British infantry could be mounted, the operations would probably have been still more effective, but practically a limit was placed on the mounted infantry by the number of ponies available.

These reinforcements brought up the total force in Upper Burma to about 29,000 men, effectives, which was organised in six brigades, the whole under the command of Major-General White, perhaps the largest force ever constituted as a single division, but an arrangement justified by the admirable manner in which General White had exercised the command at Mandalay from the time he assumed it last April, when Sir Harry Prendergast was obliged under the rules to vacate it on promotion to a higher rank. The plan of operations, as laid down by the Commander-in-Chief with the concurrence of the Government of India, was in effect the very converse of that which underlies ordinary warfare. There the object in view is to bring a superior force to bear on the enemy; to crush him at his strongest point, when in most cases the defence at the subordinate points collapses of itself. But here there was no main body of the enemy, and no distinct objective; the enemy consisted of a number of dacoit chiefs or rebel pretenders, with forces varying according to their success or the degree of impunity which their operations had been allowed; who never made a stand at any point; whose headquarters were not in any large centres of population, but in some remote, almost

inaccessible jungle, from which they sallied forth when opportunity offered to harry and plunder the more cultivated districts; their defences for the most part improvised stockades, readily constructed and quickly abandoned. Nor in that country could large bodies move freely or be kept supplied. Under these circumstances, all notion of moving in large columns according to the maxims of ordinary warfare had to give place to a special mode of action suited to the circumstances. These dacoit bands had to be hunted down, and for this purpose the troops were distributed in a number of small and lightly equipped columns, which should not only drive the dacoits from point to point, giving them no rest, but head them and intercept their retreat.

Cooperating with General White's command, but technically independent of it, was the smaller division under Major-General B. L. Gordon in Lower Burma. The military arrangements in Burma offer, indeed, a striking example of the peculiar organisation of the Indian Army under what is termed the presidential system, which with some authorities is deemed to possess such intrinsic merits as to justify the extraordinary inconvenience which it entails. Lower Burma has always been garrisoned, as regards native troops, by regiments from the Madras Army, of which the Burma command forms a division, the general officer commanding which reports to the Commander-in-Chief, Madras, who again acts under the authority of the Madras Government, that Government, however, having no concern with the civil administration of the province, but merely furnishing troops for its occupation. The expeditionary force which advanced on Mandalay and occupied Upper Burma, on the other hand, and the reinforcements added to it, consist of contingents from the three presidential armies, and the general in command is directly under the orders of the Commander-in-Chief in India and the Supreme Government. Thus in Burma there are two separate forces under two generals, reporting to two distinct authorities, one of these authorities, however, being subordinate to the other, and having no concern with the operations in which its troops are engaged; two separate divisions under distinct and separate jurisdictions carrying out combined operations, and the troops and supplies for the one having all to be received and despatched by the staff of the other. That business under such conditions has been carried on so smoothly is due to the good sense and temper of the officers concerned being proof against even the com-

plications of the presidential system. But in order to ensure that unity of purpose which is essential for successful military operations, the Government of India last autumn appointed the Commander-in-Chief of the Madras Army to the joint command of the whole forces in Burma; the division in Lower Burma was already under his orders in virtue of that position; in respect of the command of Upper Burma, Sir Herbert Macpherson came for the time under the direct orders of the Commander-in-Chief in India. How admirably that distinguished officer set about the task assigned to him, losing his life in the zealous performance of an arduous duty, will be fresh in the recollection of our readers. On his death, the Commander-in-Chief in India, by whom all the arrangements had been matured for the campaign, and who held in his hand all the threads of business, at the request of the Viceroy proceeded to Burma and assumed himself the direct command of the troops in that country, and the operations which have been in active course throughout the winter have been carried out under Sir Frederick Roberts's immediate orders, and in close conformity with the plan laid down beforehand. The country has been marched over in all directions by small columns, and the dacoits have been met and headed at every turn. It was soon apparent that they had lost heart; latterly the casualties on our side have been few; their bands have shrunk away to mere handfuls of men; most of the leaders have been killed or captured, or given themselves up. That one or two of the principal leaders should have so far succeeded in eluding us is only what might have been expected. In a country where an almost pathless jungle extends for hundreds of miles, small bodies must always be able to effect their escape if they are so minded; the remarkable thing is that so few should have got away.

It was not sufficient only to disperse the dacoits and drive them away, it was necessary also to occupy the country and establish posts along all the main lines passed over by our columns, to assure the people against reprisals. These posts are to be held eventually by the military police in course of being organised, mainly in the first instance from the warlike races of the Punjab and upper provinces of India, and officered by volunteers from the native army. With this force is being associated a body of indigenous police, some thousands of whom are being raised. The employment of this latter class is necessarily an experiment, the result of which has still to be ascertained, because, judging from our

experience in the older province, the Burman is not calculated to make a good soldier. He is not wanting in courage, but his habits, fostered no doubt by the luxuriant nature of the country and the facility with which it furnishes a livelihood, are opposed to steady and continuous work, still more to the restraint of discipline. But the Burman of the upper country, especially the men from the bordering Shan States, who appear to be taking service freely, may prove to be a more satisfactory material, especially when amalgamated with the trained Indian levies. At any rate, the experiment ought to be tried. It has always been our policy in India to govern the people through themselves, and, as we have advanced from one province to another, to enrol the people who come under our rule in our military service. There are obvious objections to the permanent employment of Indians in large numbers as police in what is to them a foreign country. Moreover, many of the outlying jungle districts are almost as unhealthy for the people of India as they are for the British troops, and can be held, without undue loss of life, only by the acclimatised people of the country.

Although the loss in actual fighting has been small, except among the officers, and during the latter part of the operations the contest has been carried on almost without casualties, seldom has a campaign called forth in a higher degree the qualities of discipline and endurance, and too much praise cannot be given to the soldiers, British and native, for the admirable spirit displayed under hardship and suffering; and if the combinations of the leaders have been skilful, the officers, junior as well as senior (for the command of these small columns has often fallen to quite young men), and whose names have so often appeared in the telegrams from day to day, may well be proud of the good use made of the opportunities given for bringing themselves to notice, and of the useful share they have had in the pacification of the country. The sickness during the summer and autumn has been great, ten men having died for every one killed. The greater risk to the soldier in war from sickness than from the bullet is not indeed peculiar to this campaign; it is a feature of almost all wars. And here the loss must be ascribed to hardship and exposure rather than to the character of the climate. If troops, as the necessities of a campaign involve, have to march all day under a burning sun and bivouac at night in marshes or jungles, sickness is a necessary result. If a man were to sleep for a winter's night or two on the grass in

Hyde Park, with no better covering than a great coat, he would discover that the climate of London was very unhealthy. The sickness, however, on this occasion has been much less than it was in the last Burma war, when Lower Burma for a time seemed to be a perfect pest land, although since its occupation and after the troops were housed in comfortable quarters it has proved one of the most healthy of our tropical stations; and there is no reason to suppose that, under similar circumstances, the climate of Upper Burma, which, although hotter in the summer than the districts on the seaboard, has an agreeable bracing cold weather, and thus resembles more nearly the climate of Upper India, will not also turn out to be a healthy as well as a pleasant quarter for the army.

Besides the operations against the dacoits, the newspapers have made us acquainted with the movement of other columns which have advanced into the Shan States and the other outlying parts. The great basin of the Irrawaddy is peopled for the most part by the Burmese proper, and was more or less directly governed from Mandalay. Surrounding this great plain on the east, north, and also a part of the north-west, lie the semi-independent Shan States, which owed a nominal allegiance to the Government of Burma. These States, we have reason to believe, are quite prepared to accept the suzerainty of the British Government, and the expeditions which are being made into them are not with a hostile object, but in order to ascertain the circumstances obtaining in a country at present very little known to us, and especially to investigate the claims of the rival chiefs and to support those in power who have proper claim to it. It is not contemplated, we believe, to do more in their case than to give the chiefs, who can establish a right to the position, sanads or warrants recognising their authority, and to establish peace and quiet among them; while the claim of the British Government to suzerainty will be sufficiently recognised by the payment in each case of a moderate tribute. These Shan States on the east extend over many thousand square miles, a part being elevated tableland, and are divided into two great tracts by the Salween river, which flows into the Gulf of Martaban. It will be readily understood that the claim of the Burmese Government to sovereignty over these States became less in proportion to their distance from the capital, and in the case of those lying to the east of the Salween it was of the most unsubstantial kind; it is not proposed to enter into any specific relations with these last, at

any rate for the present, or to do more than invite them to pursue their trade with the British provinces in peace. In this way a great part of what is called the Burmese Empire will, it may be hoped, not need any direct government on our part, and in place of the constant wars and rebellions which marked the relations between the Government of Burma and the Shan States, these territories will be peaceably governed on friendly relations by the people of those States themselves.

As regards the districts hitherto held by the dacoit leaders, and to which the authority of the Burmese Government rarely, if ever, penetrated, the case is different. It has been indeed suggested that these dacoit leaders, who have been for a long time the *de facto* rulers of the country, might too be recognised as such by us, and employed as wardens of the marches to keep peace in those districts—to be converted in fact from rebel leaders into agents of the Government. But these men are in no sense chiefs in the country; they have no hereditary rank; their influence is simply due to their force of character and to the impunity with which they have been allowed to conduct their depredations. They in fact rather represent the freelances of the middle ages than the highland chiefs of Scotland, with whom at one time a not dissimilar warfare had to be waged; and, moreover, some of them have been conspicuous for horrible cruelties committed on the people whose districts they have harried. No peace is therefore possible with them, or recognition of their claims. But since their warfare with us has been at least open and honourable according to their lights, no doubt the Government will be satisfied to treat them leniently if they are captured or surrender; and their case will probably be sufficiently dealt with if they are deported for a time to some other part of the country, where they can be maintained under surveillance until dacoity has been completely exterminated, and the spirit of lawlessness has subsided and is succeeded by habits of order and obedience to lawful authority.

The season for active operations has now come to an end, and the troops which took part in the first occupation of the country are now in course of being brought back to India for the rest and comfort they so well deserve. Their place, however, has been taken by the reliefs sent down during the winter and spring, and the effective strength of the troops in Upper Burma will be still about 28,000 men. Moreover, this military force is in course of being combined

with the military police already referred to, which is being recruited up to a strength of 16,000 men, and which in a short time will be as efficient for the duty to be done as regular soldiers. This force is to be organised in sixteen battalions, one for each of the civil districts into which the country is divided, the regular troops occupying the larger towns and the important central points, ready to support the police, who will be necessarily more scattered over the country, with posts distributed so as to give confidence to the people, and to prevent as far as possible the collection together of dacoit bands. Nevertheless, we must be quite prepared for a recrudescence of dacoity with the advance of the hot season. Widely extended as may be the military posts, there must still be wild tracts of forest and mountain land left unoccupied, and the habits of lawlessness engendered by long years of impunity and misrule are not to be all at once eradicated. But we may be satisfied that real and substantial progress has been made during the past cold weather towards the permanent pacification of the country, and there will be no need for discouragement and alarm if disturbances occur both now and for some time to come. Widespread opposition to the rule of order was maintained for fully three years after the annexation of Lower Burma, and dacoity was not suppressed there until much later; indeed, it cannot be said to be wholly suppressed even now, although the province generally is most peaceful, and has been held for years—a country as large as Ireland—with six battalions. But then in the case of Pegu the dacoits had Upper Burma and a friendly government behind them. Now, too, they have a wide extent of jungle land on which to fall back, but they have been hustled and harried during the past cold season much more vigorously and completely than in the last war, and are, for the time at any rate, thoroughly cowed; and although they may very probably endeavour to make head again when the idle season comes on for the villagers, and our troops settle down into their summer quarters, it is reasonable to hope that they will not find anything like their former facilities for gathering a following together. Whatever happens, it will be much better to keep the troops as far as possible quiet during the rainy season of the year, and if more are wanted for the final pacification of the country to send them down next cold season from India again rather than to keep a larger force in readiness in Upper Burma itself, or to attempt to pursue the dacoits through the hot and rainy season, when

effective operations are impracticable. Meanwhile, substantial progress will be made in establishing a strong and efficient civil administration.

Next in importance to the establishment of a strong police and civil government, for bringing about the pacification of the country, will be the opening of improved means of communication. Burma is already supplied with one magnificent highway in the noble Irrawaddy, navigable by large steamers throughout the year, and in this respect far superior to the largest Indian rivers, which in the rainy season discharge an enormous volume of water, but in the dry season dwindle down to mere threads of water winding through sandy beds. But except the Irrawaddy and some parts of its tributaries, Burma is utterly without means of communication. One important link will be supplied by the railway now in course of rapid construction from Tounghoo, on our old frontier—already connected with Rangoon by railway—to Mandalay, about 220 miles. It will cut off the high land of the Shan States on the east from the plain of the Irrawaddy on the west; it will penetrate through a forest tract which has been one of the main harbours of the dacoits, and will also open up a very rich and fertile tract of country; there is every reason to expect that it will not only prove a great pacificator, but will also very soon bring in a good return on the outlay. But one railway goes only a small way towards opening up so great a country, and a thing quite as necessary to be done is to create means of communication right and left of the Irrawaddy and between the towns. Roads metalled and bridged must be a work of time; but a great step will have been made towards peace and order when the open tracks are completed which are now in course of being cut from point to point, easily passable in dry weather. When troops can move along a broad front instead of having to struggle in single file through a jungle path, the dacoit's profession will be at a discount.

Of the prosperous future awaiting this rich and beautiful country there can be no reasonable doubt. The marvellous change which has come over Mandalay, even in the few months since annexation, indicates what may be looked for over the whole land. Already substantial houses are rising all over that large city, in place of the bamboo huts which formed a year ago the greater part of the habitations there, and everywhere along the great river trade is rapidly increasing. What Burma most needs next after a settled government is population, which under a long course of

anarchy and misrule has dwindled away, till the jungle has almost swallowed up what were once prosperous cities. To estimate the progress which may be looked for in Upper Burma in this respect, we may turn to the history of the lower province since annexation. Pegu, with a surface of about 27,000 square miles, had in 1858, or five years after its annexation, a population of only about three quarters of a million; in 1881 this had increased to three and a quarter millions. About one hundred thousand acres are reclaimed every year from the jungle and brought under cultivation, and this province is now the greatest rice-producing country in the East, and the most progressive and prosperous portion of the Indian Empire. Upper Burma and the subordinate States, with an area of nearly 200,000 square miles—that is, a country as large as France—have a population estimated at only three millions. This of course is the merest guess; but there are evident signs of its having had a much larger population in former times, while the richness of the soil is attested by the luxuriance of the vegetation. Upper Burma is not, like Lower Burma, a great ricefield, but there are large tracts under rice cultivation, and there is hardly a product of a tropical or even a temperate climate for which some part of the country or other may not be suitable. In contrast, indeed, with some parts of India, where under our peaceful rule population threatens to tread ever more closely on the means of subsistence, the very sparseness of population in so rich a country has its pleasing aspect. The race may multiply for ages there before it will cease to be a land of abundance, while the sight of this expanse of fruitful soil only needing cultivators at once suggests the idea of relieving the congested districts of India by a comprehensive scheme of immigration. Whether the repeopling of the land can be hastened in this way, or whether it must be left to the natural increase of the indigenous inhabitants, we may be sure that, as has happened in Pegu, the rate of increase will be rapid; that with the suppression of dacoity there will be a great increase of trade both within the country and with the far-reaching States beyond, and that under the firm but mild sway of British rule Upper Burma will become one of the most loyal, peaceable, and prosperous regions of the Indian Empire.

ART. VIII.—1. *The Service of Man.* By JAMES COTTER MORISON. 8vo. London: 1887.

2. *Natural Causes and Supernatural Seemings.* By HENRY MAUDSLEY, M.D. 8vo. London: 1886.

THAT the present sceptical age is a transitional one, and that scepticism is the bridge or stepping-stone which serves to connect a constructive era which is past with one which is only just dawning, are truths which have become by this time the moralising commonplaces of journalism. It is, perhaps, a more interesting question whether we are not reaching the end of the sceptical period and already discerning through the mists the lineaments of the new creed. If we are to believe the apostles of the new gospel, the constructive elements are furnished by science alone; for that which has disintegrated the past is the sole agent which can rear the edifice of the future. Already, so we are told, we can see the lines on which the structure is proceeding; so far as knowledge is concerned, we are to have the methods and disciplines of the sciences, while morality and society are to be moulded according to the designs of M. Comte. Faith, religion, and worship may perhaps be neglected as unessential factors, or, if retained, they must be transformed into a religion of humanity, or possibly—if the founder of Positivism is to be believed—into a worship of woman. A social revolution is doubtless impending, and it may be more than one; but that is the fault of those who cling to the ancient methods, and who essay the vain task of pouring the new wine into old bottles. Meanwhile the age has still many of the features of transitional periods in its doubts, its inconsistencies, and its irreconcilable faiths and practices. It certainly would not be difficult to point out essential contradictions in the contemporary age. That the century should be at once highly credulous and highly sceptical; that Positivism should coexist with spiritualistic séances; that a recrudescence of so-called Buddhism should accompany the cultivation of the exact sciences; and that palmistry and the Psychical Society should flourish alongside of doctrines of evolution; these facts are assuredly a remarkable testimony to the Hegelian doctrine of the reconciliation of Opposites. Does not Mr. Cotter Morison himself show that he is not untainted by the vice of the age, when he admires the saints but decries the ages of faith, and when he criticises the logic and history of religion by means

of methods the reverse of logical and a criticism which is largely unhistorical?

The two books which we have placed at the head of this article are eminently characteristic of our time. Though the treatment in each case is absolutely dissimilar, the result aimed at is the same, the limitation of knowledge and faith to the region of the phenomenal and the contingent. While the 'Service of Man' attacks Christianity from the point of view of Positivism, the work of Dr. Maudsley attacks the belief in the supernatural from the standpoint of mental pathology. How is the belief in the supernatural to be explained? It can be reduced to the three following causes: 1. The natural defects and errors of human observation and reasoning. 2. The prolific activity of the imagination. 3. The diseases of mind as shown in hallucinations, mania, and ecstasy. Naturally, as might be expected from an accomplished practitioner in cases of mental disease, great stress is laid on the third set of causes. But we must protest at the outset against any treatment of such a subject which tends to substitute pathology for psychology. The attempt to explain sanity by insanity is on a par with the curious fallacy of trying to explain reason by means of instinct, man's nature by means of the animal nature, consciousness by means of unconscious states. We know a great deal more what we are than what animals may or may not be, just as we can only throw light on instinctive movements by our knowledge of reasoned and voluntary movements. It is the better known which throws light on the less known, and not *vice versa*. Dr. Maudsley himself suggests a curiously instructive moral to his whole enquiry. For it appears that such 'illusions' as breed the belief in the supernatural are somehow part and parcel of that evolutionary *nisus* which carries on the tale of human development. It follows, then, that the process of disillusion is the beginning of decay, and that books like that of Dr. Maudsley are a sign that our evolutionary *nisus* is over. Such, we are told, is possibly 'the transcendent irony of fate that the complete accomplishment of disillusion shall be the close of development and the beginning of degeneration.* Judged, however, as literary works, there can be no question that by far the more important of the two books is the 'Service of Man.' Mr. Morison has a literary style of much merit and a power of grave and sustained

* Natural Causes, &c., p. 367.

eloquence; Dr. Maudsley appears to us to possess neither the one quality nor the other.

The 'Service of Man' has been declared to be one of the most powerful attacks which have ever been published on the Christian religion. It has been received on bended knees, as a new evangel, by a critic who is so far justified in her attitude since Mr. Morison has accepted her as a competent authority in historical matters. To us, on the contrary, it appears to fall so far short of a damaging onslaught as to fail even in being a valuable work. We can, indeed, imagine a far more effective criticism on the Christian religion made on Positivist lines. The metaphysical structure on which many of the Christian dogmas rest might be subjected to a more searching enquiry; but Mr. Morison's philosophy is hardly his strong point. Or fault might be found with modern Christianity in relation to some of the higher moral ideas. For instance, it might be plausibly objected against Christian teachers that they have never strenuously preached against war. Dr. Mozley, if we remember right, has published a sermon in which he defends war, not as of relative historical value, but as of an absolute ethical value. Wordsworth himself, despite his lofty spiritualistic creed, is not immaculate in this respect, and has ventured to put his name to these stupendous lines:—

'God's most perfect instrument
In working out a pure intent
Is man arrayed for mutual slaughter;
Yea, Carnage is God's daughter.'

It would be difficult to imagine anything more shocking and more immoral than this. Or, again, it might be urged that Christian teachers have never taken up the cause of the animal world, and have been in this respect below the level of the highest thought of the age. When have we heard from the pulpit what we have certainly read in the magazines—a protest against fashionable sport? This is perhaps the more curious because many clergymen have espoused the cause of anti-vivisection, presumably because they hate science more than they love animals. Vivisection might perhaps be defended even on moral grounds; but how can morality palliate pheasant-battues? But Mr. Morison will not go on obvious issues. He prefers the pyrotechnic method of paradox to the steady beacon-lights of reason. He will dazzle and startle, even though he fails to convince. Were there ever more paradoxical theses maintained in any serious argument than the assertions that Christianity has

been little or no consolation to men's minds, and that it has been on the whole rather prejudicial than beneficial to morality? Let us, however, put Mr. Morison's arguments in his own words, as he summarises them on p. 241.

'The results of the previous enquiry would seem to be as follows:—

'1. That a widespread tendency exists in this and still more in other countries to give up a belief in Christianity. And that the scepticism of the present day is very far more serious and scientific than was the deism of the last century.

'2. That the supposed consolations of Christianity have been much exaggerated. And that it may be questioned whether that religion does not often produce as much anxiety and mental distress as it does of joy, gladness, and content.

'3. That by the great doctrine of forgiveness of sins consequent on repentance, even in the last moment of life, Christianity often favours spirituality and salvation at the expense of morals.

'4. That the morality of the Ages of Faith was very low; and that the further we go back into times when belief was strongest, the worse it is found to be.

'5. That Christianity has a very limited influence on the world at large; but a most powerful effect on certain high-toned natures, who, by becoming true saints, produce an immense impression on public opinion, and give that religion much of the honour which it enjoys.

'6. That although the self-devotion of saints is not only beyond question, but supremely beautiful and attractive; yet, as a means of relieving human suffering and serving man in the widest sense, it is not to be compared for efficiency with science.'

We are not immediately concerned with the first point, that being a question which affects the professed defenders of Christianity; although there are certain considerations, such as the exact meaning of Christian faith, which may have to be estimated. The other arguments move on the wider ground of logical and historical criticism, which is common to all intelligence.

Is Christianity a consolation or the reverse? According to Mr. Morison it cannot be called consolatory. The proof is furnished by certain extracts which he quotes from the outpourings of sensitive hearts like Jacqueline Pascal, or the fanatical antinomianism of Scotch Calvinists. In one sense, the question itself is absurd; in another, it is impossible to answer. For Christianity, like every religion, has strongly emotional elements, and when we deal with the sphere and range of emotional feelings and experiences, it is impossible to form a comparative estimate of pleasures and pains. Is the poetic nature a happy one? Is imagination a blessing or a curse to men? Is it happier to be

apathetic or sensitive? Who can say? But a practical verdict can be gained on these matters by the discovery that no man would willingly relinquish his higher emotional capacities, however painful may be their exercise or their consequences. And if religious feelings have the same emotional ardour, they too involve the same alternations of joy and woe. But, further, it is obvious that we cannot take emotional language as a strictly scientific expression of the facts, there being no logical equivalent for the elevations and depressions of the heart. Who is not aware of a sort of conscious hyperbole in the manner in which he speaks of his own moods? Who, with the exception of Mr. Morison, feels any difficulty in understanding Paul's references to himself as the greatest of all sinners?

Mr. Morison's examples are not wholly fair or unexceptionable. He quotes, for instance, from Bunyan's 'Grace 'abounding to the Chief of Sinners,' a passage which refers to a period *before* the author had been, in the language of theology, 'converted.' Bunyan is detailing not his tribulations as a Christian, but the considerations which led him to throw himself upon the grace of God in order to become one. And Jacqueline Pascal is not a good instance to select of the 'mental distress' which faith can cause. In the very narrative of Madame Périer from which Mr. Morison quotes her determination to join the Port Royal communion, it appears that when the resolution was once made it was not she, but her sister and her brother who were full of distress.

'On the eve of that day she begged me to speak about it to my brother, to avoid taking him by surprise. . . . He was much touched, and retired very sad to his room without seeing my sister. . . . I could not sleep. At seven the next morning, as I saw that Jacqueline did not rise, I thought that she also had not slept, but I found her fast asleep. The noise I made awakened her, and she asked me the time. I told her, and inquired how she felt, and if she had slept well. She replied she was well, and had had a good night. Then she arose, dressed herself, and went away; doing this, as all things, with a tranquillity and composure of soul which cannot be conceived (*faisant cette action, comme toutes les autres, dans une tranquillité et une égalité d'âme inconcevables*).' *

Numerous passages could be quoted from Jacqueline's memoirs which bear quite a different signification from that

* *Service of Man*, pp. 68, 69; Cousin, 'Jacqueline Pascal,' pp. 74, 75.

which Mr. Morison would impute to her religious mind. In 1638 she caught the small-pox, which spoilt her beauty. This is how she speaks of it in a poem :—

‘ Oh que mon cœur se sent heureux
Quand au miroir je vois les creux
Et les marques de ma vérole !
Je les prends pour sacrés témoins,
Suivant votre sainte parole,
Que je ne suis de ceux que vous aimez le moins.

‘ Je les prends, dis-je, ô souverain !
Pour un cachet dont votre main
Voulut marquer mon innocence ;
Et cette consolation
Me fait avoir la connaissance
Qu’il ne faut s’affliger de cette affliction.’ *

Would the ‘Service of Man’ have enabled a young and beautiful girl to be thus consoled? Or, again, observe the manner in which she strengthens and confirms a young aspirant to the religious life.

‘ Je loue Dieu, ma chère demoiselle, de la persévérance qu’il vous donne; car *je sais par expérience qu’il n’y a point de plus grand bonheur en la terre que celui où vous aspirez*, et j’espère que vous croirez cette vérité si Dieu vous fait jamais la grâce d’en goûter.’

This does not look as if she had found Christianity a broken reed, any more than the following passage from the same letter :—

‘ Mais ne craignez point ; car saint Benoît nous assure qu’encore que la voie étroite paraisse difficile à l’entrée, *l’amour de Dieu l’adoucît bientôt* et la rend si spacieuse, qu’au lieu que d’abord à peine peut-on y entrer, on vient ensuite à y courir avec une facilité sans aucune comparaison plus grande que dans la voie large du siècle, parce que Dieu nous soutient et nous porte dans sa voie, au lieu que dans l’autre sa main toute-puissante s’appesantit toujours sur nous de plus en plus.’ †

And as Mr. Morison seems fond of quoting from the seventeenth century, let us add the following passage from a letter which M. Singlin, one of the chief spiritual directors of Port Royal, wrote in 1661 :—

‘ For several days I have been struck with a thought : it is that of our impertinence in desiring one thing, fearing another, wishing something would happen or not happen, just as if the sovereign wisdom and justice did not see all things alike, and as if we could contribute valuable suggestions to the rule of perfect justice ! We have but to

* Cousin, ‘Jacqueline Pascal,’ pp. 91, 92.

† Ibid. pp. 294–96.

say that His holy will be done in all things, to consult Him in order to know it, to submit ourselves to all events, only fearing to intrude our will on His.'

Surely the Christian religion had some consolatory power for M. Singlin! But why should we have recourse to the literature of the past, or to the singular experiences of eminent saints or sinners (which Mr. Morison has brought to light with more curiosity than good taste), to answer his question as to what he terms 'the supposed consolations' of Christianity? The true answer comes from the heart of Humanity itself, from that Humanity which is the sole object of Mr. Morison's belief and adoration. It comes from the countless millions who for nearly two thousand years have found in the precepts and promises of Christianity the guide of their lives and the beacon of their hopes. They will tell him that it has given strength to the weak, light to the blind, comfort to the afflicted, knowledge to the unlearned, patience to the weary and the worn, life to the dead. Its work, the work of redemption, is to be measured not by the enthusiasm of the mystic or the extravagance of the ascetic, but by the benignant influence it has shed, and still sheds, over the myriads of human beings who know no other spiritual life. The promise and assurance of immortality, which is its most conspicuous and prominent doctrine, is the dayspring from on high which has visited them, to give light to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, and to guide their feet into the way of peace. These are the consolations which Mr. Morison denies, and of which he would deprive mankind, to reduce human life to the hideous pessimism of Schopenhauer and Hartmann. We prefer to say, with a philosophical prelate of our own Church, 'How unbearable would this life be to many human beings if it were not for the hope and belief of another!' That hope Positivism withholds from man.

In dealing with the relation between Christianity and morality, as discussed by Mr. Morison, there are several points to be distinguished. Mr. Morison takes us back to the ages of faith, and quotes—we will not say with relish, but at all events with unnecessary profusion—instance after instance of Christians living immoral lives and doing immoral acts. It is not quite clear what is the exact conclusion we are expected to draw. If the contention be that Christianity has been prejudicial to morality, then it must be proved that there is some causal relation between embracing the Christian creed and doing immoral acts. But

this is, of course, absurd; at all events, it could hardly be said that Mr. Morison has proved it. It remains, then, to affirm that immorality has coexisted with Christianity—a fact which would probably be at once conceded—just as immorality has coexisted with free trade, with the emancipation of the negro, with the Education Acts, with the extension of the suffrage, nay, even with the promulgation of the doctrines of Positivism. But it is perhaps urged that we can, at all events, apply the method of concomitant variations, and that if we find that the more Christian the age the greater is the number of immoral clergymen, we can draw the conclusion which Mr. Morison desires. To this, however, there is a twofold answer. In the first place, the assumption is that the so-called ages of faith represent a purer stage of Christianity, and this is an assumption which would only be made by extreme upholders of ecclesiastical pretensions. To many minds the view that Christianity may develop without ceasing to be divine, and that therefore we might antecedently expect a correspondence between the characteristics of the age and the quality of Christian faith and practice, is one which is not only true in itself, but serves to explain the phenomena on which Mr. Morison dilates. In the second place, Mr. Morison is surely enough of a logician to know that no argument at all can be founded on an enumeration of immoral clerics, unless we know what proportion the immoral clerics bear to the moral ones and to the total number of professedly Christian teachers. To say, for instance, that France furnishes more suicides than Belgium, is valueless, from a moral point of view, without consideration of the relative population of each country. To say, because more murders are committed in modern England than in the preceding ages (which we doubt), that therefore modern England is more immoral than she used to be, is to forget that we must take into account the proportion of the murderers to the general population. All arguments touching the moral condition of an age or a people, which are founded on statistics, are especially dangerous, because statistics cannot show the crimes which were committed and never found out, nor the crimes which were meditated and never carried into practice. Such considerations are, of course, truisms; but it is necessary to lay stress on them when we are brought face to face with a long and disgusting catalogue of clerical offences, and are asked to condemn Christianity on this ground. What sane man would conclude from George Eliot's well-

known story in 'Scenes of Clerical Life' that, because the clerical hero had once committed adultery, therefore religion had been in his case prejudicial to his morality? And what professed theologian would venture to assert that Christianity in all cases expels the passions?

We come, however, to a more serious count in Mr. Morison's indictment. Christianity, it appears, has given but a lukewarm support to morality, nay, has even largely thwarted the growth of moral ideas by certain dogmas of its own which are found to be inconsistent with a properly ethical culture. It may safely be presumed that here we touch on the vital point of Mr. Morison's argument. It may or may not be the case that Christianity includes a large proportion of immoral characters within its fold; still it can hardly be proved that it exerts an influence prejudicial to the interests of society, unless it is shown that by virtue of certain essential characteristics it does and must damage and weaken morality at large. Here Mr. Morison's arguments seem to be three in number. Christianity holds up too exalted an ideal before men's eyes, and therefore weakens their efforts by the discouragement it entails. Christianity exaggerates the importance of 'conversion,' and correspondingly depreciates the value of a moral life. And, finally, Christianity, magnifying spirituality at the expense of righteousness, can never be as useful to the world as Science. The first is a curious criticism; indeed it might, from a different point of view, be mistaken for a compliment. For if Mr. Morison is going to limit men's efforts by what is practicable, he runs counter to the experience of many wise men in the past, and nullifies much of the teaching of history. 'Man rises,' it has been finely said, 'by what he cannot surmount.' Is it or is it not the fact that a high ideal in every line of life improves men's practice? Is it not especially the case in morality that sublimity of aim is found to be the very nerve and sinew of all effort? If not, then it is difficult to explain the value of ambition; it becomes necessary to alter our educational methods; and it is impossible to explain the course of evolution. To which may be added the consideration that few higher ideals can be propounded than the service of humanity, or any which is further removed from the narrow bounds of men's ordinary aspirations and daily lives. Humanity is indeed an ideal; and it is far more practicable for men to serve their class, or their family, or themselves. What an excuse for selfish isolation is furnished by the advice to work for what is practicable! And with

what undeniable logic shall we all become hedonists! Perhaps, however, we do Mr. Morison an injustice by pressing this point, which he only seems to mention incidentally. The other points are the main matter, and require the more careful attention.

Mr. Morison quotes Paley to the effect that the primary object of the Gospel was not to preach morality; and, however strange an instance Paley may seem to be of characteristic theologians (being a theological utilitarian of an extremely narrow type), yet the intention of Mr. Morison is clear. He means to lay stress on the fact that the Church preaches repentance, conversion, reconciliation with God, rather than the necessity of good works throughout a lifetime. Or, if we put the matter in a rather different form, the doctrine of grace is declared to be antithetical to the notion of a morality dependent on habit and improvable by education. Or again, some doubts are thrown on the reality of such conditions as are indicated in the theological terms 'faith,' 'atonement,' and 'turning to God.' But the general attitude of Mr. Morison in these matters is perhaps best summarised in the statement that morality, being a doctrine of the *effects* of actions, is thwarted by the Christian insistence on spirituality in *motive, temper, and character*. With regard to some of these points some immediate concessions must be made to Mr. Morison. No doubt, a onesided doctrine of grace and faith is opposed to any theory which attaches a proper value to the habitual performance of good acts. No doubt, there is some absurdity in the position that a man of evil life can atone for all the immorality of the past by a single act of professed 'turning to God' on his deathbed. And when the theologian tells us that 'apart from the grace of God there is no reason why the greatest saint should not become the greatest sinner,' and *vice versa*, the common consciousness of mankind revolts from the obvious extravagance of the words. That there is, however, a real and definite meaning to be attached to 'faith' and 'grace,' and that 'conversion to God' corresponds to a movement of heart and mind which is not chimerical but rational, few thoughtful men would be prepared to deny. It is a point to which we shall return shortly. Meanwhile it is important to consider what kind and species of Christianity Mr. Morison is criticising, and whether even theologians, usually considered extreme, would assent to Mr. Morison's expression of their views. Mr. Morison is of course aware that the old antithesis between 'faith' and 'works' is one

which has been considerably fought over. He seems to be unaware that the most accredited mouthpieces of Christianity have felt it necessary to lay equal stress on both members of the antithesis. 'Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles? A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit. Therefore by their fruits ye shall know them.' Such sentences from the Sermon on the Mount seem to dissipate many of Mr. Morison's assertions. According to Mr. Morison, Plato's *ὁμοιωσις τῷ Θεῷ* is by theologians used to the exclusion of ordinary moral duties. It is enough that a man should 'turn to God' to excuse him from the performance of good actions. Indeed, the making of God 'all in all' apparently excludes the reign of justice and brotherly kindness on earth. But is this the fact? Is it true that Christianity has ever taught such a monstrous doctrine? It is true that Christianity, bowing down before the awful name of God, has considered its Divinity to be the summary and compendium of all goodness and truth, but not that it has propounded its Divinity as the substitute for all goodness and truth. But, Mr. Morison might urge, you forget the Calvinists. Possibly an antinomian sect of the Calvinists has taught something of the sort, or at all events this might be a deduction from some of their exaggerated predestinarianism. Doubtless the Rev. Thomas Boston was such a narrow Scotch Calvinist; but are we forced to accept him as a representative Christian theologian? Let us turn to Calvin himself and see what he has to say on the matter. Does a man who turns to God exempt himself from the necessity of conforming to moral laws? No, says Calvin:—

'Præterea non sola vindictæ formidine se coercet, peccando, sed quia Deum loco patris amat et reveretur, loco domini observat et colit, *etiamsi nulli essent inferi*, solam tamen offensionem horret. En quid sit pura germanaque religio, nempe fides cum serio Dei timore conjuncta; ut timor et voluntariam reverentiam in se contineat, *et secum trahat legitimum cultum qualis in lege præscribitur.*' (Joan. Calvini Institut. lib. i. cap. ii. 2.)

Does a man, by sacrificing his own will to God, thereby release himself from duty? Not, according to Calvin:—

'Nam si tum illi demum exhibemus quam decet reverentiam, dum voluntatem ejus nostræ præferimus, *sequitur non alium esse legitimum ejus cultum quam justitiæ, sanctitatis, puritatis observationem.*' (Ibid. lib. ii. cap. viii. 2.)

Is the worship of God the worship of some arbitrary force,

removed from the world in which we live, and is religion divorced from the teaching of experience, of nature, of science? Listen once again to Calvin:—

‘Ad hæc quia ultimus beatæ finis in Dei cognitione positus est: ne cui præclusus esset ad felicitatem aditus, non solum hominum mentibus indidit illud quod diximus religionis semen, sed ita se patefacit in toto mundi opificio, ac se quotidie palam offert, ut aperire oculos nequeant quin aspicere eum cogantur.’ (Ibid. lib. i. cap. v. 1.)

Perhaps Mr. Morison would be surprised to find how humane a theologian Calvin really is. Certainly the Rev. Thomas Boston would appear to be a very degenerate disciple of the man who is assumed to be his teacher. But, we may be told, God, according to the theologians, created man and the world for His own glory, and no other end of action is possible to God than the realisation of His glory—an end which militates against the reasonable service of humanity. Now, Jonathan Edwards, a celebrated Calvinistic philosopher, wrote a dissertation on this very point—‘A Dissertation concerning the End for which God created the World’—and the importance of the subject may perhaps excuse a somewhat long quotation:—

‘Now God’s internal glory is either in His understanding or will. The glory or fulness of His understanding is His knowledge. The internal glory and fulness of God, having its special seat in His will, is His holiness and happiness. The whole of God’s internal good or glory is in these three things, viz. His infinite knowledge, His infinite virtue or holiness, and His infinite joy and happiness. Indeed, there are a great many attributes in God, according to our way of conceiving them: but all may be reduced to these; or to their degree, circumstances, and relations. We have no conception of God’s power, different from the degree of these things, with a certain relation of them to effects. God’s infinity is not properly a distinct kind of good, but only expresses the degree of good there is in Him. So God’s eternity is not a distinct good, but is the duration of good. His immutability is still the same good, with a negation of change. So that, as I said, the fulness of the Godhead is the fulness of His understanding, consisting in His knowledge; and the fulness of His will consisting in His virtue and happiness.

‘And therefore, the external glory of God consists in the communication of these. The communication of His knowledge is chiefly in giving the knowledge of Himself; for this is the knowledge in which the fulness of God’s understanding chiefly consists.

‘Thus it is easy to conceive how God should seek the good of the creature, consisting in the creature’s knowledge and holiness, and even his happiness, from a supreme regard to Himself; as his happiness arises from that which is an image and participation of God’s own beauty; and consists in the creature’s exercising a supreme regard to

God, and complaisance in Him; in beholding God's glory, in esteeming and loving it, and rejoicing in it, and in his exercising and testifying love and supreme respect to God, which is the same thing with the creature's exalting God as his chief good, and making Him his supreme end.

'And though the emanation of God's fulness, intended in the creation, is to the creature as its object; and though the creature is the subject of the fulness communicated, which is the creature's good; yet it does not necessarily follow that even in so doing God did not make Himself his end. It comes to the same thing. God's respect to the creature's good and His respect to Himself is not a divided respect; but both are united in one, as the happiness of the creature aimed at is happiness in union with Himself. The creature is no further happy with this happiness which God makes his ultimate end, than he becomes one with God. The more happiness, the greater union: when the happiness is perfect, the union is perfect. And as the happiness will be increasing to eternity, the union will become more and more strict and perfect; nearer and more like to that between God the Father and God the Son, who are so united that their interest is perfectly one. If the happiness of the creature be considered in the whole of the creature's eternal duration, with all the infinity of its progress, and infinite increase of nearness and union to God; in this view, the creature must be looked upon as united to God in an infinite strictness.' (*Dissertation*, &c. chap. ii. sect. vii.)

This extract may not contain very good metaphysics; but it is at all events very good morality, and is quite sufficient to disprove the assertion that the tendency even of an extreme school of Christian doctrine is to degrade the ordinary moral conceptions.

Is it not clear that what Mr. Morison is attacking is not Christianity, but Antinomianism? Every body of doctrine, every synthetic theory of life and knowledge, might be treated in the same way, and with equal unfairness. Shall we see how the case stands with M. Comte and Positivism itself? In the first place, we notice with pain that Positivism, despite its lofty teaching as to the necessity of fraternal love, has exhibited a melancholy story of jealousy, quarrels, and dissension. It has not prevented a serious division of Positivists into rival camps, each of which claims to contain and preach the pure milk of the word. In the second place, it may or may not promulgate an exalted moral code; but when we turn to the private life of its earliest teachers (where, if anywhere we ought to find its influence at its purest and best) we find that one of its spiritual fathers, to whom Comte himself professes his obligations,* the illus-

* *Œuvres choisies de C. H. de Saint-Simon*, xxxviii. 9.

trious Saint-Simon, not only attempted his own life, but went through a curious course of experiences within and without the limits of the moral law, tried marriage and divorce, alternated asceticism with voluptuous revelry, and exhausted many of the dissipations of the gaming-table and the race-course. So, too, M. Comte himself married, and then divorced, Caroline Massin, maligned his old friend M. Poincot, went through an *orage cérébral* at a private asylum, spat venom at the honoured name of Sir John Herschel because he dared to criticise him, formed a romantic attachment to the wife of a man sentenced to the galleys, and erected her, together with his mother and his cook, on a joint pedestal of fame as forming 'a virtuous *ensemble* of three admirable feminine types.' Not only so, but this contemner of the gods ventures to build for his divine Clotilde an altar in his room, at which to offer prayer; he makes a pilgrimage to her tomb each week, and dedicates to her a commemorative anniversary.* We pass from this sad picture of the regenerator of humanity to the system itself. Here we discover that, despite energetic attacks on the anthropomorphism of earlier religion, the explicit recommendation is given to systematic worship of actual men and women. We discover that the overthrow of the theological stages of human life and thought ends by instituting an organised priesthood, a breviary of services and fêtes, and even an appointed day for cursing in public all reactionary wrongdoers. We discover that, however earnest may be the denunciation of metaphysical abstractions, we are to accept in the sequel a metaphysical abstraction called 'Humanity.' Nay, we are to offer it worship, and thus apparently to offend against the first principle of Positivism by becoming victims of abstract ideas. We are to abolish the *Dieu suprême*, but to retain a *Grand Etre*. We are to cease to be 'slaves of God' and become 'servants of 'humanity.' And finally, despite the intellectual organisation and classification of the sciences, our discipline must conclude by recognising that the heart is to have the primacy over the head; and social progress itself must depend on natures in which the emotional impulses are most intense and generous, that is, women and the *prolétariat*.† May we not conclude from all this, according to the lines of Mr. Morison's argument, that 'the morality of the earliest age'

* *Politique Positive*, pref. pp. 12, 13. Cf. Martineau, 'Types of Ethical Theory,' i. 396.

† *Pol. Pos.* pref. 3, 4. *Catéchisme Pos.* pref. xvii.

of Positivism 'was very low;' that 'by the great doctrine' of the worship of humanity, Positivism 'favours' metaphysical and theological abstractions 'at the expense of' science; that by the example of M. Comte 'it may be questioned whether the system does not produce' as much bitterness, envy, and selfishness, as it does altruism and fraternal affection; and finally that Positivism 'has a very limited 'influence on the world at large'? How unfair such a treatment of a great synthetic system would be! How shallow would be thought the critic who should venture to rely only on such arguments as these to disprove the *Philosophie Positive*! But is the treatment less unfair, is the criticism less shallow, which accumulates certain extreme dogmas held possibly by antinomian sects, calls them by the name of Christianity, and then holds this poor thing of shreds and patches up to ridicule? Apparently Mr. Morison does not care to approach the writings of the evangelists. Apparently he has not heard of the 'law of love,' which is the first Christian commandment, and which makes all men members one of another. On idle ears has fallen the question: 'He 'that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how shall 'he love God whom he hath not seen?' Nor does the critic seem ever to have appreciated the divine moral: 'Inasmuch 'as ye did it not to one of the least of these my brethren, ye 'did it not to Me.'

Apart, however, from all misquotation or perversion of Christian doctrine, there is one underlying principle in Mr. Morison's criticism. When he attempts to draw a sharp antithesis between Christianity and morality, he means to set in essential contrast a theory which insists on the results of action with one which lays stress on motive, principle, and character. It is an old controversy in ethics between systems which have been called 'intuitionist' and systems which are empirical and utilitarian; and the only novelty in Mr. Morison's treatment of the controversy is that he, by implication, seeks to deny to his opponents' doctrine the title of moral, on the ground that it is theological. When, for instance, the histories of Agnes Jones, Margaret Hallahan, and Dora Pattison are referred to as proving that science deals more effectively with suffering and disease than any Christian faith, the conclusion we are meant to draw is clearly that science, because it arrives at more successful results, is therefore more of a moral agent than the Christian faith, which only tries to improve men's characters. And in this matter Mr. Morison puts himself on a line with philoso-

phers like Bentham, James Mill (though hardly J. S. Mill), and Mr. Herbert Spencer. If, indeed, ethics be a science dealing with human conduct, just in the same manner as biology deals with the conditions of organic vitality and physics deals with the laws and constitution of the natural world, then it is difficult to escape the conclusion that the good means the generally useful, the socially healthy, and the universally pleasant. But there are at least two considerations which make one pause. There is the awkward element of conscience, on which these empirical moralists have expended so much elaborate explanation, but which is ever reasserting its primary force and authority as the inexplicable surd of the empirical equation. For, whatever be its origin or its history, conscience, at all events, is the judge of character, motive, and principle, rather than of the results or effects of action. And there is also that which follows conscience as its inevitable shadow, the sense of moral obligation violated, or that internal sanction of haunting remorse, which we mean when we speak of sin.

Is there, or is there not, such a thing as sin in the world? Or is it only the phantasmal exaggeration of error and mistake? For if sin be real, then also remorse is the awful sense of a duty transgressed, and responsibility is the consciousness that we live under the dominion of a moral law, the characters of which are written on the tables of the heart by the finger of God. It is the incomparable power which the Christian religion has of giving a new and transcendent vitality to these truths, which makes Mr. Morison so inconsistently admire Sister Dora and Mother Margaret, and which makes us feel that, of all intuitionist systems of morals, Christianity is essentially the strongest. Its task is, as we understand it, not indeed to ignore the results of action, which are patent enough to all who have eyes to see, but to transfer the judgement from the outer to the inner, to lift the veil of a man's outer self and reveal the deep and abiding springs of his personality. What, indeed, is the Sermon on the Mount but one long exposition of the text that 'God seeth the heart'? And how shall ethics preserve its paramount distinction among the disciplines and sciences of men, unless its chief problem be recognised to be, not so much the elucidation of 'the good,' towards which so many sciences make just and proper contributions, but rather the meaning of 'right'? Mr. Morison himself will not blink the issue. For in his concluding pages he explicitly denies the fact of moral responsibility in any sense in which it is supposed

to attach to all men impartially. Mr. Herbert Spencer has already in his 'Data of Ethics' declared that the sense of duty is transitory and will disappear as fast as moralisation advances. Now listen to Mr. Cotter Morison:—

*'The sooner the idea of moral responsibility is got rid of, the better it will be for society and moral education. The sooner it is perceived that bad men will be bad, do what we will—though, of course, they may be made less bad—the sooner shall we come to the conclusion that the welfare of society demands the suppression or elimination of bad men, and the careful cultivation of the good only. . . . What do we gain by this fine language as to moral responsibility? The right to blame, and so forth. Bad men are not touched by it. The bad man has no conscience; he acts after his malignant nature. . . . Nothing is gained by disguising the fact that there is no remedy for a bad heart, and no substitute for a good one.'**

This is plain language, at all events, perhaps somewhat truculent and even repulsive, but written so clearly that he who runs may read. The following sentence is still more characteristic: 'Remorse is the note of tender and passionate, *'but ill-governed natures.'*† Ill-governed? Yes, for he who feels it knows that he has let his lower nature override his higher. But not, in Mr. Morison's sense, because conscience is a figment and duty a name; for remorse is the cloud which testifies to the reality of the sun, the darkness which would not be felt, did not we know that there was light.

When these modern philosophers have arrived at a direct denial of moral responsibility, conscience, and duty, they have reached the utmost limit of impiety, and we must add of nonsense. They begin by rejecting the idea of a God, they end by degrading human nature itself. Man is reduced to a being absolutely governed by his animal instincts and surrounding circumstances, and incapable of rising above the physical impulses which govern his actions. Thought, freedom, virtue, honour, duty, and the fundamental idea of divine and human law, are blasted by this atrocious theory; and those men who profess to bring down heaven to earth, would in reality convert this earth into hell. Mr. Morison is so anxious to show what Christianity is not, that he has not obtained the remotest conception of what it is. The fundamental ideas of the Christian faith, which are gratitude to the Creator of all things, love to man, self-sacrifice at the call of duty, and the promise of immortal life, have found no entrance to his mind, in the shape in which they are taught by the Gospel.

* Service of Man, pp. 293–5.

† Ibid. p. 302.

What, after all, is it that Mr. Morison is attacking? Is it Christianity, that is, a system of authoritative dogmas formulated by councils, systematised and hardened during the Middle Ages, and lasting to the present day as a survival of a barbaric era? or is it Christ Himself, the incarnation of the religious principle, the example of a divine life? If the former is the object of the onslaught, then we may understand the critic's position to mean that a vast superstructure has been reared on the simple ground-plan traced by Christ and His apostles, which has been so little a fulfilment of the original design that it has effectually obscured and vitiated it. In that case, every effort to detach what is human and misleading, every attack on outlying buttress and offending bastion, but serves to bring out in purer outline the simple form of original and primitive Christianity. In that case, too, when Mr. Morison takes us back to the so-called 'ages of faith,' it would be better to take us back still further, not to the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, but to the first. But if this is not a true statement of Mr. Morison's position, and if the real objective is not Christianity but Christ, then we open a far graver question. For now the point is whether religion itself is a necessity for man—whether the figure of Christ is not a travesty of man's highest nature, for which the modern age ought to substitute the economist and the enlightened politician.

Is religion a necessity or not? This is to some extent a question of ethics, to a still larger extent a question of mental philosophy. Metaphysical, undoubtedly, the enquiry must be; it must depend on certain broad postulates and suppositions which Mr. Morison would hardly be prepared to grant. Mr. Morison does not often handle metaphysics in 'the Service of Man,' and when he does, the attempt is disastrous. Here is the way in which with light hand he destroys the philosophy of the late Professor Green.

"Can the knowledge of nature," asks Professor Green, "be itself a part of nature, in that sense of nature in which it is said to be an object of knowledge?" It is not easy to see why the subject which cognizes the object should be less nature than the object cognized. The image of an object in the mirror which reflects is as much Nature as the object reflected.*

To which the answer is that the consciousness of which Professor Green is speaking is not regarded by him as a mirror. Mr. Morison must have read Green to very little

* Service of Man, p. 278.

purpose, if he thinks that the notion of a *passive* register of impressions suits the philosopher's idea of self. When a metaphysician says that the consciousness which makes us men makes us also independent of time and developement, he is speaking of a mind which *actively* transforms its fleeting impressions into a concatenated body of knowledge. It is just because no intelligible theory of knowledge can be constructed on the supposition that the mind is a passive mirror that Professor Green and those who think with him are strenuous in asserting the activity and independence of the consciousness. The human mind even as interpreted by Mr. Herbert Spencer is not merely a mirror. Biology asserts just as strongly as metaphysics that by means of inherited aptitudes and transmitted intelligence a man's mind does not passively reflect but actively transforms the impressions it receives. The further question remains whether the mind is, in its essential activity, *sui generis* and independent, or only a part of nature in the widest sense. Idealism asserts the first, and materialism the second.

But, says Mr. Morison, 'it is not necessary for the purpose 'in hand to make a flight into the fine æther of Kantian metaphysics.' Yet, if we are arguing on the essential nature of the human intelligence, whether we like it or no, that is exactly what we must do. In dealing with the highest forms which the mind of man assumes, in asking ourselves if there is within the human capacity a determined effort to win the infinite—whether we seek to prove or disprove—in either case our arguments must be metaphysical. But within the limits of the present essay it is obviously impossible to do more than indicate the lines of such an enquiry.

When we seek to determine whether religion is a necessity or no, we must attempt to see how far the nature of knowledge on the one hand, and the nature of morality on the other, inevitably lead to some such culmination as that which religion suggests and satisfies. An analysis of knowledge reveals the truth that, except on the assumption of an active intelligence, we can neither understand nature nor ourselves. The understanding makes nature, says Kant. The world arises in consciousness, is the admission even of Mr. G. H. Lewes. If thought, then, is the one indispensable element, if nothing exists except to thought, and without consciousness there is no world, then it is equally clear that thought itself leads us from the finite to the infinite. Is this denied? Then how do we know ourselves to be finite, unless, in some real sense, we are also infinite? We cannot be conscious of

limitations, if we could not somehow overpass the limitations. The man who has always been a slave knows not freedom; the animal who lives at the mercy of successive impressions knows neither regret nor heart-hunger. Even the consciousness that knowledge is relative, being dependent on an interaction between subject and object, just because it can hold equally both terms of the antithesis, must in itself be able to transcend and unite them. Thus from the finite and the relative, from the opposition between subject and object, we rise to the meeting-point between being and thinking—we rise, in other words, to the infinite, which is at once subject and object, the identity of being and thinking. And this, phrase it as we may, is God.

So too if we start from the side of morality. Here the essential antithesis and conflict is between will and desires, between a higher and a lower nature, between reason and the blind unthinking passions. The whole meaning of morality is the effort to overcome this opposition, to make life a harmony instead of a discord. And the problem here is, as it also is in the intellectual department, to give equal weight to both members of the antithesis, and finally to transcend them. We have, for instance, to see that the emotional elements in human nature receive their due satisfaction, but at the same time we must seek to raise them. We have to elevate the partial and limited ends of the desires into universal ones, to rationalise the whole nature by bringing every part of it into direct relation with some central unity. On the one hand the will, on the other the desires, must be equally rationalised, unified, lifted into an atmosphere which is above the scene of their partial and endless conflicts. This morality *by itself* can never do. It can only be done by religion. Religion is the perfect solution of that problem, which morality only partially solves. For the effort of mind by which the human being ‘feels himself ‘at one with God,’ and lifts himself into a sort of potential infinity, is already religion. Is such a mental effort denounced as vague and mystical? It is rather the essence and final term of the moral life. By whatever name known, whether as an act of faith, or grace, or self-surrender, it is that which the theologians mean when they speak of ‘conversion.’ He who has striven thus upwards is the spiritual character, the religious man. He at all events comprehends what to Mr. Morison is too hard a saying. It becomes not an impossible ideal, but the only moral ideal, ‘to be perfect ‘even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect.’

ART. IX.—*Scotland as it was and as it is.* By the Duke of ARGYLL. 2 vols. 8vo. Edinburgh: 1887.

A FEW years ago it would have seemed a superfluous labour to undertake among Englishmen the defence of the existence of private property in land. A few generations ago it would have seemed even stranger to any educated Scotchman that the superiority of a system of fixed laws of individual ownership and of contract rights in land to the uncertain exactions and semi-barbarous usages of Celtic times should require to be elaborately demonstrated. Times, however, have changed. People have forgotten what Celtic usages were. Mr. Henry George and his followers have preached their strange doctrines, and have partly beguiled and wholly confused a not inconsiderable number of well-meaning persons whose unacquaintance with everything connected with the profitable employment of land in the present is only equalled by their absolute ignorance of the land tenures and institutions of the past. Not merely in the columns of third-rate newspapers, or in the speeches of irresponsible and self-interested agitators, do we find doctrines advocated which would, could they be carried out, inflict a deadly blow on any profitable employment or occupation of the land; but in the House of Commons itself men make speeches, and introduce and get printed bills, which ought to destroy the character of their authors for common sense, and would be laughed out of court by any educated audience less patient than that assembly. The landed interest has for the last few years been suffering greatly, and in bad times it is more than ever natural that men should dream of a past when everything went well, when all classes were thriving alike, and all were alike strangers to hardships and to want. According to Lord Macaulay, writing thirty years ago, men placed the

‘golden age of this country in the days of Charles II., in times when noblemen were destitute of comforts the want of which would be intolerable to a modern footman, when farmers and shopkeepers breakfasted on loaves the very sight of which would raise a riot in a modern workhouse, when men died in the purest country air faster than they now do in the most pestilential lanes of our towns, and faster in the lanes of our towns than they now do in Guiana.’

It would be interesting to discover at what precise period the admirer of Celtic customs and primitive institutions places the golden age of the Scottish Highlands; and the Duke of

Argyll does well in the very first lines of his work on 'Scotland' to warn his readers against the tendency to prefer mere dreams to the well-attested facts of history.

'The full and fast river of our time has many curious eddies in its course, and none are more curious than those which carry the looks and longings of men back to primitive conditions of society. Such longings are, moreover, always accompanied by the most strange assumptions as to what primitive conditions really were. The causes of this tendency are clear enough. The battle of life is sore on many, and it is only natural that they should envy a time when, as they imagine, there was no such battle, or when victory was equally easy to all the combatants. Yet nothing can be more certain than that there never has been such a time since the gates of Eden closed.' (P. 1.)

'Scotland as it was and as it is' is the title the Duke of Argyll has given to his work; and no one, assuredly, could be better qualified to treat on such a theme. There are many, as we are told in the preface, who, having neither the leisure nor the learning to take up the task of the general historian, have excellent opportunities of knowing thoroughly doings and transactions which have a deep root and a wide significance; and when their business or calling is of a kind connected with the earliest times and with the oldest elements in human civilisation, any careful analysis of that business, as it has been conducted in the past, and as it exists at the present time, can hardly fail to be a useful contribution to the yet unaccomplished work of history. The Duke, therefore, proposes to deal solely with one great group of causes in our national progress; but these are 'beyond all question among the deepest and most powerful in the history of civilisation. They concern the amalgamation of races, the consolidation of the national government, the beginning of law, the rise of industries, the origin, the growth, and the working of those accepted doctrines of society which consecrate and establish the respective rights and the mutual obligations of men.' To deal satisfactorily with such matters as these, a statesman of great experience and well versed in affairs may well be better fitted than the most laborious student of books. The active and improving landlord and the practical agriculturist of forty years' experience, when he discusses the necessities of a thriving condition of agriculture, at least knows what he is talking about. Five years ago the Duke of Argyll gave the best evidence of the sincerity and strength of the convictions he held with reference to principles of land legislation by resigning his seat in the Cabinet and political fellowship

with men with whom he had been associated for a lifetime. He was at the time attacked by that numerous section of politicians to whom nothing is so hateful as the assertion of political independence. He declined to support the Irish Land Act because he still believed in the old Liberal policy of getting rid of limited ownership in land.

‘ My opinion is that the scheme of the Government will tend to paralyse the ownership of land in Ireland by placing it, for all time to come, under new fetters and limitations, under which it is not placed in any other civilised country in the world. Under this scheme neither the landlord nor the tenant will be the owner. In Ireland ownership will be in commission or abeyance. My Lords, I regard this result as injurious to the agricultural interest of any country, and especially injurious to a country in the condition of Ireland.’

In August of the same year, on the second reading of the Bill, the Duke of Argyll gave his reasons more fully.

‘ The measure was to empower three very respectable gentlemen to dictate the price of the hiring of land all over a great country inhabited by five millions of men. . . . A universal power of valuing rent by three men all over Ireland is eminently ridiculous.’

In these extracts we have clearly expressed the fundamental principles upon which the Duke of Argyll considers that a good land system must necessarily rest, viz. absolute individual ownership in some one; the hiring of land a matter of price to be determined by the considerations of the market, which three respectable gentlemen, or, for the matter of that, Queen, Lords, and Commons, will only make themselves ‘ ridiculous ’ in trying to fix. All through the work it will be found that these positions are steadily insisted upon; and though we often find them impliedly abandoned by hard-pressed politicians or careless thinkers, we are not aware that they are often seriously and directly impugned by those whose judgement is worthy of respect.

There is one other recommendation which the Duke possesses in an eminent degree when writing on the races, the political institutions, and the usages of Scotland. As a true Scottish statesman whose ancestors have been associated with every important event in the history of his country, and who is himself deeply interested for its own sake in everything which concerns Scotland, he is far above the necessity of indulging in that spurious patriotism, that excessive flattery of everything Scotch, which is thought by politicians from the South to be the best passport to popularity and political success and in the northern part of the kingdom.

In volume i. the Duke traces the progress upwards from Celtic usages and Celtic feudalism to a landed system based on legally defined proprietary rights, under which interests of exclusive occupation of every variety are freely created and acquired by contracts between free men made to suit their various wants and necessities. But the feudal system in the Highlands as elsewhere owed its strength much less to its being founded on any unnatural usurpation than to the fact

‘that it was an embodiment of the facts of nature, and an expression of the insuperable necessities of the case. Under conditions of fierce competition, determined always by the arbitrament of arms—conditions of perpetual and chronic war—it was not possible that success could be attained, or civilisation could be established, except by resting upon those through whom, and by whom, power could be wielded best. Thus, for example, the feudal principle that every holder of land must hold it under tenure from some superior in whom the dominion lay—this principle did not grow out of any theory, but was the simple recognition of the facts of life. It had come to be true as one of the necessities of the age, long before it was recognised as one of the doctrines of the law. There is no value in land, except when it can be held in peace. But in times when there was a universal scramble for the possession of it by rival tribes, it never could be held in peace except under the protection of those who were strong enough to defend it. And no man could have this strength except by leaning on the existing organisation of society, and on the personal authority of those who were at its head. Nor is there any truth in the idea which has been sedulously spread that those among northern races, the Celts, who were the last to accept the feudal system in its final form, were races who lost by that acceptance any individual freedom or any social equality which they had enjoyed before. The truth is all the other way. Amongst the Celtic tribes the same general causes had not only established the same dependence of the body of the people on the authority of kings and chiefs, but had made this dependence much more arbitrary and oppressive than amongst the Saxon and other Teutonic tribes, or under the perfected forms of feudalism.’ (Vol. i. p. 7.)

But the usages which under an advancing civilisation and a settled government gradually become refined and softened in their character as they are subjected to judicial definition and the necessity of conforming to reason may, under less favourable conditions, develop in a contrary direction. While in the one case such usages may grow into a settled system of government and law, among warlike and remote tribes never destined to grow into great nations they will gradually deteriorate.

‘The grosser elements assert themselves more and more; they become not only stereotyped but enlarged and strengthened. What

began in mere violence becomes still more violent; what was always undefined becomes more and more purely arbitrary. What was due originally to natural power and to just authority becomes yielded up to the purest tyranny, until the whole system may grow into one of chronic rapine, fatal to any progress in wealth, or in government, or in law.'

This is what in fact took place among the Celtic tribes of Ireland.

'There is no clearer misrepresentation of history than to pretend that the miseries of the Irish people in respect to the tenure of their land were due to the English conquest, or to the introduction at that time of foreign laws overriding the native liberties and customs of the country. They were due, on the contrary, to the refusal of the English invaders to impart to the people they conquered the benefit of the higher and better laws which had been built up in England under legal modifications and interpretations of the feudal system. It was the great shame of England and the great curse of Ireland that for many centuries the benefits of English laws were rigidly confined to a few districts of the country; that beyond those districts the native laws were considered good enough for the people; and that even the English settlers were often eager to adopt the barbarous customs which liberated them from the restraints of law, and left them free to turn the arbitrary character of the native usages to their own account.' (Vol. i. p. 14.)

According to Sir John Davies, Speaker of the Irish House of Commons in the reign of James I., the native Irish were 'humble suitors to have the benefit and protection of the 'English laws;' and the earliest Irish land charters concur in proving the universal desire to escape the arbitrary and heavy exactions which Celtic usages permitted. In Scotland events fortunately at last took a happier turn. There, also, definite charters and established law proved the greatest enemies of the tyrannical usages and exactions of Celtic feudalism, and 'the later developements of time were in the 'direction of modification, of amelioration, of wise and temperate legislation, in direct proportion as the provinces 'became united under one crown and subject to one parliament.'

But the Scottish Highlands had undergone in earlier days a long period of incessant invasion, and long before Norman or Saxon had invaded Scotland from the south, the Norsemen had descended, in large numbers on the north and on the west; so that from the middle of the ninth to the middle of the thirteenth century these districts must have been almost wholly given up to struggles with the invader or between rival chieftains.

‘The dream of any simple patriarchal system in the Highlands within historic memory, bound together in peaceful village communities like those of the mild Hindu, is a dream indeed. It is true that the people lived in villages, partly from immemorial habit, but still more for the excellent reason that men must cluster together when they live in perpetual danger; and they pastured great extents of land promiscuously, because the scientific agriculture, which requires enclosures and the application of individual skill, was entirely unknown.’ (Vol. i. p. 39.)

The original tribal system of what are really prehistoric times early gave way under the pressure of continual warfare to the quite distinct system of the clans in which the constitution of society was purely military, and in which ‘the bond between man and chief was not blood inherited, but blood shed in common.’ Indeed the Scottish chiefs long before the days of Robert Bruce were sometimes of almost purely Norman blood, and that king found no difficulty in granting complete dominion over large tracts of the Highlands to those who had no hereditary connexion whatever with that part of Scotland. The ascendancy of Bruce over the Highland clans is well known, and the part they played in the great war of independence by the side of their fellow-countrymen is the strongest proof of the success of that king in calling forth the energies of the whole population of Scotland and guiding them to the formation of a united nation.

The feudal charters of Scotland conferring grants of land begin in the eleventh century; and their extreme conciseness and brevity prove, what is probable also on other grounds, that they did not create for the first time special rights of a peculiar kind, hitherto unknown, in land, but merely recorded in writing, in accordance with the requirements of a growing civilisation, established rights of property which had for centuries been perfectly well understood. The earliest charter of all is a grant made about the year 1194 by King Duncan, son of Malcolm Canmore, of certain lands at Tynninghame to the monks of St. Cuthbert. Another, thirty years later, contains the grant by King David I. of the whole of Annandale to an ancestor of King Robert Bruce. As time goes on the forms of charters become more elaborated, but their substance remains the same; that is, they all purport to convey full dominion and rights of ownership in the subject-matter of the grant. In the charter of confirmation, for example, at the end of the twelfth century, of the charter of Annandale previously given to the elder Bruce, we find a

‘much fuller explanation of all that had been meant and implied before. The enumeration is more explicit.’ Where formerly the lands transferred were simply described by their name and marches, we now find them granted by King William the Lion ‘in wood and plain, in meadows and pastures, in moors and marshes, in waters, stanks, and mills, in forests and trysts (markets), in hills and harbours, in ways and paths, in fishings, and in all its just appurtenances, as freely, as quietly, fully, and honourably as ever his father or he himself most freely, quietly, fully, and honourably held that land of King David my grandfather.’ *

The earlier charters were usually made with full circumstances of publicity, purporting in many cases to be granted by the king ‘with the confirmation of bishops, earls, and barons,’ and sometimes with consent of the clergy and people. ‘All ranks and orders were not only familiar with the nature of such grants in all parts of the kingdom, but were familiar with nothing else as the only guarantee of peaceful ownership.’ That the nature of the ownership was in no degree changed by the introduction of charters is repeatedly and forcibly urged by the Duke of Argyll. The only novelty was the method of recording dealings with land which had long been common.

‘Dominion over, and exclusive possession of, property in land, with all its incidents, had been vested in kings and chiefs, and in others under them, in Scotland, as in all other countries, time out of number. Hence the earliest feudal charters could be, and were, actually confined to a few lines on parchment, expressing nothing but the promise and faith of those who had the actual power to grant, and the name and designation of those who were in a position to accept, all the well known powers and obligations of ownership in land.’

Still the natural and necessary consequence of the introduction of written instruments was to define and render certain the rights and relations of the parties to them. They thus proved the greatest enemies of the old and uncertain exactions of Celtic feudalism. As was the case with the charters by which ownership in land was conferred, so also was it with the leases, covenants, and written bargains made between these owners and those who under them claimed rights of use and occupation in the soil.

‘It must always be remembered,’ says the Duke, ‘that the way in which land is used in respect to agriculture is a totally different matter

from the principle on which land is held in respect to ownership. The method of use is one thing; the principle or condition of tenure quite another thing. It is a great confusion of thought to confound these two together. Traces and records and survivals in abundance show that great areas of country were once used by many men in common, and from this it is concluded that the ownership could not have belonged to an individual. But this is altogether erroneous. If the ownership in the fullest sense had not belonged to individuals in those days, the men who enjoyed the common use of it would not have enjoyed it long. There were plenty others ready to seize it at a moment's notice if it were not protected by the powerful chief or baron who had the interest of exclusive ownership to assert and to defend. Just as the Crown promised its protection to him as owner, so he, and he alone, could afford protection to his men as users. But the promiscuous use of such lands amongst his tenants and retainers was a necessity arising out of the nature of things. Wild wastes, and woods, and moors could only be used by and for a number of men, although the ownership lay in one. Such surfaces were then useless except for pasture or the chase, and as they were without fences or divisions of any kind, separate areas could not be kept for the cattle of separate individuals. In this sense, and in this sense only, they were used in common.' (Vol. i. p. 59.)

The rapid progress in civilisation and national consolidation which Scotland had been making for the previous two centuries met with a severe check in 1286. With Alexander III. died the direct line of the old Scottish kings, and the kingdom was devastated by the consequences of a disputed succession, and by the invasions of English armies, till the independence of the nation was finally established in the year 1314 on the field of Bannockburn. A resettlement of much of the land of the country followed. Those who had been faithful to the cause of the nation and of Bruce were rewarded with grants of land, which, however, in many instances appear to have been rather confirmations of rights of property previously enjoyed than transfers of new estates. Thus the Duke refers to the grant by King Robert Bruce to his ancestor, son of Sir Niel Campbell, brother-in-law of the king, of 'the whole land of Lochow in 'one free barony, by all its righteous metes and marches, in 'wood and pastures, muirs and marshes, petaries, ways, 'paths, and waters, stanks, fishponds, and mills, and with 'the patronage of the churches, in huntings and hawkings, 'and in all its other liberties, privileges, and other just 'privileges and just pertinents, as well named as not 'named.' These very lands of Lochow a subsequent charter, given by King David II. in 1368 to another member of the Campbell family, recites as having been in the possession of

Sir Niel's progenitor, described by his Celtic patronymic of Duncan MacDuine, 150 years earlier. On the other hand, much land which had belonged to those who had espoused the English side was forfeited, and regranted to trusted followers of the king.

It is important to observe that throughout the whole of Scotland the charter system prevailed. Downwards from the time of Robert Bruce to the present day there is 'one continuous stream of charters.' In Highlands and Lowlands they alike conveyed the full dominion and ownership in the land.

'We see the same absolute unconsciousness on the part of the sovereigns that they were doing or giving anything that was new when they gave grants of land anywhere, in any and every portion of the kingdom. The whole valley of Douglas, sixteen miles in length from Tinto to Cairntable in Lanarkshire, was conveyed to the good and brave Sir James Douglas by Robert the Bruce in a charter in the briefest form. The wild coasts and mountains of Gare Loch on the mainland opposite to Skye had been already disposed of in precisely a similar form by Bruce's predecessor, Alexander III., in 1272 to a Celtic chief, who again had previously held under a charter from the Celtic Earl of Ross. And when, a little later, charters became more extended in form, and purported to specify a little more expressly that which they conveyed, it almost seems as if all the resources of language were exhausted to enumerate and include complete rights of possession and disposal, of every kind and degree, over every kind and description of land embraced within the ancient and well-known boundaries of the lordship or of the estate. This came as a matter of course everywhere, but perhaps in the very nature of things it would have been less possible even to conceive of any exception as regards what is called "waste" land in the Highlands than in the Lowlands. Nowhere, indeed, in these islands have there ever been lands in the state of "prairie"—that is to say, great areas of virgin soil, unencumbered with wood, and ready for the plough, without any process of reclamation. Everywhere in Scotland the largest part of the country was covered with natural forests, and with dense scrubby woods, which are even more difficult to clear and to eradicate; whilst elsewhere little but moors and bogs varied the surface, under conditions even more intractable for agricultural operations. But in the Highlands, if the charters had given nothing under the full rights of individual ownership, except the cultivated or even the cultivable land, there would have been nothing given at all. That which in England would have gone under the name of waste was practically the whole surface of the country. Accordingly, in no instrument of the Middle Ages is there the smallest consciousness ever shown that such distinctions could be drawn, or that such a question could emerge.' (Vol. i. p. 77.)

And Scotland is still in 'the age of charters,' for not only is it the case that nearly all estates are held in tenures

dating back to charters of the oldest forms, but 'new charters' are being granted every day, which, both in form and in substance, are the lineal descendants and the living representatives of the instruments which were executed eight hundred years ago.' These feu charters, which constitute the favourite tenure on which land is obtained for building and residential purposes, are grants of land by the proprietor, thenceforward merely the 'superior' to a new owner, in legal parlance 'the vassal,' and commonly known as the feuar, to hold 'in feu farm, fee, and heritage for ever' for payment of an annual feu duty. Where stipulations have been made in these feu charters restricting the rights of the feuar in land so acquired, the courts of law lean strongly against the restrictions, acting upon the doctrine that a feu is intended to constitute full and free ownership. Thus, from the earliest times down to the present day, the law in Scotland has favoured absolute ownership in land, and has applied its principles with unvarying consistency, regardless whether the owner happened to be the lord of half a county or the smallest feuar in the kingdom.

The same age which saw the introduction of land charters was also the early age of charters of municipal privilege; and with the latter as well as with the former it very generally happened that charters were mere recognitions in due legal form of what had existed and been perfectly well understood from much earlier times. Thus the charter granted by King Robert Bruce to Dundee in 1327

'was the result of a special inquiry instituted by that sovereign in 1325 into the rights and liberties of the burgh in the times of his predecessors on the throne of Scotland, and their rights and liberties, having been ascertained, were confirmed, and were definitely recorded in the new form of instrument, which had risen into the highest rank of legal value.' (Vol. i. p. 85.)

The 'liberty' which the old burghs and trades were so anxious to have assured to them by the kings of Scotland was then invariably understood to mean the grant of a monopoly. In those days the freedom or liberty of a burgh meant an *exclusive* privilege in the form of a trade monopoly, under which the favoured burgh was entitled not merely to confine the practice of a particular trade to its burgesses within its own boundaries; but even to prevent rivals competing with them in a very wide circuit of country around. Mistaken as such a policy may seem to us now, it was in thorough conformity with the spirit and sentiment of the times; and thus charters, whether of land tenure or of

municipal privilege, alike contributed to give certainty and definiteness to legal rights, and 'took their place amongst 'the institutions which welded together the various classes 'and interests of the State.'

There is probably no country in the world where a better or more honourable title to land can be shown than where, as is so often the case in Scotland, its tenure was

'consecrated afresh by the charters of the fourteenth and following centuries in the hands of those chiefs who had then already won and had already held them for many generations. In some cases the same lands are to this day owned by lineal descendants of the men who fought with Bruce. In others, derivative tenures coming from these charters as their legal source have been the subject of inheritance, of exchange, and of sale during the course of five hundred years. And during all these centuries it can be shown that the successive holders have continued to be the leaders of the nation in the ever-opening and widening fields of action on which all the triumphs of an advancing civilisation have been won. In their hands was vested the only power which in those rough ages could maintain any civil peace or political organisation. It was they who introduced the Anglo-Saxon culture, and endowed the Latin clergy, and brought in the Roman law; and it was, as we shall see, through their wise and gradual legislation that agricultural husbandry was raised to the dignity of a profession, and was provided with that legal security which could alone enable it to become an art.' (Vol. i. p. 99.)

The same sentiment which told so strongly in favour of certainty and recorded rights, in the relations between proprietors of lands and the sovereigns or chiefs by whom they were granted, was operating during the same period as strongly and as usefully in fixing the rights of exclusive possession of land in those who came into its occupation by virtue of contracts, leases, and covenants with the proprietors. Rights of possession were obtained by tenants under proprietors, by which they were enabled to exclude the rest of the world, and to maintain their independent position even against the proprietors themselves upon the terms of the covenants between them. In very early days the monks and the serfs under them were probably almost the only cultivators. The Duke of Argyll, who becomes enthusiastic over reminiscences connected with the great name of Columba, quotes Abbot Adamnan, the historian of the saint, in illustration of farming operations in the island of Iona 1,300 years ago. In such a small island there was of course no special inducement to let the land, and the monks accordingly managed it themselves, as a present landlord would do his home farm. Division of labour had not then gone far, and

it was natural to find work done on the farm which nowadays would be carried on elsewhere.

‘There was a smithy for needed ironwork; there was a kiln for the drying of corn; there was a mill in which the monks ground their own corn into meal; there were cows and a byre; there were milk-pails carried from the pasture to the monastery on horseback; there was a barn for the storage of grain; there was a baker for baking the meal or the flour into bread, and it is remarkable that this skilled official was a Saxon.’ (Vol. i. p. 103.)

But the great religious houses of the Middle Ages owned lands far and wide, in Highlands and in Lowlands, often situated at very great distances from the monastery. The ecclesiastics were the greatest landowners of the kingdom, and it became as much their interest to let their lands to tenants on definite terms and for fixed periods as it was the interest of cultivators to obtain for themselves as free tenants a possession exclusive of all encroachments by others, and immunity from the uncertain exactions and barbarous customs of Celtic feudalism. A practice so beneficial to all parties soon spread beyond the limits of the church estates, and ‘property of every kind came to be let on hire for specific terms and for specific rents, farms, mills, breweries, houses with crofts, houses in towns . . . in short, everything and anything which men could own, they could also either sell or let out on hire.’

The Duke sets out in full a lease dated 1312, that is, two years before the battle of Bannockburn, from the Abbey of Scone, to one Edmund de Hay and his son. It is a lease for a long period, viz. thirty years, beginning at a low rent made payable at Whitsunday and Martinmas, the rent, however, constantly increasing with the length of time that the tenants have been in possession. It is, in short, a perfect specimen of an ‘improving lease’—

‘that is to say, a lease under the terms of which the lessee was only too glad to execute improvements upon the land, and to pay for, and out of, the increasing produce some specified share of that increase in the form of rent. He was not bound to improve, but it was assumed that he would do so from self-interest. On this assumption he was bound to pay an increasing rent, the steps of increase, however, being fixed and definite. In order to pay this increase he would need to increase the produce. There was no other compulsion in this particular case. But it was enough. In the loose language of modern agitation, the tenant would have to pay this increase “upon his own improvements.” But 574 years ago, men understood the principles of business better. The tenants felt and knew that “their own improvements” had to be made “upon” and out of materials, and

opportunities, and guarantees which were not "their own," but came from other men. All these came from the owner of the soil. They constituted a kind of capital which the tenants did not possess, and it was in the nature of that capital to yield a very large return to certain kinds of labour, provided always and provided only that the tenants got the assurance and security of possession exclusive of all other men. But this security and exclusiveness could only be got by bargain with the owners. Therefore the tenants felt that their own improvements could only be "their own" in part, seeing that another great part of the result must be derived from and be due to the owner. To him, accordingly, the cultivating tenants were always ready to render back in rent some stipulated share of any resulting increase; and in calculating that share, time was an all-important element.' (Vol. i. p. 121.)

There is another stipulation of the Scone lease worthy of attention, viz. that which reserves the right of the Abbey to the 'common pasture' of the farm. In this, as in other cases, the right of pasture passed to the lessee or lessees of the land; and so absolute was this right, that, without a special limitation in the lease, even the landlord himself would have been excluded. The pastures were 'common' indeed; but in one sense only, 'that, like all other pastures of the time, they were used promiscuously by the tenant and by all his sub-tenants or husbandmen.'

The lease system grew up independently of support by parliamentary enactment, its validity resting merely upon the effect which the law gave to the ordinary principles which regulate transactions between man and man, and the precepts of common morality, freedom of contract between free men, the binding obligation of a promise. Parliament, however, did interfere from time to time to regulate and amend a system which it did not create. In 1449, for instance, it enacted, in accordance with equity and sound policy, in favour of the tenants, that for the future those who had hired land for a fixed term of years should be entitled to remain on to the end of the term at the stipulated rent, into whosoever hands the landlord's rights might come; or, as we should say, it made leases binding, not merely against the lessor but against his successors in the land, of every sort and kind.

At that time the strange rule prevailed that a tenant's goods might be taken by the landlord's creditors, a rule originating probably in the frequency with which the landlord supplied the stock as well as the land. In 1469 Parliament again stepped in to give the protection to tenants which justice demanded, by enacting that tenants' property should not be seized to an amount beyond the rent then due.

Again, in 1555 a Parliament of Queen Mary required forty days' notice to be given before the expiry of a lease, in order to terminate it at the day fixed by the lease, which period remained the law of Scotland till four years ago, when the period of one year was substituted as better suited to the general necessities of agricultural land in the present day. While thus the Parliaments of Scotland occasionally interfered to protect the hirers of land from some inequitable rule of law or from some harsh practice, it does not seem to have occurred to them that intending tenants required to be protected from themselves. The Scone lease shows, and there is abundant other evidence to prove, that increasing rent was expected to follow the rising value of the land; that at the expiration of leases it was in the contemplation of both parties that the land should again become the subject of fresh covenants, either with the same or with some other tenant; and that the whole of the rights and relations of lessor and lessee were determined by the terms of the contracts between them. In general, no doubt,

'the rent must have been settled not by the highest offer of any actual or formal competition, but simply and naturally by the amount which any dozens or scores of men would be eager to give in order to get or renew the lease. This is "market value" in its natural and ordinary sense. Between this kind of rent and a "fair rent" there was no distinction. In a manly age men thought that when they bought anything or hired anything at a price or rent such as almost any other man would give, they bought or hired it at a value which was fair.'

And the Duke goes on to point out that when in later times the expression 'fair rent' found its place on the statute book * it meant a rent which was *not lower* than the average market value of the land; and it is on this principle that land is still valued for purposes of taxation and assessment.

The Duke of Argyll, highlander as he is, paints, in colours which are not too dark, the terrible evils and the heavy check to advancing civilisation caused by the 'epoch of the clans.' Robert Bruce had welded the whole Scottish people into one nation by appealing with full success to the higher

* This was in connexion with entails. When the existing proprietor of an entailed estate had given to him the power to lease land beyond his own life, it is clear that he might, by exacting from his tenant on entering a large sum of money paid down, and levying upon him an almost nominal amount of annual rent, have greatly injured to his own advantage the property of his heir. The statutes, therefore, forbade these premiums or grassums, and required that the land should be let at a 'fair rent.'

patriotism of both Celt and Saxon to aid him in the life-and-death struggle he was waging against subjection to a foreign yoke. But Robert Bruce was a great leader of men, and when he had passed away the highlanders, among whom a tendency has been often seen to attach themselves rather to particular persons than to great causes, for centuries became ranged against each other under rival chieftains, a terror to the peaceful and more prosperous population on their own borders, and on several occasions a great danger to the very safety of the Scottish kingdom. In the West Highlands and islands, indeed, the Duke of Argyll sees something like a return to barbarism, which reminds him of that tendency to revert to an older type in animal structures pointed out by Darwin. Nevertheless, there never was in Scotland any recognition of what was known in Ireland as 'the Pale,' beyond which the common laws and statutes of the kingdom were out of place. Still, in a large part of the realm, these laws could only with great difficulty be enforced, and 'civilisation' withered before the clans so long as their chiefs were uncontrolled by higher laws than the usages of the Celt.' True it is that most of these chiefs held charters,

'but they used these instruments of legal possession and of lawful powers only as blinds and covers for an unwritten code of usages utterly without law, limit, or restraint. The primeval tribal system—its poetical family origin and its peaceful pastoral associations—must no longer be confounded with this terrible system of military aggregations round red-handed knights who were mere deserters and apostates from a higher civilisation. The sentimental admiration for them and for their followers is little less corrupting now than it was in the fourteenth century. It is a terrible mixture when violence and anarchy put on the robes of order and of law, and plead the authority of its noblest instruments for deeds and principles which they were invented to rebuke and to supplant. . . . For it was not the chartered rights of landed ownership, but the unchartered absolutism of Celtic chieftainship, that made the highlanders for several centuries a scourge to themselves and a danger to the nation.'

The policy of the Government was to make the chiefs responsible for what was done among those whom they ruled with such absolute authority, and to induce them to establish on their lands tenants who could be trusted, instead of the 'broken men,' as the mere military followers of the chiefs were then called. In this way the clans became recruited from different districts, and the distinct character often apparent in the circumstances of Western Highlands and islands from that of less remote regions is worthy of notice; for, whilst in the Eastern Highlands men were very generally

‘planted’ either as regular farming tenants under leases, or at least with a principal view to the improvement of the country, the West Highland and island chiefs had other ends in view, and ‘planted men who were to be devoted mainly to fighting, whilst the possessions of the real old native population in corn or cattle were to be held subject to the ‘arbitrary exactions of the most lawless Celtic feudalism.’ The terrible state of things in the latter districts at the time of the accession of James VI. to the English crown is made known to us in the arrangements come to by the chiefs with the king’s commissioner, called the Statutes of Iona. The remedies they proposed were in the main the breaking down of old Celtic usages, the abolition of the chiefs’ retainers, the abolition of old exactions, and the facilitating communication between the Highland and Lowland populations. It was even required that every highlander the owner of sixty head of cattle or more should send his son to school in the Lowlands that he might learn the English tongue. The clan organisation, however, was not limited to the Celtic Highlands. It existed also among the Scoto-Saxon population of the Border. And whether in the Highlands or on the Borders it is worthy of notice that the Scottish Parliaments tried by the same expedients to maintain the authority of the Government and the rule of law.

‘They had before them two great sources of power and authority. One of these was the power of the proprietor of land in the exercise of the rights of ownership. The other of these was the power of a few great families in the exercise of the power of chiefship. The powers of ownership rested upon chartered and legal authority, in close connexion with systems of law and of tradition as widespreading as the civilisation of Europe, both in the ancient and the modern world. The power of chiefs rested on unwritten and indefinite usages, on influences essentially local, personal, and individual. These were not formal differences; they were differences in the nature of things. The interest of a proprietor of land as such lay in the improvement of the soil, the increase of its produce, in the peace of the country, in the growing wealth of its population. The interests of a chief merely as such were generally the interests of a political and military leader, whose ambitions, passions, and desires did not by any means tend to be in harmony with the national government or the general interests of the country.’

Accordingly in the acts of the Parliament which sat at Edinburgh in 1587, the landlords and baillies of the lands on the Borders and in the Highlands, where broken men dwell, are required to exercise their proprietary rights, even

as against the alleged claims of chiefs of clans, and landlords and chiefs are required to give pledges and enter into security for the good conduct of those dependent upon them. These acts are accompanied by two rolls, one of the landlords above referred to, the other 'of the clans that have 'captains, chiefs, and chieftains on whom they depend oft- 'time against the wills of their landlords, as well on the 'Borders as in the Highlands, and of some special persons 'of branches of the said clans.' At the head of the latter roll 'are some of the most famed names of families of the 'Border counties—such as the Elliots, Scotts, Armstrongs, 'Jardines, Maxwells, &c., bracketed in the same list with 'the Macdonalds, Macleods, Mackintoshes, Camerons, and 'all the best known chiefs of the clans in the Highlands.' The great difference between Celtic and Border clans lay in the distinctions of language and in their different geographical situation, so that when the union of the crowns had 'converted the extremity into the centre of the king- 'dom,' all trace of the clan system on the Borders rapidly disappeared, whilst in the Highlands it survived down to comparatively recent times.

The appeal made to the principle of ownership did not have regard solely to the maintenance of order and law. The cause of land improvement prospered at the same time. Thus in 1454 Parliament pressed on proprietors the desirability of their tenants improving the land by the planting of timber, and we know from the collection of papers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, edited by Cosmo Innes, called 'The Black Book of Taymouth,' that much of the business of the baron baillie courts consisted in matters of estate management and improvement. By the terms of their leases tenants were bound to attend these courts, or local councils of the lords, and by their rules, framed almost in the style of Acts of Parliament, we find it 'statute and 'ordained,' with concurrence of the 'haill tenants and 'commons,' that householders should provide themselves with kitchen gardens, that the land should be properly manured, and that tenants and cottars on quitting should leave their houses in good repair. But the great change that has come over the Highlands in modern times consists in the modern grazing by sheep of those wide areas of mountain pasturage formerly absolutely wasted or left to deer. On this subject 'there is the profoundest ignorance 'in the popular writings and impressions of the present day. 'The mountain areas are supposed to have been pastured by

‘the cattle of the tenants and subtenants. The fact is, they were, for the most part, not pastured by domestic animals ‘at all,’ except when for a few weeks of the summer the whole population of the villages or townships of the glens used to migrate with all their stock to such favoured parts of the mountains as were accessible to cattle. Hence the traces of those ‘summer shielings’ so famous in Highland history, ‘the poetry of which makes men as mad now as it ‘made a primitive population happy two hundred years ‘ago.’

The appeal made to the powers of ownership evoked a most vigorous response. Of the state of matters in the West Highlands the Duke of Argyll during the eighteenth century gives much valuable information. In 1732 Sheriff Campbell visited, on behalf of the then Duke, the latter’s estates in Mull and Morvern, Iona, and Tyree, for the express purpose of reporting on their condition; and five years later the same ground was again traversed, with a similar object, by the famous Duncan Forbes of Culloden, Lord President of the Court of Session. Both describe the barbarous system of agriculture and the extreme poverty which they had everywhere met with, and both concur in the remedy to be applied to the existing wretchedness of the people. At that time these estates were almost universally in the hands of leaseholders, members of the Campbell clan, or of Macleans and others, who now, after Highland fashion, had submitted to the new chief, who was also the new proprietor. Under the leaseholders, or tacksmen, as they were called, came the families of the native population, sub-tenants of the tacksmen, and occupying their holdings at will. Their habits of life and system of agriculture had remained worse than stationary for more than a thousand years.

‘Though living in a country where stone was abundant and accessible, . . . though having before their eyes for more than six hundred years the rough but massive and splendid masonry of the Cathedral of Iona and St. Oran’s chapel, they continued to live in hovels composed of nothing more solid than turf lined and propped on the inside by wattled branches of birch, oak, and hazel; in hovels, that is to say, which were the lineal descendants of the houses dating from prehistoric times, which sheltered Columba and his brethren in the sixth century, and in which no step of advance had been made during an interval of about eleven hundred years.’

Their corn they cut high above the ground, getting at the grain by burning off the husks, and afterwards rooting up the stalks and using them for thatch instead of for manure.

Such was the inevitable condition of things resulting from continual war. But now the prospect of peace was bright over the land. A strong government prevailed over the whole of Great Britain; and the blessings of law and order, which had already been flowing steadily over the east of Scotland, were to reach even to the remotest islands of the west. Sheriff Campbell and Culloden heard many and bitter complaints of the exactions and the harshness of the tacksmen. They found a population poor in the extreme. In numbers they did not think it excessive. Indeed, one of their recommendations was to bring in additional labour to cultivate the wastes. Of one thing they were certain, viz., that no good could be done till the absolute power of the tacksmen over their sub-tenants had been entirely abolished. The Lord President writes of 'the tyranny, oppression, and unmerciful exactions' of the tacksmen, and declares that if the system had continued much longer the islands would have been entirely unpeopled. 'These evils arose from the powers of ownership being separated from its special interests, and therefore from its natural motives. They were delegated to men whose own possession was not permanent, and whose interests, therefore, were not identified with the growing wealth and permanent prosperity of the people.' The remedy recommended was the withdrawal from the tacksmen of his power over the sub-tenants; 'to go back to a connexion founded on the nature of things; to keep in the hands of the proprietor, and in his alone, the power of removal; to deal directly with the sub-tenants; to give them the same measure of security which the tacksmen had themselves enjoyed.' Accordingly, when new leases had to be granted, in spite of much opposition, to begin with, from the tacksmen, the former sub-tenants were directly dealt with by the proprietor, and they obtained leases directly to themselves, and consequent security in their holdings. These men, and others who were introduced into the district by the proprietors to help forward the cultivation of a wild country, were the progenitors of the modern 'crofters,' 'who have been mythically represented as a native population inheriting for centuries a certain fixity of tenure, independent of the owner, whereas the historical fact is that the process by which they were "planted" is due to the events of the eighteenth century. Where, as was very often the case in the Highlands, the sub-tenants had lived in

groups or villages, occupying some parts of their lands in common, forming a township, which, however, never had any corporate existence, either in law or usage, the new leases were made to each of the actual occupiers, the share of each being specified, and the tenants becoming jointly and severally liable for the rent.

It was in this way that the clan system, represented and maintained by the tacksmen, who, in fact, constituted a sort of aristocracy of the clan, gradually yielded to modern progress based on proprietary rights in land, and its exclusive occupation, derived from and safeguarded by contract. The Highland risings of 1715 and 1745 naturally strike the eye of the historian, who is too apt to attribute changes in the economy of the Highlands to the consequences of the military defeat of the clans. As we have seen, years before 'the Forty-five' civilisation was steadily advancing upon the last strongholds of barbarism. The same law which had always prevailed in name throughout the whole of Scotland was becoming practically unquestioned and supreme everywhere, and Highlanders were fitting themselves to take their full part in the general onward march of the Scottish people. The statutes which followed the suppression of the Forty-five were aimed against the political power of the clans; but in putting an end to heritable jurisdictions, and in aiming at the substitution of specified services by tenants, in accordance with contract, for the old system of uncertain and arbitrary exactions, these statutes did little more than recognise changes which had to a large extent already taken place.

The union of the crowns, which had produced such immediate benefits in the Borders, had the effect in the Highlands also of almost putting an end to the previous condition of perpetual internal war. But in the Borders two remedies were in operation which were wanting to the Highlands. A large number of the fiercer spirits, those men who had lived for war and by war, and who were unfit for a life of peaceful industry, offered their services to foreign powers, and took part in the wars in the Low Countries. Of far more importance, however, was the opening up of new industries.

'This was the final and irresistible response to the old appeal from the power of chiefs to the power of ownership. The effect was immediate—such as might be produced by the sudden rising of a new atmosphere and of a new climate upon the vegetation of the world. The

proper seeds were all there—for these are everywhere stored in the nature of man, and in the nature of his more civilised desires. From the moment peace and security were established, landowners began to value their estates as they had never valued them before. They now valued them not for the precipitous ravines, the impenetrable thickets, the treacherous morasses, on the edges of which they could build castles, or in which they could hide cattle, or behind which they could retreat from a pursuing enemy. They valued them for the corn they could produce, and for the share of it which was due to those to whom the cultivator owed his tenure—this being his only right of exclusive occupation. So immediate was this effect, that, within three or four years of the Union, proprietors began to look closely over their own private “marches,” and to claim from each other portions of territory which before it had been rather a burden to defend. This was all that was required. No special legislation was needed. Old notions had been killed. New notions had taken possession of society. . . . There was no barrier of race, no barrier of language. . . . Within less than half a century, the moss-trooper cavalry had been forgotten, and the grazier and the farmer reigned in their stead.’ (Vol. ii. p. 68.)

Turning to the Highlands, history tells another tale. There was no exodus of the fighting classes, there was no easy communication between populations. Difference of language and antipathies of race kept Highlanders and Lowlanders apart; and whilst internal war had come to an end, the people multiplied fast in every glen. Always on the verge of famine, the conditions of their lives, rather than any faults of their own, made the Highland caterans, for a century and a half after the union of the crowns, a reproach to Scottish civilisation. In Bailie Nicol Jarvie the Duke of Argyll calls an unexceptionable witness to the state of the country at the beginning of the eighteenth century.

‘The military array of this Hieland country were a’ the men-folk between eighteen and fifty-six that could bear arms, and couldna’ weel come short of fifty-seven thousand and five hundred men. Now, sir, it’s a sad and awfu’ truth, there is neither wark, nor the very fashion and appearance of wark, for the tae half of thae puir creatures; that is to say that the agriculture, the pasturage, the fisheries, and every species of honest industry about the country, cannot employ the one moiety of the population, let them work as lazily as they like, and they do work as if a pleugh or a spade burned their fingers. Aweel, sir, this moiety of unemployed bodies, amounting to one hundred and fifteen thousand souls, whereof there may be twenty-eight thousand seven hundred able-bodied gillies fit to bear arms, and that do bear arms, and will touch or look at nae honest means of livelihood, even if they could get it, which, lack-a-day! they cannot. . . . And mair especially mony hundreds of them come down to the borders of the low country, where there’s gear to grip, and live by stealing, reiving, lifting cows,

and the like depredations—a thing deplorable in any Christian country, the mair especially that they take a pride in it,' &c.*

It was not for a hundred years after the outlet of military service had opened to the more combative of the Borderers a career suited to their dispositions, that the *Highlanders* found a similar opening by entering the ranks of the national army. To the elder Pitt is almost universally attributed the merit of having, some dozen years or so after Culloden, enlisted Highland regiments to take part in the wars against France which he was carrying on both in Europe and America. The Duke of Argyll proves, however, that the idea was of much earlier date, and that the six independent companies of militia recruited and officered on a clan basis, who afterwards, from the colour of their uniform, became known as the Black Watch, were formed as early as 1730, and were afterwards, on the advice of Forbes of Culloden and of the third Duke of Argyll, admitted by Sir Robert Walpole into the regular military service of the Crown. At the battle of Fontenoy, eleven years before the ministry of Pitt, the gallantry of the Black Watch had attracted the admiration of Europe; and at the time of the formation of that ministry this distinguished regiment was already serving in America under General Abercromby. The Highlands were thenceforward for many years the favourite recruiting ground for the British army, in whose ranks the Highland regiments have always held a foremost place.

But the direct benefit of the relief to the excessive population of the Highlands, caused by enlistment, was as nothing to the indirect benefits that accrued from the opening of the eyes of the people to the world beyond their own narrow glens. Men returned after years of service to their own homes, and brought with them recollections of a higher standard of living than anything those who had remained at home had dreamed of; and soldiers coming back from the wars in America rapidly spread among their kinsmen knowledge of the richer lands and the splendid opportunities open to energy and industry beyond the Atlantic. It would thus appear that at last those very conditions were beginning to exist in the Highlands under which the rough days of border warfare had given way so completely to a time of prosperity and peace. Other causes, however, tended greatly to modify the subsequent history of the Highlands. The plague of small-pox, which had decimated the people, was

stayed by the practice of inoculation which had become universal among them long before the end of the eighteenth century. The introduction of the potato as the principal article of diet enormously increased the supply of food. And the discovery of the value of the seaweed called kelp in the manufacture of glass and soap immensely increased the value of labour in the islands and along the coast line of the west. The latter discovery was so curious in its history and results that the Duke of Argyll discusses it at some length, and evidently with no less keen an eye to detect the vices of certain theories than the virtues of the Atlantic seaweed.

‘The men whom the world calls thinkers are often curiously thoughtless; else the attempt would never have been made to distinguish between the additions of value which are “earned” by owners or producers, because of some meritorious action of their own, and certain different additions which come to them from the exertions of other men, or from the general conditions of society. For the distinction breaks down the moment we look into it, and the moment we grasp the fact that all kinds and degrees of value come largely and sometimes exclusively from causes with which the owners or producers of valuable things have nothing to do. And most especially is this the case with those who live by the labour of their hands. The value of that which alone they have to sell depends entirely on the desires or on the knowledge, or on the powers of other men; and it continually happens that sudden and great additions accrue to them upon that value, which they have not only done nothing to secure, but which it has been entirely out of their power either to expect or to foresee. There is no phrase so rich in fallacies as the common phrase that labour is the only source of wealth. It has no truth in it whatever, except where labour is understood as including every form and variety of human influence and exertion, and especially the forms which are purely intellectual. Moreover, all these kinds and forms and degrees of influence must be included, not only as operating in our own time, but as they have been exerted continuously in all preceding generations. These generations have been the stages of our own growth, and each of them has contributed something to the store on which we are living now. In the sense in which labour is commonly understood, which is physical labour, nothing can be more erroneous than the idea that it is the only or the ultimate source of wealth. Mind comes before matter; brain comes before muscle; head comes before hands. This is the law of Nature, and this is the order of precedence in her eternal hierarchy.’

So it was that as discoverers, and botanists, and gardeners had obtained a new product from the land by the introduction and cultivation of the potato, so ‘the chemists and ‘manufacturers were now giving to the poorer classes in the

‘ West Highlands a new product from the sea.’ The result of these two causes operating together was an unexampled increase of population, an increase unaccompanied by any real increase of wealth in the Highland country. A ‘rage for emigration’ was the natural consequence of this state of things, and again and again we find landowners and parish ministers joining in their lamentations over the diminishing numbers of the people in the purely rural districts. It is true that precisely the same phenomenon might have been observed in the Lowlands; but the ‘depopulation’ in the parishes under the very walls of Edinburgh recorded in statistics stirred no feeling whatever, whilst as regards the Highlands it was viewed by statesmen and the public with sentiments of genuine irritation and alarm. A committee of the Highland and Agricultural Society in 1801 investigated the causes of the emigration, and rightly attributed it to an increase of the population greater than a country without industries could support. This cause was operating as strongly in every Lowland parish under like conditions.

‘ Only in the islands and Western Highlands the stream had been pent up longer, and was overflowing with a rush. One simple explanation—one great natural analogy would have spared the Committee all their sorrow. A great hive was swarming. Chiefs and landowners, field-marshal, poets, and philosophers were standing round the “skep,” gaping, staring, wondering, and scolding at the naughty instinct of the bees.’

The Firth of Clyde is as full of the memories of the past to the Duke of Argyll as ever were ‘the gulf, the rock of ‘Salamis’ to Lord Byron himself. The former, as he surveys the glorious view from the southern side of the river from a place ‘not many years ago the site of a small fishing village, but now occupied by the quays, the harbour, and ‘the roadstead of Greenock,’ pictures to himself the memorable events that have happened in the region that his eyes are resting on. To the eastward he sees in imagination at the foot of the Kilpatrick hills the standards of the sixth and of the second legions of the Roman army covering the men as they labour at the wall of Antonine, for long the northern boundary of the Roman Empire. Nearer to him, ‘in the great rock fortress of Dumbarton,’ he finds ‘a striking symbol of the passage from Roman to mediæval times . . . for centuries one of the strengths of the Scottish kingdom—captured and recaptured—used alternately as a ‘retreat, a palace, and a prison;’ and nearer still the hills of Cardross recall to his mind the last years of the glorious reign

of Robert Bruce. These and many other memories of Scottish history crowd thick upon his brain, and endow with additional interest a scene upon which has been lavished with unstinted hand every charm which nature can bestow. Yet the whole scene is instinct with the sense of life and growth, the very reverse of that 'loveliness of death' which overwhelmed the poet as he sang the beauties of the Grecian bay. Accordingly it is that sudden developement of the prosperity of his country, nowhere more visible than in the crowded estuary and busy ports and dockyards of the Clyde, that most of all impresses the Duke of Argyll when he recalls his mind from the past and his eyes from the landscape to consider what is present before him at his very feet.

The 'burst of industry' in Scotland began with, and was due to, the Legislative Union of 1707. Things had got to such a pass between England and Scotland, both united under one crown, yet each under a separate government responsible to a separate Parliament, that a complete union or an absolute quarrel was the only alternative. Considering that the Scottish Parliament had passed an Act in 1704 providing that the successor to the crown of Scotland should not be the successor to the crown of England unless the interests of the former kingdom were protected 'from English 'or any foreign influence,' and that the English Parliament was preparing to fortify Newcastle and Carlisle against a Scottish invasion, we may gather how near and how great were the dangers from which both nations were saved by the happy consummation of the Legislative Union. The spirit of separation undoubtedly 'was taking fast—it might be fatal—' hold. There is nothing so easy as to fan such flames, and 'few things more reckless,' and Scotland will not forget the gratitude she owes to those statesmen who, truly and wisely patriotic, resisted the clamour of the moment and carried out that union from which the prosperity of their country especially takes its rise.

In the Firth of Clyde it requires no writer of history to point out the growth of commerce and of trade. The growth in the agricultural prosperity of the country, though less conspicuous to the eye, has been as great. The ages of improvement had begun all over Scotland, and money was sunk in land, for the purposes of reclamation, often far exceeding the value of the fee simple—an expenditure productive of the happiest results, converting bog and moor into fertile cornfield and rich pasture, and so thoroughly transforming the very nature of the country, that its old condition, and the

outlay and exertion that had been required, alike passed from the memory of men. The Duke of Argyll from his own experience contributes what he calls 'a vignette from a great picture,' and describes how the old 'tower of the Macaulays,' where he spent his childhood, looked over rich fields of corn and pastures which had been reclaimed from bog not very many years before by the cutting of a deep trench through the solid old red sandstone rock, at the time the wonder of the neighbourhood, and which had so effectually done its work that only the records of the estate remained to prove what that 'unimproved' land once had been. In such and many other cases the land was really made rather than inherited or bought. It was 'redeemed from absolute waste, and rendered contributory for the first time to the sustenance of man. Where the snipe probed in quagmires, and the badger burrowed under roots of trees and under cairns of stone, very soon new ploughs were turning the furrow, and cows of a newly created breed were filling the pails with milk.' It was long before the race of capitalist farmers arose, and in the first instance reclamation and land improvement were the work of landowners, who followed it as a pleasure and a pursuit whilst as yet its economical results were very doubtful.

For the 'three orthodox sources of wealth,' land, labour, and capital, the Duke of Argyll would prefer to substitute mind, matter, and opportunity. In the first, and in all the materials which nature could supply above ground and below, Scotland was rich, and the third source had now been secured in that 'one fundamental condition on which all the possibilities of opportunity depend,' namely, an accepted system of law and jurisprudence under which men knew their rights and their obligations. Men could *trust* to their charters, they could *trust* to their leases, the element of uncertainty was removed, and energy and capacity could have full scope. In two directions more especially did the advance of agricultural knowledge and enterprise make itself felt. On all sides, enclosures, the necessary concomitants of good farming, were spreading; and everywhere the township system, at one time prevalent all over Scotland, was disappearing, first of all in the Lowlands, afterwards in the Highlands, it becoming the practice to let each holding to an individual tenant who might exercise upon it his own energy and faculties, unhampered by the rights or the blind adherence to ancient prejudices of his fellow-tenants. In Scotland the Royal burghs were themselves usually landowners by

virtue of similar titles to those under which other landlords held their land—that is, by charter. These lands, part of the ‘common good,’ as burghal property is called in Scotland, have long been managed on the same principles as land belonging to private owners, except that the law has required as essential, in order to prevent corruption and jobbery, that burgh lands should only be let or feued at the highest rent or feu duty obtainable by public auction—a difference between the operation of private ownership and ownership by public bodies which self-styled friends of the farmer would do well to recognise.

It is curious to find how strongly the spirit of monopoly, or what we should now call Protection, entered into the policy of the old Royal burghs. They claimed their exclusive trading rights under charters from the Crown, and claimed them over a very considerable area outside the burgh bounds. Yet new towns were constantly and successfully competing with them; and the lords under whom they claimed, either as burghs of regality or of barony, were constantly engaged in the support of the rights and interests of the growing communities. In 1691 the Convention of Royal Burghs appointed a committee to investigate their position. The Royal burgh of Renfrew complains that within its precincts no less than nine new burghs of barony or regality are doing a bigger trade than itself. Among these were Paisley, Port Glasgow, Gourock, and Greenock; which last place, indeed, was already doing ‘a very great trade, both foreign and inland, particularly prejudicial to the trade of Glasgow.’ It is a curious fact mentioned by the Duke of Argyll, that when James Watt, the future inventor of the new steam-engine, came to settle in Glasgow, the Guild of Glasgow Hammermen took alarm, and declared that from the competition of this interloper the whole community would ‘suffer skaith.’ The man, accordingly, ‘whose discoveries were destined to raise Glasgow to be one of the greatest cities of the world, was actually driven from her burghal precincts, and had to take refuge within the bounds of the University.’

‘Within that sanctum this patient and laborious mind wrought out the great problem on which its heart as well as its intellect was set. It thought and pondered, weighed and measured, and tried and tried again, until at the last the moment of inspiration came, and one of the most tremendous agencies in the material world became tractable as a little child. It was tamed, yoked, and bound to every variety of human service—an immense contribution indeed, not only to the

common good of Glasgow, but to the common good of all mankind.'

At length, however, individual enterprise prevailed against all the restrictions old customs tended to rivet on the people; and in matters of industry and commerce, as in the management of land, it was found best to trust men to fight their own battles, either against dangerous rivals or natural difficulties, according to their own lights and in their own way.

The earliest improvers of the land were the landowners themselves, almost the only capitalists at the time, and certainly the only capitalists willing to risk their money in attempting experiments by no means sure of success. But as time went on a class of tenant farmers arose, having themselves ample knowledge, sufficient capital, and technical skill. Farming became more elaborate and scientific, and greater preparations were made by the landlords in letting their farms to equip them with the necessary requirements, for in Scotland it became the universal practice for the landowner to supply all such accommodation with the land itself. For all these advantages the tenant pays rent. Rent is the price of hire, whatever the thing hired; and though the word is usually applied with reference to the hire of land or houses or mines or fishings, it is in principle the same as regards the hire of horses or carriages or other moveables. 'What we pay for when we hire anything is the exclusive use or possession of it for a time. And the price we pay for this exclusive use is paid to the man who himself possesses it and has the power of lending it' (vol. ii. p. 289). How the owners acquired this power in many cases we have already seen. 'Over the whole of Scotland every morsel of land which is owned or hired for the exclusive use of any man is held by him in virtue of the rights of predecessors in title dating from before the times of Malcolm Canmore, or from the years of conquest that were closed at Bannockburn.'

It is the sentiment of ownership, rather than the expectation of pecuniary profit, that has inspired more than half the reclamation that has been accomplished in Scotland. The Duke of Argyll's experience is the same as that of many other landowners, and he declares that the outlay upon land which he has converted from bog and waste into fruitful cornfields has often been far beyond—'sometimes forty and fifty times beyond the capital value of the land as it stood when he began.' But great operations of this kind are of course few as compared with the continuous reclamation and improvement which have been going on for generations. Such

work, for instance, as the mere re-drainage of old cultivated land cannot be thoroughly done in the West Highlands at present prices 'at less than from 10*l.* to 12*l.* an acre, and this 'alone is frequently more than twenty years' purchase of the 'previous rent.' Expenditure as large has been devoted to building farm houses, farm steadings, and cottages. Even the most careless eye can hardly fail to notice in most parts of Scotland that farm buildings are practically *new*. When farmers in later years have offered rents for farms, it has been on the condition of their being provided with new houses and accommodation for themselves and their stock. It is not too much to say that the farm houses and farm buildings over large districts of Scotland have mostly been built within recent years. The quaint old picturesque farm house and farm yard, with its tile roof and antiquated windows and chimneys, so common in the rural parishes of England, is unknown across the Border. There farming has been a business and a trade for several generations of farmers, and they have rightly insisted that the machinery and equipments with which they should carry it on should be the best which modern knowledge and skill could place at their command. At the same time the standard of comfort has risen. In the Lothians the cottage of the farm bailiff or steward is often much better than the farm house of earlier days, whilst the farm house sometimes compares favourably with many a small country house of a landed proprietor. 'The general result is that the capital represented by ownership in 'Scotland is seldom less than from forty to fifty years' rental, and is very often a great deal more' (vol. ii. p. 304). The improvements which a tenant can make upon his farm must necessarily be greatly due to services which he did not contribute.

'He is trading on the capital, on the previous improvements, and on the ancient ownership of other men. Yet there are politicians and economists who recommend that a tenant who builds a new piggery, or a new silo, at the cost of some fraction of a year's rent, should be allowed to deprive owners of the rights which flow from centuries of tenure and of outlay, by selling the occupancy which has been lent to them for a time upon stipulated conditions.'

The Duke of Argyll closes his book by referring to the work which has been done for their country and for the world by men of Celtic race, who have moved out from their native hills and glens and entered boldly into the full stream of the activities and efforts of the time. The Highlanders in coming south have often been merged to all appearance

with those among whom they settled. Yet it is a great mistake to suppose that the blood and the race is confined to those who have stayed at home and speak the Gaelic tongue. The facility with which Highlanders have often adopted a new name, when they have changed their residence, serves often to conceal their true origin. David Livingstone, whom the Duke of Argyll considered an example of the purest Celtic type, was, in spite of his Lowland name, the grandson of a McLeay who had migrated from the island of Ulva to the mainland at the end of last century, and who had adopted the name of Livingstone instead of that which he previously bore.

‘The larger and more cultivated part of the Highland race is spread over the wide dominions of the British Crown. It is one of the many sources of our Imperial strength and wealth. The Low country of Scotland is full of it. The colonies are full of it. The Indian services have always been full of it. The army and navy have had abundant reason to be proud of it. It was trusted by the Bruce in the thickest of the fights he fought. But its whole pride, and aim, and object must continue to be those which that great king promoted—the object of living and working in harmony with the other elements which have built up the Scottish nation, and in obedience to those natural and moral laws which are the only solid foundation of all human institutions. The progress that Scotland made after union with England was a progress without a parallel in any of the older nations of the world. Yet that progress was not due to anything she derived from England in the way of laws and institutions. These were all her own. She kept them at the union, and guarded them with a noble, because a grateful, care. We were jealous about them, not from any narrow or provincial feeling, but because our fathers had told us of the noble works done in their days, and in the old times before them. The one great benefit which Scotland did owe to the last and happiest of her many unions was nothing more than access to larger fields of exercise, to wider openings of opportunity. She rose to the immense prospects of this new horizon because of the mind and character which had been developed under the long discipline and through the fiery trials of her own stormy history. The wonderful start she made in the race of intellectual and industrial life was due to that history, to the older unions effected during it, to the doctrines it had embodied, to the energies it had developed, to the great principles of jurisprudence which had worked under the sanction and with the authority of laws. Scotland, therefore, at the union did not break with her own past. On the contrary, she kept it and cherished it as the richest contribution she could make to the growth of one great empire, and to the polity of one United Kingdom. Let her keep it still, and always in the same spirit, and with the same great end in view.’

The Duke of Argyll has given us a most interesting work.
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Some readers may perhaps consider that in certain portions of it the zeal of an advocate of a cause is more conspicuous than that spirit of impartial inquiry which should characterise a philosophic historian. Even so, the advocate has not merely argued his case; he has also called his witnesses and adduced his evidence. Now and again, no doubt, his views run counter to the popular prejudices and popular fallacies of the day. All the more should we welcome the somewhat rare courage which boldly confronts noisy declamation with hard facts, and which calls upon us, before echoing the phrases of 'loose thinkers,' to think out for ourselves what these phrases mean. After all, it is not in agriculture alone that individual effort and activity of mind and character are required to withstand the pressure which prejudice and ignorance can always bring to bear.

ART. X.—1. *Criminal Law Amendment (Ireland): a Bill to make better Provision for the Prevention and Punishment of Crime in Ireland, and for other purposes relating thereto.* Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, April 1, 1887.

2. *Irish Land Law (House of Lords): a Bill to amend the Land Law (Ireland) Act, 1881, and the Purchase of Land (Ireland) Act, 1885, and for other purposes connected therewith.* Ordered to be printed, March 31, 1887.

3. *Ireland in 1887.* Published by the Irish Loyal and Patriotic Union. London and Dublin: 1887.

4. *The Liberal Unionist.* London: 1887.

IN the last number of this journal, we pointed out the line of policy which we expected that the Government would follow during the session then about to commence, and in a remarkable degree our views have proved to be accurate. We predicted a lengthened discussion over the Address in answer to the Queen's Speech; we urged that procedure should be the first care of the Government, and that an effective rule of closure should have precedence; we suggested that a measure dealing with the process of private bill legislation would be promised; and we feared that it might be necessary to strengthen the criminal law in Ireland. We trusted further that the Government would confine itself to rational reform, and postpone any sensational or whirlwind legislation to a more convenient time. Up to this point our

suggestions, even in matters of detail, have been carried out, and our predictions have been verified. But in one of our predictions we were wrong. We stated that while Mr. Parnell and his followers might be expected to resist legislation obstructively, we did not think that Mr. Gladstone and his immediate subordinates would join in these obstructive tactics. We thought, looking to their declarations as to the necessity of getting on with the business of the country, to the importance of removing the reproach that the parliamentary machine had broken down, and to the urgency for the restoration of confidence in the working of representative government, that the regular opposition would refrain from factious resistance to reasonable measures. We thought that Mr. Gladstone would use his influence to restrain the more turbulent of his followers, and that his colleagues on the front opposition bench would discourage obstruction. We thought this and we said this. We regret now to have to acknowledge that our judgement erred on the side of generosity. Obstruction has never been more rife than in the earlier days of this session, and not one word of remonstrance, or even of caution, to the obstructives has been uttered from the front opposition bench; and neither by speech nor by their appearance in the division lobbies have the leaders of the opposition given any support or assistance to the Government in their endeavours to overcome these parliamentary difficulties. Never, in a not inconsiderable experience, have we known the official members of the opposition so resolutely determined to afford no assistance to the Government in maintaining the efficiency of the House of Commons and the respectability of debate.

But that is not the whole case against the action of the opposition leaders. If in the early days of the session they only acquiesced in obstruction, in the later days they openly encouraged it. Mr. Gladstone's speech in the House of Commons in support of Mr. Morley's amendment refusing precedence to the Criminal Law Amendment (Ireland) Bill was, to a large extent, an incitement to obstruction tempered by a scarcely veiled attempt to intimidate the chair.

'This debate,' he said, 'is only the introduction to other debates—an epitome, I will not say a miniature, because that might cause alarm. . . . I do not see that we can forbear to continue our opposition at each step. . . . We can do nothing but resist this policy. . . . That duty I trust we shall do to the last stage of this ill-omened measure. . . . I am told that a revolution is now to be brought about

in the modes of our procedure by the frequent application of the closure rule. Sir, I can conceive no greater calamity to this House than the frequent application of the closure rule. And the very first, perhaps the most formidable, of all the effects I should anticipate from the frequent application of the rule would be that it would sap the foundations of that chair, which you so worthily fill, and the authority so absolutely necessary to be maintained intact and unimpaired.'

On the last day of March, on the motion for the adjournment of the debate on the Irish Bill, Mr. Morley, following the lead given by the member for Midlothian, and speaking under great excitement, said: 'We can have no hesitation 'in saying that we shall resist this proposal'—to set down the second reading of the bill for Monday—'by all the 'legitimate means in our power. . . . Sir, we shall resist this 'proposal;' and Sir William Harcourt, on the same occasion, not to be outdone by his subordinate, went still further. He rudely tore aside the veil behind which the more practised parliamentary hand had half concealed his attempt to intimidate the chair, and, with an effrontery unequalled even by Sir William Harcourt himself, openly accused the Speaker of connivance with the Government to close the debate. 'The leader of the House,' he said, 'has announced 'to-night that he is going to invite the House to come to a 'decision. Therefore he is to take advantage of the consent 'of the Speaker. How has he ascertained that the consent 'of the Speaker is going to be given? . . . I repeat that 'he cannot propose the closure without the leave of the 'Speaker, and if he is going to propose to close the debate 'to-morrow night, he has openly assumed that he has got 'that leave.'

It was perhaps unnecessary for the Speaker to rebuke the member for Derby for his effrontery, but, considering that he had been a minister of the Crown, and is regarded by some as the deputy-leader of the Opposition, the Speaker may have been right not to pass over such conduct in silence. 'As to the consent of the Speaker,' Mr. Peel said, 'whether 'that consent has been given or not, the remark made by 'the right honourable gentleman is perfectly and entirely 'irregular. I think it fair to myself and justice to this 'House to say that if any insinuation of that sort is made, 'it is unworthy and it is untrue. No assent of mine has 'been asked, given, or withheld. It rests entirely with the 'Speaker, and if, to-morrow night, a motion is made, I will 'give or I will withhold that consent.'

But the obstructive and menacing tactics of the respon-

sible leaders of the Opposition do not end in words, neither are they confined to the precincts of the House of Commons. Speaking at Shipley on Saturday, April 9, Mr. Mundella stated that if the Bill became law the Irish members would unite to make legislation impossible. They would meet the Government at every turn. It was their duty to do so, and they would not be fit representatives of Ireland if they did not. Parliament would then have to suppress representative government in Ireland altogether if business was to be done in the House.

On Friday, April 1, Mr. Gladstone, in his place in the House of Commons, openly supported a dilatory motion for the adjournment of the debate, and another dilatory motion for the adjournment of the House, and voted with all his front bench in favour of these motions. And on Saturday morning, in the middle of a crowded thoroughfare in the North of London, the right honourable gentleman—the man who has been three times Prime Minister of England, and has spent the best part of a long life in the House of Commons—pours out his soul to a newspaper interviewer, in the public street, upon the proceedings of the previous evening. If this strange interview be authentic—and it appears in a paper friendly to Mr. Gladstone and devoted to his policy, and it has not been disavowed—if it be authentic, this country has indeed fallen upon evil days, and self-respect can no longer be regarded as an attribute of one at least among our leading men. For what does this amazing narrative disclose? It tells us that the late Prime Minister of England condescends to harangue a newspaper reporter in a public street, knowing that his statements will be reported, and that, not content with charging Mr. Peel with want of respect to his distinguished father, he accuses him directly of partisan action in his official capacity as Speaker of the House of Commons. ‘The Government,’ Mr. Gladstone is reported to have said, ‘have simply and ‘deliberately brought in the chair to perform a partisan ‘function! Recollect this always. The Speaker is an ‘honourable man, a most honourable man; so is Mr. Smith. ‘But the Speaker is powerless; they have thrust partisan-ship upon him.’

It is painful even to allude to such an incident as this, and to dwell on such humiliating scenes; but these incidents are fraught with mischief to the State, and in the interest of the country they ought to be brought together and kept before the public view. This factious temper,

this reckless language, this veiled and open menace, coming from men of prominent position, ought not to be passed by in silence. Such conduct cannot fail to produce evil. It strikes at the heart of parliamentary government. It is an adaptation by English statesmen of the action of the Irish party, the avowed object of which is to throw discredit upon our representative institutions and our established authorities. We do not care to allude to the influence which such an example on the part of leading representatives has already produced upon the baser sort of House of Commons man. These men are ephemeral, and their extravagances are soon forgotten. But obstructive and dilatory tactics carried out systematically and deliberately by the leading members of the regular opposition, and open attacks upon the authority of the chair by men who have held high positions in the State, cannot fail to have a blighting influence upon the body politic, and must inevitably weaken, and ultimately paralyse, the natural action of parliamentary life. And already there are grave symptoms that the disease has made serious progress during the past three months. Let us look at the facts.

Parliament met upon January 27, and rose for the Easter recess upon April 7. The House of Commons during that period has sat for ten weeks, or, to be precise, for fifty regular sittings. During that time the Government have had at their service the whole time of the House. The days usually set apart for private members have, by the votes of the majority, been surrendered, and, in usual circumstances, substantial progress would have been made. But almost no work has been done. And why is this? The fault is not with the Government. They are anxious to get on with business, and they have done all that men can do to push it forward. Their followers have been constant in their attendance in Parliament. Upwards of 150 of them are always within the precincts of the House of Commons. Even during the dinner hour, the most wearisome period of the twenty-four, there is a sufficient quorum of the Ministerialists to carry on the work. Recourse has been had even to the vexatious and doubtful expedient of an all-night sitting. But, though successful for the moment, even that has proved useless to stem the torrent of obstruction. The fault is not with the more rational of the regular opposition; most of them have followed the example set them by their leaders at the commencement of the session, and have absented themselves when they were

wanted, and when respect for the traditions of Parliament ought to have brought them to the aid of the Government. They, however, have not actively wasted time. But while the staid men in the opposition ranks have contented themselves by doing nothing to discourage obstruction, the wilder and more irrational among them have run riot, and their leaders have not raised a finger or said a word to restrain them. On the contrary, as we have shown, they have, in the later days before the Easter recess, encouraged them in obstruction and set them a baneful example. Perhaps, indeed, they would only show their impotence if they attempted to restrain them. The wilder and less rational of the new lights of the new Liberalism are not much enamoured of authority. They have no respect for party, or parliamentary, or any other kind of discipline. But whether it be that the leaders cannot direct their followers, or that their followers will not accept the direction of their leaders, the fact remains that the left wing of the opposition, working in close alliance with their Parnellite confederates, have been the cause of the paralysis which has fallen upon Parliament in a more aggravated form this session than in any previous session; and the leaders of the opposition have stood by and watched the growth of the disease without attempting to stay it.

The time occupied in purposeless and unmeaning talk since January 27 is practically incalculable. Nay, the actual number of speeches made and questions asked by the same members and almost in the same words can hardly be ascertained. On the first rule of procedure, consisting of some eighteen lines of large print, no less than 254 speeches were delivered by some ten or twelve members of the Parnellite party, and some sixty amendments were put down against the rule. There have been already some eighty-eight divisions. Allowing the usual time for an ordinary division, that accounts for nearly forty hours occupied in walking through the division lobbies.

But these figures give but a very faint idea of the real waste of time—organised and premeditated waste of time—which occurs night after night and week after week in the House of Commons. And there is practically no means—no constitutional means—of checking it. The constitutional theory of parliamentary government is that every man returned by a constituency has a right to occupy as much time as he chooses, within the reasonable rules of debate, in discussing any subject relevant to the matter

before the House, and to propose any number of amendments to any measure and discuss them at any length. That is the constitutional theory. There are 670 members of Parliament, and every one of them is within his parliamentary rights when he acts in this spirit. Without, therefore, any technical straining of the theory, it is obvious that whatever rules may be made it is within the competency of any organised body of representatives acting in alliance and with co-operation to paralyse parliamentary action. Thirty years ago Mr. Disraeli foresaw this contingency. Speaking on June 19, 1857, he said: 'Any four men might, by the forms of the House, bring its business to a close. Any four men might, by the forms of the House, make a dissolution of Parliament absolutely necessary. And if there was not sufficient good sense in the country to insure that these four men should never be returned again, they might soon have such a dissolution brought upon them. Why, they might destroy the British constitution at any time.' In those days this statement was regarded as a ludicrous exaggeration, but like many of his statements it contained no little prescience. It is recognised to-day as true. We have made some advance since then. But even now a small body of men acting together in disregard of tradition and in antagonism to the goodfellowship and courteous understanding between members which used to exist, may reduce Parliament to impotency. And there is no constitutional remedy within the competency of Parliament. The constituencies which return representatives who are determined to exact their constitutional rights down to the uttermost farthing, have a constitutional remedy. They may refuse to send these exacting gentlemen back again, and they may return more rational human beings in their place. But Parliament has no constitutional remedy, and no rules which can be framed will give it a remedy. It can only perform the drastic cure of suspending the representation of the defaulting constituencies, and that is a cure which, in a smaller or a greater measure, it may be compelled to perform this session. The constitution must not perish through an exaggerated respect for constitutional forms.

But notwithstanding the startling increase of obstructive tactics this session which has made the British House of Commons a laughing stock in all civilised communities—notwithstanding the facts that sixteen nights were consumed by purposeless talk on the Address to the Queen's Speech;

that sixteen more nights were sacrificed on a single rule, which, when completed, consisted of only eighteen lines of large print; and that four full days were occupied on the question of giving precedence to a Bill, and five more on the motion for leave to introduce and print it—notwithstanding all this, some fragmentary work has been done. The Supplementary Estimates have been passed; the principal debates on the Army and Navy Estimates have been satisfactorily disposed of; one important Bill has been read a first time; and the new rule for the closure of debate has become law. This is the rule of eighteen lines which occupied sixteen nights, and afforded occasion for 254 speeches from a few of the Irish party, and which the Government hope may prove an effective instrument. We wish we could take the same sanguine view. It is an improvement on the old rule, and if the spirit which animated the earlier provisions of the rule had been maintained to the end the rule would have been effective and even drastic. But unfortunately the inherent effectiveness has been marred and almost neutralised by the extravagant proviso that it cannot be put in force unless more than one-third of the House is present and takes part in the division.

The matter stands in this way. The old rule failed because it was hampered by two stringent conditions: namely, that the Speaker or Chairman alone could put it in operation, and that a quorum of 200 must vote for the closure if forty opposed it, otherwise it could not be carried. The new rule relaxes the first of these conditions. It relieves the chair from the responsibility of putting the rule into operation. Any member may now move that the debate be closed; the initiation of the chair is not required. So far the improvement is all, or nearly all, that can be required. But the second condition by which the old rule was hampered remains. The quorum of 200 is unchanged. By the retention of so large a quorum it will be practically impossible to apply the rule except on set occasions when men are whipped up for the purpose. Indeed the new rule has, in this respect, already broken down. On the occasion of the all-night sitting it was found impossible to secure the requisite quorum until between four and five in the morning, and then only by turning members out of their beds to go down to Westminster for the purpose, whereas if the quorum had been 120 instead of 200 the rule would have been successfully applied three or four hours earlier, and the worry and fatigue of an all-night sitting obviated.

It is not on set occasions that obstructive tactics are most rife. If any one looks through the parliamentary records of the last ten years, he will see that it is on ordinary and not on set occasions that obstructives look for opportunities for mischief. It is in the committee stage of uninteresting Bills; it is on tiresome questions of detail which involve no principle; it is at the fag end of a session when attendance is thin and Governments are at their wits' end to get through their work—it is on such occasions that the obstructives have it all their own way. But these are precisely the occasions on which it is difficult, or it may be impossible, to secure the regular attendance of five times the quorum of the House without which the closure rule is a dead letter. To make the rule effective, and by means of it to enable the House of Commons to regain the command of its own time—and on this point we are at direct issue with Mr. Gladstone now that he is in opposition—the rule must be applied with promptitude and not infrequently. But so long as the minimum quorum remains at 200, it will not be possible to apply the closure either promptly or frequently. Hence it is that we cannot share in the sanguine view of the Government that the rule will be effective.

An opportunity was offered, during the discussion, to reduce the quorum to 120. But the Government pointedly refused to avail themselves of it, and they besought the Parnellites to aid them in defeating it. If, therefore, they find that the new rule is, except on set occasions, but little better than the old one, the Government will only have themselves to thank for the failure. The Liberal Unionists pressed the reduction; but the Government were obdurate, and with the aid of the Irish vote they prevailed. And, as we have already shown, retribution fell upon them within the week. As time goes on and the rule proves to be inoperative, the whole proviso involving the numerical limitation may be swept away, and the closure will then be imposed by the simple majority as it is in other countries. But a change of that sort will involve a new and a protracted discussion and a fresh consumption of valuable time. Whereas, if the Government had seen their way to accept the proposed reduction of the quorum to 120, the rule would have been permanent and the closure effective. This, however, is now past praying for during this session. The country must depend upon the devotion of the rank and file of the Government's supporters to make the rule effective. Let us hope that this confidence may be well placed. Let us trust that

the seductions of an easygoing existence, and the superior attractions of the country over London in the dog days, may be virtuously resisted by the Ministerialists of the present and of future Parliaments.

It is a weary task to watch the action of the parliamentary treadmill as it grinds away at doing next to nothing in Westminster. It is more interesting and not less useful to look outside and note the developement of the political forces as they are gathering in the country. The chasm in the old historic Liberal party is as wide as—nay, it is positively wider than—it was in January. The wound which Mr. Gladstone inflicted upon his party last year will not be healed over for many a long day to come. We doubt if he will live to see the undoing of the mischief he has done. The acute stage of the disease may be past, though that is doubtful, as every now and then fever and irritation break out, but the disease threatens to become chronic. Palliations have been suggested; conferences between influential members of the two sections, anxious to come together, have been held; the olive branch has been tendered; but all to no purpose. Mr. Gladstone blocks the way; he will receive no olive branch; he will listen to no word of compromise suggested at conferences; he will sanction the use of no palliative to soothe the irritation or allay the fever which he has produced. He will rather pour vinegar into the chasm (as he did copiously in his speeches on the Irish Bill) and widen it so that it becomes impassable. Led on by a fatalistic optimism, or by an extravagant confidence in his power over the 'items' which made up the Liberal party of the past, he rushed upon a course from which the wiser men among his own more intimate associates tried in vain to warn him. In a moment of exaggerated self-confidence he broke the great instrument of progress in which at one time he professed to take such pride; and he obstinately refuses to attempt to mend it. He will go his own way; he will have his purpose carried out; he will not be thwarted. The historic party of progress may be split up; it may be degraded; it may perish utterly; but he will have his foible. And that old party is degraded and perishing before his eyes. Men of no political position and no parliamentary character are posing as the leaders of the party, and are saying and doing things in the name of the old Liberal party which are repudiated by all its best traditions and by all its wisest representatives. These men are committing the Liberal party, or what remains of it, to doctrines and to a

line of conduct which heretofore found favour only with the scum of the socialistic and anarchic classes. Reasonable men with some reverence for the past traditions of their party have, through infirmity of purpose, drifted into the wake of those would-be leaders, because Mr. Gladstone, in his old age, stands by and encourages their eccentricities, and the better men cannot make up their minds to leave him.

It is odious to many of the best and most respected members of the old Liberal party, as we know from the lips of some of them, to sit night after night in the House of Commons listening to the railings of the Nationalists against the ordinary enforcement of the elementary laws upon which civilised society is based, and to the elaborate personalities in which they revel, and to know and feel that the yoke of the baneful alliance between these men and themselves sits closer and closer round their necks. Each night as they pass through the division lobbies with their allies—allies whose record, as we have been pointedly reminded during the past few weeks, is one which ought to warn honest men away—they feel acutely the degradation of their position.

Take the night of March 18, when the arrest of the priest, Father Keller, was brought before the House of Commons, and discussed for six hours by Mr. Parnell's followers and one or two of the would-be leaders of new Liberalism. Here was the case of a man who defied the law and put himself outside the pale of ordinary civilised society simply because he was a Nationalist priest; and here were men like Professor Stuart, of Cambridge, and Mr. Labouchere, and a Mr. Lockwood—a Queen's Counsel, we believe, who represents some constituency in the North by virtue of the Irish vote—defending the action of this priest, and denouncing the Irish Secretary because he upheld the law. Among the many pitiful scenes which have occurred in the House of Commons during the last ten years, few have been more painful than that which was exhibited on that Friday. The action of the man Keller was hardly defended even by the wildest of the Nationalists. The action of Mr. Dillon, in raising the question, as he did, upon an interpolated motion for the adjournment of the House, was hardly defended even by himself. But both those irregular actions found an advocate—not, perhaps, a very wise one—in the person of an English Queen's Counsel, sitting in Parliament by virtue of the Irish vote. The speech of the Irish Secretary was admittedly courteous and complete. But because the tone was resolute, and because there was nothing apologetic in his statement where no apology was

needed, English Liberals, such as those we have named above, more Irish than the Irish, rivalled their Parnellite allies in ungenerous denunciation of a courageous self-sacrificing man who, as they knew well, was only doing his duty in difficult and dangerous circumstances; and the real leaders of the party sat by on the front opposition bench without raising their voices to restrain the partisan impetuosity of their followers, or to shield the Irish Secretary, whose action they, with their official experience, must have known was right. Nay, more than that; when the division was called, these men of the front opposition bench had not the decency to vote against the doctrines which silently they condemned. They rose in a body and left the House. By this action they admitted that the case for the priest had broken down. If it had been sustained, they would have voted with the Nationalists. By walking out they showed that they had not the honesty to support the Irish Secretary, whose action they avowedly approved; and they had not the manliness to vote against Mr. Dillon and Mr. Labouchere, whose case was indefensible.

To the better men among the Gladstonian Liberals the action of their leaders and of their associates is positively hateful. It is little wonder that they cast longing eyes towards the band of their former colleagues who act under Lord Hartington, and who are standing on the other side of the chasm which Mr. Gladstone has created. The Liberal Unionists have acted consistently and courageously since the meeting of Parliament. There were those who prophesied that they would never stand the strain of parliamentary action; that they would fall off from their leaders and return to the fold; and that every division would show a diminishing body of Unionists. It was confidently stated that they would not long resist the attraction of the old party; that they would come in submissively to the party whip; and that they would succumb when they heard the voice of their old leader who drove them out. Those who, like Sir William Harcourt, are endowed with the gift of prophecy, were confident that Liberal Unionism would collapse as soon as parliamentary life began, and they did not hesitate to say so. But have their prophecies been fulfilled? In every important division which has taken place the Liberal Unionists, to the number of between sixty and seventy, have voted solidly in accordance with their views, although their action has placed them in opposition to their old colleagues.

Instead of collapsing they have acted together more steadily and more consistently than any other party in the House; instead of their numbers diminishing in the divisions they have increased. They have supported their principles more consistently even than the Parnellites, because, as already stated, the latter, on one important division, rushed, like a flock of frightened sheep, into the Government lobby against an amendment of their own. The Liberal Unionists have established themselves firmly as an independent party which must be considered both in Parliament and in the country. They have their separate organization, both inside and outside Parliament. They have their separate officials, they have their separate newspaper, and their preparations for all contingencies are said to be well advanced and orderly. They know that the future is theirs. They have the flower of the Liberal party in the country at their back. They have the ablest men in the Liberal party among their leaders. Lord Hartington and Mr. Chamberlain are the men of the future, and they will await their opportunity. They and the party behind them have merely to hold the position which they have gained, and wait. To-day Lord Hartington is the most powerful man in England. He can make or unmake a ministry almost by a word, and change for better or worse the whole future of the Empire. It is fortunate that this great power is in the hands of a man of his capacity and high integrity. The country may rest assured that under the shelter of his protection the conduct of this Parliament will be safe, and they may confidently hope that the next Parliament will not only be protected—it will be guided—by his strong sense and his masculine English statesmanship.

Of the Conservative party we have already spoken. At great personal sacrifices the members of that party in Parliament are giving a steady attendance, and the alliance which was created by the circumstances of the last election between them and the Liberal Unionists is cordially maintained. In some respects it is closer than it was. There is more confidence in the relations between the official members of the two sections of the Unionist members in the House of Commons, and in the two or three bye-elections which have taken place there has been a fair give and take, and a mutual co-operation which augurs well for the future.

A common policy which takes men of different political complexion into the same lobby night after night, and many times in most nights, has a consolidating effect. Joint work makes fast friends, and resistance to the disintegration of

the Empire is a work which is apt to knit together very closely the individuals and the groups of individuals who are associated together in its prosecution. Resistance to a common danger creates close ties. The defenders of a position work together more cordially than the assailants, and the alliance which they form is generally lasting. These causes are all at work just now, and are tending to cement the alliance between the two Unionist sections both in Parliament and in the country. If Parliament holds together to the end of this session—and there is no reason to suppose that it will not do so—the line of demarcation between Liberal and Conservative Unionists will be a good deal rubbed out. Not that the Liberal Unionists will become Conservatives, nor the Conservative Unionists Liberal. But the fusion which is going on in the two sections ever since Mr. Gladstone introduced his fatal Bill last session becomes gradually more and more complete. We want a new name to describe that steady rational progressive Liberalism which was once the special attribute of the Whig party in its best days—a new name which would be applicable equally to the Liberal and to the Conservative Unionists, and which would mark the party of deliberate progress and distinguish it from the radical and revolutionary party of lawlessness which has of late assumed to itself the name and the attributes of Liberalism. That party, manned by the best men among the two sections of Unionists, would inevitably be the strongest party in the State. It would have the intellectual capacity and practical experienced statesmanship which the present Conservative party, especially on the Treasury bench in the House of Commons, so woefully lacks, and it would have the confidence and support of a great numerical and influential majority in the country. This would be a permanent fusion of forces—it would not be a transient coalition of temporary allies. The Conservative party alone can never be a great power in this country. The day for that is past, and the representatives of the Conservatism of twenty or thirty years ago are non-existent. They have become Liberals in the best sense of the word. The ‘Tory Democracy’ is a phantasm—a ‘will-o’-the-wisp’ that never will be caught. It is hopeless to reconstruct the Conservative party out of the old Tory elements or the new Tory figments. But a fusion of men of moderation and rational opinion is not only a possibility. It is a probability even if the present Parliament should be of short duration. It is a certainty if the present Parliament should last for a couple of years,

and if the Gladstonian policy with regard to Ireland should remain as it now is—a hopeless policy of demoralisation, of disintegration, and of ruin.

The outlook, then, from the Unionist point of view is hopeful. The earlier weeks of the session were darkened by protracted discussion in Parliament and by irresolution in Ireland, and there were symptoms of impatience in the ranks of the Unionists. But these black clouds have now rolled by. An instrument has been forged which, though imperfect, will, on important occasions at least, put an end to obstruction. The worth of it has been already tested on two occasions. But for the closure rule Mr. Parnell would have continued the obstructive discussion on precedence for the Irish Bill and carried it into a second week. But, knowing that the majority had the power of closing the debate, and that they intended to use it, he gave way after a solemn comedy played out in the face of the wondering senate between him and Mr. Gladstone.

Allusion has already been made to the second occasion on which the closure rule was operative—the occasion, namely, of the morning of April 2, when, by means of the closure, the obstructive debate on the introduction of the Irish Bill was summarily concluded, and the Bill read a first time. That exercise of the power of the majority has been vehemently attacked by Mr. Gladstone and by all the orators in his party. But the attack has come to naught. The good sense of the country takes a broader and a more discriminating view of the matter than those whose judgement is warped by a factious partisanship which has been thwarted. The country looks with more calmness than these men do at the facts of the case. And what are these facts? Five days were given up to the debate on the introduction of the Bill; four to the question of precedence; five to Mr. Parnell's amendment to the Address, which raised identically the same question as that involved in the policy of the Bill, namely, whether Ireland was to be governed by Parliament or by the National League; four more on the general discussion on the Address, in which the lion's share of the attention of the House was given to Ireland and her imaginary wrongs—eighteen days spent almost entirely upon the policy of the Bill. But that is not all. In the discussion on the closure rule two hundred and fifty-four speeches were made by the Irish members, every one of which, so far as they were serious and not simply obstructive,

was directed to the same end. The House has sat about four hundred and twenty hours since it met. Forty hours or so have been spent in the division lobbies mainly in divisions on Irish subjects; about eighty hours have been given up to discussions on matters of English, Scotch, and Imperial interest; and the balance of three hundred hours has been occupied by Irishmen and Ireland. But that does not constitute the whole case for the application of the closure. The amendment moved by Mr. Parnell on the fifth day of the debate on the first reading was to the effect that the House should resolve itself into a committee to consider the state of Ireland. This amendment, though it was supported by Mr. Gladstone, was a palpable trick to waste more time. The House had been considering the state of Ireland for three hundred hours since the end of January. By a majority of eighty-nine voices the House had voted that the Bill was urgent. It had decided to give up the whole of its time to the urgent consideration of the Bill; the rights of private members were suspended that the Bill might pass speedily: all remedial legislation, all public business, all measures of reform were blocked until this urgent Bill had left the House. These are the facts of the case to which the country looks. It sees them as they are. And the verdict of the country is that in these circumstances the Government were bound to do everything in their power to expedite the passing of the Bill, and clear the line for other and for Imperial measures. The Government would have failed in their first duty if they had allowed the debate to be prolonged. The instrument in the forging of which they had occupied so many days might have been flung aside as useless if it had not been applied on this occasion. And the House had pointed out to them the necessity for using it. They had a direct mandate from the vast majority in the House to propose the closure. The 'evident sense of the House' was tested by two divisions on motions for adjournment, and by majorities of more than one hundred it was decided that there should be no adjournment. If the closure was ever to be applied, an occasion for its application was presented. The country sees this plainly. And all the wild and incoherent talk about freedom of speech, and gagging resolutions, and the partiality of the chair, with which platforms all over the country have been ringing during the Easter holidays, merely adds another bit of evidence to the transparent hollowness and unsubstantiality of the Gladstone-Parnellite case. It is merely an additional

bubble to be pricked, an additional sham to be exposed. The question was put, and it was carried by 361 votes to 254, or by a majority of 107.

The utility, therefore, of the closure rule in a full-dress debate has been demonstrated, and the wisdom of the Government in pressing for the rule has thus been vindicated. In other respects the Government have shown themselves deserving of confidence. The measures which they have introduced in the House of Lords are conceived in a Liberal spirit and without taint of Toryism. This is no doubt largely due to the influence of the leaven of Liberalism which they have got from their new allies. Since the accession of Mr. Goschen to the Ministry there has been a distinct advance in resolution and determination. The firm attitude which the Irish Secretary has taken up, together with the stringent provisions in his Irish Bill, encourages the hope that the hours of irresolution have passed, and the day has at last dawned when Irish sedition will be firmly and effectually handled. There must be no further faltering. The rank and file of the Unionist forces, and especially those of the Liberal section, are determined that the work must now be done. They look to the Government to lead them resolutely forward, and they have confidence that the Government will not fail them. They are well aware that there is a tremendous struggle before them. The attempt—a vain attempt, fortunately—to refuse supplies during the all-night sitting on March 21 was but the preliminary skirmish; the open and avowed obstruction on the part of both sections of the Separatists to granting precedence to the Criminal Procedure Bill was the commencement of the more fully developed attack upon the Unionists. This daring piece of bold obstruction is without parallel in parliamentary history. Precedence for any particular business, when demanded by a responsible Government, is generally granted without discussion, and, if discussed, is generally settled in an hour or two. Never before this time have four full days been occupied in such barefaced obstruction. And further: on this occasion, for the first time in history, have the responsible leaders of the opposition taken a prominent part in wanton obstruction, and for the first time in parliamentary history has the informal agreement, which is always entered into between the official managers of the two parties as to the time fixed for an important division, been openly repudiated by one of the parliamentary chiefs. Such tactics were expected from Mr. Parnell and his especial followers;

but coming from men of great parliamentary experience, and of hitherto unblemished parliamentary character, such tactics create serious alarm in the minds of men who have still some pride in our representative institutions, and some respect for the dignity, not to say the respectability, of Parliament. Almost in despair they ask to what depths is the spirit of faction going to drag down the wreck of the old Liberal party? Might it not, perchance, be better that the waves should overwhelm it and its grand traditions; that they should sink and disappear for ever, and leave the blank to be filled up by the development of new parties created out of the new conditions of parliamentary life?

But while such strange tactics as these fill many of us with dismay as to the future of our old party, they brace us for the moment to resist strenuously the determined attempt on the part of the opposition to paralyse the action of Parliament. They show that there is to be a life-and-death struggle between the men of order and the men of lawlessness, and upon the issue of that struggle tremendous stakes are laid. The existence of the Government and of the present Parliament is of course involved. But that is a minor matter. The real issue is much wider than that. The real issue is whether Imperial England is to continue a dominant nation, or whether the old capacity for governing which made England what she is has gone down with the wreck of party. It is whether we are to strike our flag and surrender, through faction, to the forces of sedition and treason—forces which are organised in a foreign country, paid by foreign money, and brought into line in Ireland and in the House of Commons in close alliance with the responsible leaders of her Majesty's Opposition and such followers as they can bring together. That is the real significance of the Criminal Law Amendment Bill which is now before the country. It is a strong Bill. It is not so severe as the Prevention of Crime Act which Sir William Harcourt passed in 1882, and which Lord Spencer successfully administered, though it contains most of the more valuable provisions of that Act, and it is not to be compared in stringency with the measure which was carried through the Reformed House of Commons in 1833. But it seems probable that it will answer the purpose for which it is designed. And it has this especial merit over those other measures. It is to be not a temporary Act, but a portion of the permanent law of the land.

There has been much wild talk about this provision, as, indeed, there has been about the whole Bill. In our opinion

the permanency of the Act is one of its most valuable qualities. The temporary character of this form of legislation, more than anything else, has hitherto deprived it of vitality. The knowledge that the Act would lapse within a fixed period has always taken away from the serious nature of the measure, and affixed to it the stigma of unreality. It has also given to it an exceptional character, and has opened the door to party and parliamentary intrigue, which always becomes rife about the period of the expiration of an Irish 'Coercion' Act. Attempts have been made by Home Rule writers and speakers to show that members of the Unionist party who vote in favour of this Bill are false to the pledges which they gave at the general elections. Nothing can be more untrue. Here and there in the election addresses of some of the more obscure among the Conservative members words are found which may be interpreted in a sense hostile to such a measure as Mr. Forster introduced in 1881, and Sir William Harcourt introduced in 1882. But the attempt to show that any of the leaders of the Unionist party, or, indeed, any of the rank and file of that party, pledged themselves against such a measure as that which is now before Parliament, has signally broken down. No one, whether he be a Liberal or a Conservative Unionist, approves of coercive legislation. But everyone admits that the responsibility of maintaining the law of the land rests with the Government of the day, and if the responsible Government of the day announces that more stringent measures are necessary to enable them to maintain the law, Unionist members are, by their pledges, bound to support them. For what is the law? 'The law,' to quote Mr. Chamberlain, 'is the security of the weak against the strong. It is the protection of the poor against the rich; it is the safeguard of the few against the many. . . . Respect for the law is the only thing which stands between us and that pernicious doctrine that might makes right, which it has been the boast of the democracy to supersede.' That is the basis of the teaching and of the pledges of Unionist candidates at the bygone elections, and that is the doctrine on which they stand as returned representatives of the people.

But if we look into the provisions of this Irish Bill what do we find? The main provisions are already, and have been for centuries, incorporated in the criminal law of Scotland. The preliminary inquiry provided in the first section has long existed in Scotland, but with this difference: that the preliminary inquiry in the latter country is conducted

in private, whereas in Ireland, as we understand it, it is to be conducted in open court; and the Sheriff before whom the accused person is examined in Scotland frequently tries the case, whereas in Ireland this is specially prohibited. The offences specified in the second section of the Bill, and which henceforth are to be tried summarily in proclaimed districts, can each and all of them be tried summarily in Scotland without any proclamation of any sort. It is part of the law of the land, and it can be enforced at any moment, and it is enforced when occasion arises.

By the third and fourth sections grave offences, such as murder, arson, and aggravated crimes of violence, are to be tried by special juries; and power is given to remove the trial from the place where the crime was committed, and, in certain cases and within certain limitations, to change the venue from Ireland to England. In Scotland the juries consist of fifteen, five of whom are special and ten are common jurors. But unanimity is not required; the verdict of the majority prevails. So that five special and three common jurors can convict against the judgment of seven common jurors.

The law, therefore, with respect to juries will, if this provision is passed, be less stringent in Ireland than it always has been in Scotland. As to the change of venue, it has always been within the power of the Lord Advocate, as public prosecutor, to order the trial to be conducted wherever in his discretion it ought to be conducted. He can direct trial (1) summarily before the sheriff of the county; (2) before the sheriff on a criminal libel; (3) before the sheriff with a jury; (4) at the circuit town for the district; (5) before the High Court of Justiciary at Edinburgh. The decision on these points is absolutely in the discretion of the Lord Advocate. There is no power to remove the trial out of Scotland. But the reason is obvious. The whole criminal system, and much of the criminal law and practice, are radically different in Scotland from what they are in England or Ireland. The criminal jurisprudence is special to the country. It could not be carried out before the Irish or the English courts. There is no such speciality in the Irish system. It is founded on the English criminal procedure, and could readily be adjusted to meet the requirements of the English courts. There are practical difficulties, and very serious practical difficulties, in the way of changing the venue from Ireland to England. But there is no fundamental difficulty in the difference of system such as there

would be if it were proposed to bring Irish criminals to be tried in Scotland, or Scotch criminals to Ireland. It may be that these practical difficulties will prevail, and Government may not insist upon this provision. That, however, is one of the points which must be carefully considered and discussed in committee. We are not prepared to defend or to condemn the proposal until we hear the evidence. The provisions relating to proclamation of districts and prohibition of dangerous associations have no counterpart in Scotland. They are not required. Secret societies, except in the harmless form of Freemasons, Foresters, Gardeners, and Ancient Shepherds, are unknown. Some mongrel copies of the National Irish Land League had a short mushroom existence in the Island of Skye a few years ago, when Sir William Harcourt as Home Secretary was responsible for the peace of the country. But the ordinary Scotch criminal law was strong enough to cope with such excrescences in orderly Scotch society. Ireland is honeycombed with secret societies, and the Irish, all the world over, have a natural and hereditary aptitude for these cowardly and criminal organisations. In respect, therefore, of the provisions in this bill to meet this form of crime, there is more stringency than we find in the criminal law of Scotland. But in respect of these provisions the bill is protective and not coercive. Its object is to protect the weak and helpless against the village ruffian and the bully of the countryside. These provisions are not required in Scotland. In practically all the other provisions of this bill—‘this ill-omened bill,’ as Mr. Morley, in his exaggerated language, calls it—there is a direct counterpart in the law of Scotland. And yet the Scotch people do not consider that they are ‘russianised,’ to quote Mr. Morley, by their criminal law. They do not feel that they are ‘dispersed, helpless, defenceless, in the face of ‘enemies flushed with triumph, flushed with victory,’ &c., because the Lord Advocate can change the venue in criminal trials, and because prisoners suspected of crime can be examined before committal. On the contrary, they feel that, thanks to the stringency of their criminal law, they can go about their daily avocations in confidence, and can sleep in their beds in peace, and that their lives are happy and their country prosperous, because the executive is strong and criminal agitation is impossible.

We do not like to judge harshly of a man of Mr. Morley’s capacity and sincerity. But it is painful to find him, as we did at his meeting in the Waterloo Road on April 6, sur-

rendering himself to the language of the demagogue and the wiles of the partisan. He has been trained to weigh the value of words, and he generally writes his speeches. And yet he did not hesitate to use the language of frenzied exaggeration such as might be looked for in the impromptu speeches of a mob-orator rather than in the elaborated orations of an accomplished man of letters. True he had to give the tone to his followers who were going out into the highways and byways of England to calumniate the Bill, and he had to draw it strong. But surely when he compared the action of the criminal law as it exists in Scotland—because that is what he did—to the senseless cruelties which were practised many years ago in Bedlam and in other mad-houses against dangerous lunatics, he was going a little far. His trust in the ignorance and credulity of his audience betrayed him into rhetorical flights which were hardly worthy of a literary critic, or even of an honest politician.

Mr. Morley and the Opposition rest their case upon the assertion that ‘Ireland has never for many years been more ‘free from crime than to-day.’ There are, admittedly, no startling statistics as to the number of murders, or acts of arson, or crimes of violence, or cruelty to dumb animals, such as they would wish before they strengthened the law, although the return of agrarian outrages which has just been issued shows an increase of nearly 40 per cent. since 1884. But can any man, not blinded by faction, say that there is no urgency for such provisions as have been described? For what is the condition of Ireland? We have heard from the lips of the Chief Secretary that there is no law in the land except the law of the National League; that crime is widespread, and that there is no means of coping with it; that terrorism by irresponsible ruffians is the sanction of the unwritten law, and that it reigns supreme; that evidence in criminal cases cannot be procured lest worse things happen to the witnesses; that the jury system has broken down, and that jurors are afraid to convict in the face of the clearest evidence; that boycotting prevails over a great part of Ireland, and cannot be reached by the existing law; and that cruelties of the worst sort are perpetrated daily and nightly upon a harmless and helpless population, whose only crime is that they try, like honest men, to fulfil their legal obligations. That is the case for the Bill. The ordinary law cannot cope with these enormities, and government is impossible. The administrative and judicial systems are

paralysed, and the country, through the tyranny of the League, is falling into bankruptcy and anarchy.

The state of Connaught at the present time (for the remark would not be fairly applicable to the northern and eastern provinces of Ireland) presents a striking resemblance to the condition of Corsica, as described by M. Volney, the French commissioner sent to report on the state of that island in 1791.

‘In this country,’ said he, ‘the people have no conception of any abstract principles of social interest or of justice. . . . The criminal law is at a standstill. One hundred and thirty murders have been committed in the last two years, but the institution of the jury has stopped all means of punishing crime. Never will the strongest evidence, amounting to demonstration, determine a jury composed of men of the same party or the same feeling as the prisoners, to bring in a verdict against him; and if the prisoner belongs to the opposite party, the jury will acquit him from a dread of the tardy but certain penalty of revenge. Public spirit is unknown; there is no social body, but a crowd of petty factions hostile to each other. No Corsican is without a party; he who would refuse party service would be abhorred by all alike. The chiefs have all the same object—to procure money and by whatsoever means; and their first care is to surround themselves with creatures entirely at their disposal, on whom all places are bestowed. The elections are all carried on under pressure and with violence. The victorious party uses its authority to crush and insult its adversary. The chiefs form a league, and tolerate every sort of abuse. The rural districts are uninhabitable for want of security. You cannot stir without an escort. A detachment of five or six men has to be sent to convey a letter from one part to another.’

Well may M. Taine remark, from whom we borrow this extract, that in a society which is approaching a state of dissolution the lessons of life are strikingly analogous to the conditions of primitive society, still barbarous and unformed. For Corsica read the disturbed districts in the south and west of Ireland, and, *mutatis mutandis*, the social condition of this portion of the United Kingdom is, in the end of the Victorian epoch, in the year of jubilee, very much what the island of Corsica was one hundred years ago. But Corsica is now one of the most peaceful, and not one of the least prosperous, districts under French dominion. But it was not by striking the flag and surrendering, through faction, to the forces of sedition and lawlessness that Corsica became a civilised and law-abiding country. It was by the extension to that island of the stringent and ‘coercive’ provisions of the Napoleonic code. It is in order to deal with such a state of social life as existed in Corsica a century ago, and which exists in Ireland to-day, that the criminal law in Ire-

land must be strengthened. The ordinary law has failed, and new provisions must be engrafted on it.

But it is not the precise character of the measure which gives it significance at the present crisis. It may err through excessive stringency, or through defective stringency. Errors on either side may be rectified before the Bill takes its final shape. The real interest is not as to what sort of Bill we are to have, but as to whether we are to have a Bill at all. The Ministry have begun well. A majority of more than one hundred on the initial division is a satisfactory commencement. It gives room for leakage. If the Ministry triumph and the Bill become law, the cause of good government, not in Ireland only, but throughout the British Empire, is strengthened. If, which does not now seem possible, the Ministry should be defeated and the Bill lost, this country will have surrendered to the forces of disorder and to the shapeless power of anarchy. England will cease to be regarded as a dominant nation. We shall have admitted in the face of the world that we have lost the power of governing. In India our authority will be shaken. In our colonial dependencies we shall become objects of ridicule, and respect for the mother country will fade away. In Ireland our last chance will have gone. Our relations with that country must at once be changed. For not only will Home Rule become inevitable, but Home Rule will be regarded by our revolutionaries as too mild a remedy. Total and complete separation will at once, and on the instant, come within the range of practical politics; and many of those who are now bent upon maintaining the Union, and upholding the supremacy of Parliament, will range themselves in the ranks of the Separatists. They will entertain the grave doubts which Sir Robert Peel expressed in 1834, 'whether it would not be the better course to consent at once to separation, and thus absolve England from the responsibility which would otherwise attach to her.' They will argue that where there is no authority there must be no responsibility. Under any scheme of Home Rule similar to the scheme of last year, there can be no authority over a lawless people; but the responsibility attached to this country under such a scheme is very grave. Let us free ourselves, they would say, of the nominal supremacy, and of the liability which is attached thereto. Let us break the last link. Let us cut the cable, and free ourselves entirely and absolutely from any control over, and any responsibility for, Ireland. Let Ireland set up on her own account as a foreign country and

an alien people. Let the Irish in England and in Scotland be regarded in the eye of the law as the natives of Hanover are regarded: let them be as foreigners in the land that shelters them. Let Ireland become absolutely independent, and let her people learn, if they can, the lessons of responsibility and independence. Leave them to themselves; to their own resources; to their own exertions unaided by the wealth, unassisted by the power, unacknowledged by the people of England. Many of those who to-day desire to knit together the inhabitants of the two islands and to stretch the protecting arm of England over the weaker and more helpless of the people in Ireland, would, if the Ministry were prevented from obtaining the necessary powers to carry on the government of Ireland, argue in that way, and act in consistency with their argument.

But there is no risk of such a consummation. The Unionist majority is compact and resolute, and, as time goes on, it is more likely to be increased than diminished. Government are right to place the maintenance of the law before the redress of real or imaginary grievances. It is a favourite doctrine of the present day that 'the land question,' as it is termed, must be settled before peace and order can be restored in Ireland. But more narrowly considered, the root of Irish difficulties is not a question of land but of *food*. Land is only of special value to the Irish peasant inasmuch as it produces the food on which he and his family subsist. He does not cultivate it for the purpose of selling the produce, but of eating it. In this respect he is not much further advanced than the natives of Africa who grow the crop of mealies on which they live. But the Irish crop, consisting chiefly of potatoes, is subject to all the adverse chances of a variable climate and an uncertain plant, and in the not unfrequent event of a bad season the absolute possession of a plot of land would leave the Irish peasant face to face with all the horrors of famine. The rent he may have to pay bears but a small proportion to the cost of the food necessary to support a family, even on the lowest scale of subsistence. And were the rent of the Irish cottier extinguished altogether, he would find himself in precisely the same precarious condition with reference to the actual supply of food—with this addition, that he would have no claim on any one to help him. If the English Government and the Irish landlords had not made enormous efforts and sacrifices in 1847, it is probable that half the rural population of Western Ireland would have perished.

But while the truth of this doctrine is incontestable, we do not criticise the Government for following the old and hackneyed precedent of introducing what are called remedial measures in the immediate wake of their scheme for strengthening the law. With a view to parliamentary exigencies they have shown their wisdom in proposing to use their strength in the House of Lords, and to apply it for the purpose of dealing comprehensively with land purchase and with other subordinate agrarian questions. Their land schemes have not been fully disclosed as we write, but from the rough outline which has been presented they appear to have been framed with judgement and originality, and in a broad and liberal spirit. In the fulness of time they will come to maturity and will bear fruit. But the first duty of a Government is to govern. When lawlessness has yielded to order; when the Queen's writ runs; when the edicts of the civil courts are obeyed; when the helpless are protected; when criminals are brought to justice, and punishment is meted out to crime; when illegal combinations are suppressed; and when sedition is trampled under foot, then, and then only, is there some chance for the developement of remedial measures. When the reign of peace is established, and the elementary blessing of protection to life and property secured, then we may see the developement of a great agrarian reformation, and the establishment of a generous system of sound and rational local government.

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